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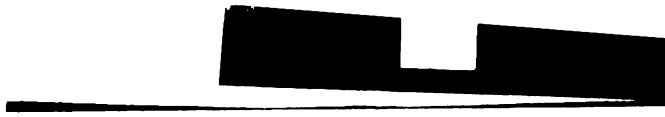

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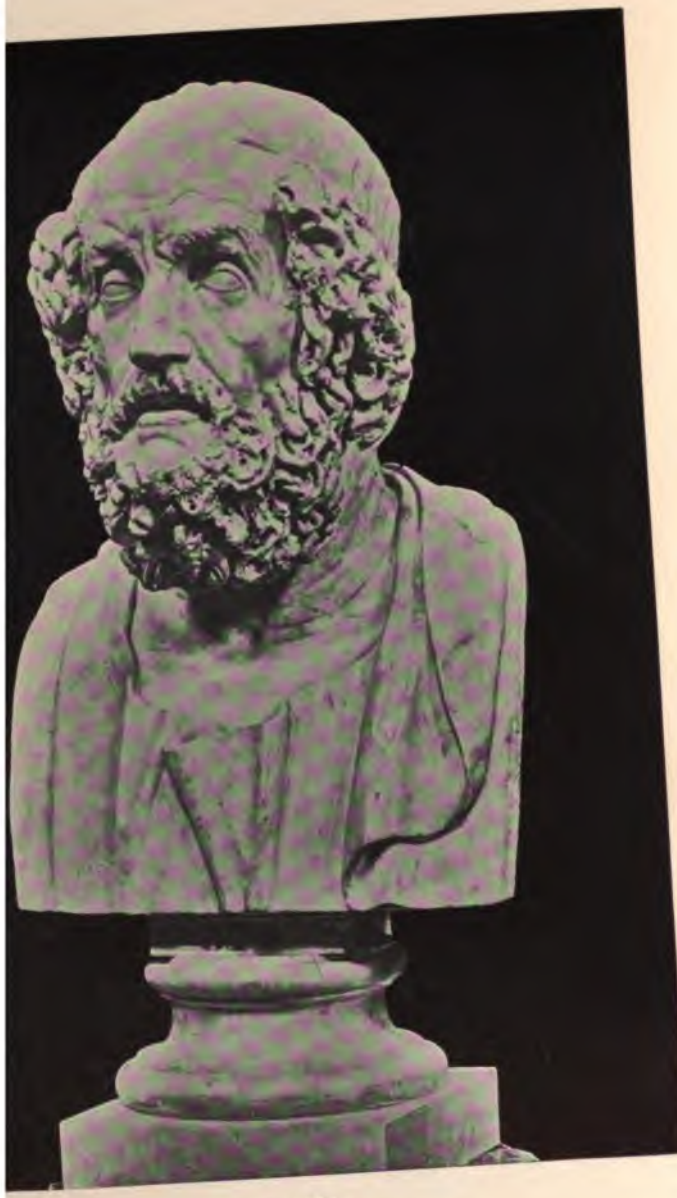

HOMER.
Ideal Portrait Bust, Naples Museum.

FROM HOMER TO THEOCRITUS

A Manual of Greek Literature

BY

EDWARD CAPPS

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CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

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PREFACE

This volume aims to present a concise but complete survey of the Greek literature of the classical period, extended so as to include the two branches of poetry, the New Comedy and the Idyll, which were brought to perfection after the overthrow of Greek liberty by Alexander. I have tried, so far as space would permit, to place in their proper setting each branch of literature and each author, keeping constantly in mind the course of development of the literature as a whole. Selections from representative English translations are quoted in connection with the principal authors, more extensively for the poets than for the writers of prose. It is hoped that this feature of the book will be found acceptable, both to the general reader who has not the time, even if he has the training and equipment, for comprehensive readings in the Greek texts, and to the average student whose attainments in Greek are not sufficiently extensive to furnish an adequate background for the most profitable study of the ordinary manuals. In the choice of selections I have been guided mainly by my own judgment of the merits of existing translations, so far as they were known or accessible to me; but the determining consideration in many instances has been the accessibility of a translation to the general public.

The present edition is almost one-half larger than the first edition, issued in 1900. Extensive alterations have been made in the plates, so that, besides the insertion of three new chapters, considerable additions

have been made to almost all of the former chapters. A Bibliographical Appendix and an Index have been added. The latter has been made very full, so as to include, in addition to subjects, brief indications as to the pronunciation and identity of names of persons and places mentioned in the text and in the quotations.

I am under great obligations to Professor William Cranston Lawton for many helpful suggestions and criticisms as well as for his generous permission to use his admirable translations of Euripides, the hexameter poets, and the comic fragments. My indebtedness to the many Greek scholars and men of letters upon whom I have drawn for facts, ideas, and translations is specifically acknowledged, when possible, in the text, and, in a more comprehensive manner, in the Bibliographical Appendix.

EDWARD CAPPS.

CHICAGO, October 15, 1901.

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FROM HOMER TO THEOCRITUS

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTORY

General Characteristics of Greek Literature — Originality — Universality — Normal Growth — Freedom from Outside Influences — Influence Upon Modern Literatures and Modern Thought — Literature a Product — The Greek People — Achæans — Æolians — Dorians — Ionians — The Attic Dialect — Political Organization — Diversity of Political Conditions — Physical Environment — Love of Nature — Publication of Greek Literature — Periods of Greek Literature.

The literature of ancient Greece forms an ideal introduction to the study of literature in general, not only because it is the earliest literature of Europe and has exercised a powerful influence upon all succeeding literatures, and not simply because it is still and always will be one of the great world literatures, but also because, as an object of study, it presents certain general characteristics the consideration of which cannot but prove instructive to all students.

Apart from the intrinsic excellence in form and thought of the Greek masterpieces, upon which it would be superfluous to dwell here, we may emphasize first the originality of the Greek literature. Inheriting no literary traditions, surrounded by peoples who could furnish them no literary models, the Greeks wrought out, practically unaided, through the force of their

own genius, most of the literary forms which the races of Europe have accepted as typical and universal. To appreciate fully the significance of this achievement we must bear in mind that even the chief types of prose, to say nothing of poetry, have of course no existence in the nature of things, but are the results of repeated experimentation and of conscious effort to present the subject-matter in the most appropriate and effective artistic form. Now the most perfect orations of Demosthenes and the dialogues of Plato embody the results of such experiments extending over several generations in Greece. The orations of Demosthenes and the dialogues of Plato were accordingly distinctively Greek creations. Cicero, on the other hand, depended upon his Greek models rather than upon his predecessors in Rome. Roman oratory, therefore, and the dialogue as exemplified in Cicero, were not distinctively Roman creations. The originality of the Greeks in literature was shown in every branch which they attempted, both in prose and in poetry.

But their originality would not be a matter of such importance were it not for the further fact that the forms and types which the Greeks originated were themselves of an essentially universal character. Other races also have brought certain literary forms to perfection. The Vedic hymns of the early Hindus, the penitential psalms of the Babylonians, the prophetic writings of the Hebrews, and the satires in verse of the Romans, are all creations original with these peoples, and to them were satisfactory forms of literary expression. But these types have not appealed to the artistic sense of other races in the same way,

but have remained peculiar to the peoples which originated them. They are unique and sometimes really great, but in no sense universal. The great creations of the Greeks, on the other hand, have furnished the western hemisphere with its highest ideals in literary form in many branches. This is due to the fact that the Greeks had above all other peoples, ancient or modern, an artistic sense for what was beautiful in form and appropriate in expression, as is well illustrated by their temples and statues. They did not achieve their ideals all at once, but only after ages of effort. But every step in the progress toward perfection was directed by instincts which rarely erred.

Perhaps the most instructive characteristic of Greek literature, considered in the course of its development, is the fact that its progress toward perfection was a normal growth. Changes were slow and regular, never taking on the character of a revolution. This is the result, largely, of the fact to which we have already alluded, the relative freedom from outside influences. Consequently the causes which determined the development of this literature are more easily discerned and the course of the changes traced with greater precision than in the case of any other literature. The Greeks were, of course, indebted to other nations in various ways, and we may not overlook such influences as we may detect with certainty. Along with the alphabet they doubtless received intellectual stimulus from the Phœnicians; from the oriental races of Asia Minor they derived important ideas in music and religion which exercised no little influence upon their poetry and morals,

Egypt, Assyria, Persia, and Rome in turn were responsible for accessions of knowledge and extended their horizon. The Greeks were far from insensible to the merits of other peoples, and gladly laid them under contribution. But after taking all these things into consideration, Greek literature as a whole can be studied as essentially the product of a single people; for from without they received but impulses, never a fully developed principle nor a perfected literary form. Consequently the growth of the literature as a whole was regular and normal, and the various kinds of literature, corresponding to successive stages in the social, political, and moral development, were produced in an orderly succession. Epic poetry, for example, reflects the patriarchal stage in Greek civilization; Lyric poetry, the aristocratic; the Drama, the democratic; while Prose, representing the period of highest popular culture, came to its flower after Poetry.

We have referred to the influence of the Greek literature upon the literatures of modern Europe. Directly or indirectly, it has been the predominating influence. This influence has been exerted partly through the medium of the Latin literature, especially upon the literatures of southern Europe, and for a long time upon those of northern Europe, and in part directly, especially perhaps during the last two centuries, owing to the revival of Greek studies in England, Germany, and France. The poetry of Tennyson and Browning, to take English examples, is permeated by Greek influences, and can be properly studied and fully appreciated only by going back to the Greek masterpieces which furnished inspiration and suggestion in rhythms, style, and

imagery. The same is true of the great classical writers of Germany and France. Nor can we overlook the value of a knowledge of Greek literature on the purely intellectual side, for its practical bearing on modern thought. Almost every department of modern life has received impulse and direction from the great thinkers of Greece—religion, ethics, philosophy, politics, and science.

The life of a great man can not be rightly understood without a knowledge of his ancestry, early training, the social, political, and religious conditions of his time—in short, all of the influences which helped to mould his character and determine his conduct. A mere chronological account of his doings would be wholly inadequate as a biography. So it is with the literature of a people. While we may get enjoyment and profit from the reading of a certain book without knowing its author or the age whose characteristics are reflected in it, yet the advantage of this sort of reading is, after all, but slight in comparison with that to be had from a study of the same book as the expression of an individual and of a people, the product of a certain civilization. The more remote from our own time the people whose literary products we study, and the more extensive and varied the literature, the more necessary it becomes to gain the vantage-ground from which our view will be least obstructed, our vision most true. To this end we should know as much as possible of the people, of their racial characteristics as moulded by their environment, their religious beliefs and practices, their view of nature, their social and family life, their institutions, language, art, history. Within the limits of

this book we shall have to confine ourselves to a few suggestions and general topics, and to short accounts of the various branches of literature and of the several authors. But the right point of view should be constantly kept in mind, and the reader should have frequent recourse to some of the manuals of history, art, mythology, and social life to which reference is made in the bibliographical appendix to this volume.

In prehistoric times, probably as late as fifteen hundred years before Christ, the branch of the Indo-European race which we know as the Greeks was confined to the little peninsula of Greece and the outlying islands, to which they had migrated at some earlier period. But Greece is small and its soil too poor to support a large population. The surplus population soon took to the sea, and planted colonies on the most inviting sites all over the shores of the Mediterranean. Southern Italy and Sicily, the Ionian and Ægæan islands were occupied; colonies were established far up the Nile and along the northern shores of Africa, as far west as Marseilles and beyond the Dardanelles in the east. Greek civilization followed each colony, and intercourse with the mother country, intellectual as well as commercial, was never allowed to cease. All the important offshoots of the early stock contributed something to Greek culture and to the common literature.

Before the period of emigration and colonization the dominant people in Greece were the Achæans. This is the name by which Homer designates the people who went against Troy. In the historical period, however, we find three great divisions of the Greeks, distinguished from each other by dialect, customs,

and racial qualities—Æolians, Dorians, and Ionians. Since each of these families had its own distinctive part in Greek literature, it is necessary to know where they were settled, and, briefly, how they differed from each other.

The main seat of the Æolians, when literary history begins, was the island of Lesbos and the adjoining coasts of Asia Minor. But the early home of the stock was in northern Greece, where the Thessalians, Bœotians, and Ætolians remained their chief representatives. Only the Æolians of Asia Minor and the Bœotians on the mainland were fertile in literature, and these two branches, through being long separated and subject to widely different conditions, had retained few common characteristics, except in speech, at the time when writers appeared among them. The atmosphere of Bœotia is heavy and moist, and the inhabitants came to be regarded by their neighbors as sluggish and dull. These qualities certainly do not appear, however, in the few great writers and generals who sprang from Bœotian soil. As for the Lesbians, as the climate of that part of Asia Minor is mild and relaxing, conducive to luxury and ease, so the people were impressionable, luxurious, and imaginative. Lesbos became the home of the poetry of passion and intense personal feeling.

Some time after the Homeric age the Dorians migrated southward from northern Greece, driving out or making subject a part of the old Achæan population. In historical times the chief Dorian settlements were Megara and Corinth on the isthmus; Argolis, Laconia, and Messena in the Peloponnesus; Crete and Rhodes in the Ægæan Sea, and the south-

west portions of Asia Minor; Syracuse in Sicily, and Tarentum in southern Italy. The Spartans of Laconia were regarded as the Dorians of the Dorians. Keeping themselves aloof from alien influences, they developed, certainly, the most typical Dorian civilization, whereas the Corinthians and Syracusans mixed freely with the rest of the world and lost more of the family characteristics. The Spartans were warlike and reserved, devoutly religious, intolerant of innovations, unemotional. The terse and rugged Dorian dialect, with its prevailing broad vowel-sounds, always seemed to the Greeks peculiarly appropriate to the stately choral odes in honor of the gods, which the Spartans first brought to perfection.

By far the most important in the history of Greek literature were the Ionians, and of the Ionians the older branch which occupied Attica and Eubœa. The settlements along the coasts of Asia Minor between the Æolic cities in the north and the Doric on the south were Ionian, and also most of the islands of the Ægæan. The Ionians claimed numerous colonies besides in Italy, Sicily, and throughout the Mediterranean. The language of the Ionians was soft and flowing, abounding in vowel sounds, forming a striking contrast with the Doric. Even the prose writings of the Ionians seem to have a poetic flavor, due to the rich and varied grace inherent in the language itself. The Attic dialect, which gradually became to a large degree the universal language of cultured Greeks, is a modified form of the Ionic, uniting energy and dignity to softness and grace. The perfected Attic of the time of Demosthenes was distinctly a literary dialect, developed by generations of conscious effort

to improve it, and adapting itself in a wonderful degree to the demands of all varieties of prose and poetry. It is a peculiar feature of Attic poetry that it freely employs, along with the local dialect, also the Doric and the old Ionic in forms of composition in which the latter seemed more appropriate. In tragedy, for example, we may find Homeric forms in narrative portions that partake of the Homeric style, Doric in the lyric portions sung by the chorus, and the old Ionic in the dialogue. The Athenians instinctively associated certain styles of composition with the dialect in which each style had reached its highest development outside of Athens. In this way, either by imitation or by assimilation, they appropriated to their own use all forms of expression that would help to make their own language the most perfect literary instrument.

The three great families of which we have spoken were never united as separate political organisms. Even contiguous members of the same family were often independent of one another. The colonies also were self-governing. Owing to the configuration of the Grecian peninsula its inhabitants were cut up into numerous separate communities of liberty-loving folk, shut off from each other by mountain ranges and branches of the sea. The result was a large number of little governments, some democratic, some oligarchical, all imbued with the spirit of liberty and independence, furnished by nature with the best of fortifications for self-defense, and each determined to work out its own problem of polity and society for itself. Constantly quarreling with one another, the larger states trying to absorb the smaller and aspiring

each to the honor of being the acknowledged leader, they came but gradually to a realization of their common Hellenic brotherhood. At the same time the states of Asia Minor were always under the shadow of the Persian Empire, either as tributary subjects or else fighting an unequal contest for independence; while in Sicily and Italy tyrants succeeded in establishing themselves for a longer period than elsewhere. This great diversity of social and political conditions was naturally not without its influence upon the literary productions of the various states, and in each state the constant political vicissitudes were in turn reflected in its literature. In this respect the literature of Greece presents a much more complex problem for the student than that of Rome, where for centuries every notable literary production emanated from the capital itself.

Foremost among the influences which helped to mould the Greek race, giving to all of its members certain common characteristics and ideals and to each member its own distinctive individuality, we must consider the land in which it lived. Never was a gifted people more fortunate in its habitation. By reason of its latitude, Greece has a southern climate; and yet the mountains, everywhere dominating the plains, temper the warm air and instill a northern vigor. In the low valleys and on the islands the palm and pomegranate flourish, while on the hills are found the hardy northern cereals, and still higher up the pine and the fir. No spot on the mainland is more than forty miles from the sea, which furnishes an easy means of communication between the various districts and with the outside world. The mountains and the

sea—these are the two leading facts in the geography of Greece. Add to these the remarkable clearness and brilliancy of the atmosphere and the exceptional beauty and variety of the scenery, and we have at once the key to the understanding of many things not only in the history of the Greek people, but also in the wonderful literature which they produced.

Greek literature reveals, especially in the poets, a profound and intimate sympathy with nature. The Greek lived in the open air, the inhabitant of the city no less than the countryman. He was a keen and discriminating observer, and none of nature's moods nor the significance of the phenomena of life about him, whether animate or inanimate, escaped him. Nature was not with him an object of conscious study and contemplation, as with us, but rather a daily companion, an intimate friend. Doubtless the passionate love of the beautiful, which the Greeks possessed to a greater extent than any other people, was inspired by the exceptionally beautiful surroundings in which they lived.

In studying the Greek literature we must constantly bear in mind a fundamental difference between it and other literatures in the means by which an author's works were brought to the knowledge of the public. Almost the whole body of classical Greek literature was presented to a hearing, not to a reading, public. The art of writing was known in Greece certainly as early as the eighth century, but at this early time the materials employed were stone and other hard materials. Even in the age of Pericles, when we first hear of libraries, it is doubtful if books could be made with sufficient ease and cheapness to enable any but the

few to buy them. The Homeric poems were at first chanted by bards at the courts of the chieftains, and were probably not committed to writing until long after the period of epic poetry had passed. The songs of the lyric poet were sung by the poet himself to his friends, or by choruses to a larger public. The drama was, of course, performed in the theatre, and mainly in this way became familiar to the people. The tragedy composed with a view to being read, not acted, is a phenomenon which occurs only after the period of the decline had set in. So it was with early prose writing also. Herodotus recited a part of his history first at the Olympic festival. Oratory was necessarily oral. In short, we may safely say that there was no reading public, as we understand the term, before the time of Pericles. After these first oral publications, the great works of epic and lyric poetry became known throughout the Greek world by means of travelers or traveling minstrels and choruses. Without doubt this direct contact of the people with the author not only quickened the minds of the people and cultivated their taste, but also reacted powerfully upon the author himself, and thus hastened the progress toward perfection.

For almost three thousand years the Greek people have never ceased to have a literature of their own. The Greeks of to-day not only have a considerable body of popular poetry, but boast of a goodly and growing number of writers of no mean ability, both in prose and in poetry. During the Byzantine period—that is, from the time of the Emperor Justinian to the fall of Constantinople (529 to 1453)—Greek letters flourished, though few great works were pro-

duced. It is our purpose here to study only the literature of ancient Greece, and principally that of the classical period—that is, to the destruction of Greek liberty by Alexander. The ancient period naturally falls into five great periods: (1) the Age of Epic Poetry, from Homer to the end of the eighth century; (2) the Age of Lyric Poetry, the seventh, sixth, and part of the fifth centuries; (3) the Attic Period, to the conquests of Alexander; (4), the Alexandrine Age, down to the Roman conquest; (5) the Roman Age, to the time of Justinian. The first three of these five periods come more especially within the scope of this book. It is fitting that we should devote the larger part of our attention to poetry, which to-day claims the larger share of our interest and admiration.

CHAPTER II

EPIC POETRY. INTRODUCTION TO THE ILIAD

The Earliest Literature of Europe — Precursors of the Epic — Legendary Bards — The Marriage Hymn — The Dirge — Secular Tendency of Religious Poetry — The Minstrel — Minstrel Themes in Homer — The Poets of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* — Natural and Literary Epics — The Trojan War before the *Iliad* — The Marriage of Peleus and Thetis — The Apple of Discord — The Judgment of Paris — The Rape of Helen — The Summoning of the Greek Chieftains — The First Years of the Siege — The Story of the *Iliad* — Theme, the *Wrath of Achilles* — Analysis of Book I.

At the very threshold of Greek literature stand the two majestic poems which for almost three thousand years have commanded the admiration of the world — the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* of Homer. The literature of Europe as well as of Greece begins with these two poems, which for centuries were at once the Bible and the Milton of the Greek people. Although of very early origin, composed long before writing was employed for literary purposes, they are not the crude productions of a primitive people, like the early epics of other races, but are extended works of a highly polished art, reflecting an advanced stage of civilization. This is a phenomenon, without parallel elsewhere, which invites the student to the interesting but complicated problem of their origin. It is the unique distinction of the Homeric poems, however, as compared with the earliest literature of other peoples, that, in spite of the multitude of recondite questions

concerning their authorship and orginal form which have occupied the scholar, the reader who wishes merely to enjoy them as works of literature has little need of learned commentary or exposition. The heroic deeds and marvelous adventures of which Homer has to tell are simply told. The poems are complete narratives in themselves, and in the main supply their own setting as regards persons, situations, and environment. Most of the books which have been written about Homer have been written out of Homer himself. The research and exploration of recent times have, it is true, shed a flood of light upon the civilization of the Homeric age, but they have added comparatively little to our knowledge of the Homeric poems as works of literature, except in demonstrating that the story of the Trojan war is not entirely the creation of a poet's fancy.

There are no remains of a Greek literature before Homer. Even the Greeks of the classical period possessed nothing earlier than the *Iliad*. It is impossible to suppose, however, that poems so perfect as works of art could have come into being without forerunners. There must have been bards before Homer, just as certainly as there were sculptors before Pheidias. The very perfection of the Parthenon frieze presupposes the practice of carving in marble for generations, even if we had no earlier remains of Greek sculpture. Greek legend recognizes this necessity, for it records the names of certain mythical bards, such as Orpheus, Musæus, and Olympus, servants of the Muses, who, in the remote past—an indefinite time before Homer—sang in honor of the gods. The earliest literature of the Indo-European race to which we

belong, the Vedas of the early Hindus, consist mainly of short hymns, of praise or entreaty, to the early Indian gods. So, long before Homer, in the childhood of the Greek race, there were doubtless poets who voiced the religious feelings of the people and contributed their share to the development of the poetic art which the authors of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* inherited in its perfected form.

The most important events of family life also called for celebration in song. At the marriage of the mortal Peleus with the goddess Thetis, we are told, the Muses themselves sang the wedding hymn. In the description of the shield of Achilles which is given in the *Iliad* (18, 493 ff.), the poet says that Hephæstus "fashioned thereon two fair cities of mortal men. In the one were espousals and marriage feasts, and beneath the blaze of torches they were leading the brides from their chambers through the city, and loud arose the bridal song. And young men were whirling in the dance, and among them flutes and viols sounded high; and the women standing each at her door were marveling." Not less old than the marriage hymn is the dirge for the dead. One of the scenes depicted on the shield of Achilles was a vineyard, in which maidens and youths were plucking the clusters of grapes. "In the midst of them a boy made pleasant music on a clear-toned viol, and sang thereto a sweet Linos-song with delicate voice; while the rest with feet falling together kept time with the music and song." The Linos-song was one of the earliest known to the Greeks, and is thought to be a lament for the departing summer, which had been personified as a young boy, Linos. Although a dirge, it had

now become "a sweet song" for the youth to sing at the joyous vintage. These early dirges, which had taken their place among the poetry of the people, doubtless suggested the form of the funeral chant over the body of the dead, the words of which were necessarily improvised. When the body of Hector was brought back to Troy by his father, Priam, "they laid him upon a fretted bed, and set beside him minstrels, leaders of the dirge, who wailed a mournful lay, while the women made moan with them" (*Iliad*, 24, 722 ff.). Then Hector's wife, Andromache, his mother, Hecabe, and Helen, the wife of his brother Paris, stepped forward one after another and sang their lament. When the hero Achilles was slain in battle, the chanting of dirges lasted seventeen days. The shade of Agamemnon thus speaks to the shade of Achilles in Hades (*Odyssey*, 24, 24 ff.): "And forth from the sea came thy mother with the deathless maidens of the waters, when they heard the tidings; and a wonderful wailing rose over the deep, and trembling fell on the limbs of all the Achæans. . . Then round thee stood the daughters of the ancient one of the sea, holding a pitiful lament, and they clad thee about in raiment incorruptible. And all the nine Muses, one to the other replying, with sweet voices began the dirge; then thou wouldst not have seen an Argive but wept as mightily rose up the clear chant."

We have seen, then, that before Homer the Greeks possessed several varieties of poetry which assumed a more or less literary form. Those which we have considered were originally all of a religious nature; for even the marriage hymns and the dirge grew out of

religious observances. But, as in the case of the Linos-song, some of these varieties had early acquired a popular form. The constant tendency was to divest religious poetry of its liturgical character. The Homeric poems record the existence before Homer of another class of poetry, which possesses barely a trace of the religious origin from which it doubtless sprung—the stories of the exploits of heroes. It is of this class of poetry that the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* give us the best picture.

The minstrels form a distinct class in Homeric society. As servants of the Muses they enjoy especial privileges, and receive at the hands of the chieftains exceptional honor and respect. When Agamemnon departed for Troy, he intrusted his household to the care of a minstrel, and Odysseus, after slaying all the suitors, spares the life of Phemius, who had been associated with the suitors, on the plea that "god had put into his heart all manner of lays." When guests are gathered together in the halls of a chieftain, minstrels sing to them. "Song and dance, these are the accompaniments of the feast." Odysseus, after his entertainment at the palace of King Alcinous, where he had heard the bard Demodocus, says: "King Alcinous, most notable of all the people, verily it is a good thing to list to a minstrel such as this one, like to the gods in voice. Nay, as for me, I say that there is no more gracious or perfect delight than when a whole people makes merry, and the men sit orderly at feast in the halls and listen to the singer, and the tables beside them are laden with bread and flesh, and a wine-bearer, drawing the wine, serves it round and pours it into the cups. This seems to me wellnigh

the fairest thing in the world." (*Odyssey*, 9, 2 ff.) By his choice of a theme and by his spirited rendering of it the bard could affect his hearers with either joy or sorrow at will. The audience looked upon him as really inspired. Alcinous says of Demodocus: "The god hath given minstrelsy to him as to none other, to make men glad in what way soever his spirit stirs him to sing." Again, he is called "the beloved minstrel, whom the Muse loved dearly, and she gave him both good and evil; of his sight she reft him, but granted him sweet song." When the swineherd Eumæus wishes to impress upon Penelope the charms of the stranger who proves afterward to be Odysseus, he says: "Even as when a man gazes upon a singer, whom the gods have taught to sing words of yearning joy to mortals, and they have a ceaseless desire to hear him, so long as he will sing, even so he charmed me."

In the *Iliad*, Achilles, when refraining from warfare on account of his quarrel with Agamemnon, is seen by his tent "taking his pleasure of a loud lyre. Therein he was delighting his soul and singing the glories of heroes." Traces are found of such lays on the Labors of Heracles and on the Quest of the Golden Fleece. The minstrels in the *Odyssey* also sing of the "glorious deeds of men," but we are often told precisely what the subject of the song is. On one occasion it is "the loves of Ares and Aphrodite." At other times it is of the exploits and adventures connected with the Trojan war. Phemius sang among the suitors "of the pitiful return of the Achæans that Pallas Athene laid on them as they came forth from Troy." Penelope overhears the tale, which reminds

her of the long absence of her husband; and weeping she spake unto the minstrel: "Phemius, since thou knowest many other charms for mortals, deeds of men and gods, which bards rehearse, some one of these do thou sing as thou sittest by them, and let them drink their wine in silence; but cease from this pitiful strain that ever wastes my heart within my breast, since to me, above all women, hath come a sorrow comfortless." Her son Telemachus, however, rebukes her, saying: "As for him, it is no blame if he sings the ill-faring of the Danaans; for men always prize that song the most which rings newest in their ears." (*Odyssey*, 1, 325 ff.) Again, in the palace of Alcinous, when Odysseus was present, "the Muse stirred the minstrel (Demodocus) to sing the songs of famous men, even that lay whereof the fame had then reached the wide heaven—namely, the quarrel between Odysseus and Achilles." Odysseus drew his cloak over his head and wept. Later on, Odysseus summons Demodocus, and says: "Come now, change thy strain, and sing of the fashioning of the horse of wood, even the guileful thing that godly Odysseus led up into the citadel when he had laden it with the men who wasted Ilios." And Demodocus is able to comply.

These passages are of especial interest because of the fact that the themes of which the minstrels sang are precisely of the kind which Homer weaves together to form the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, although some of the songs, such as the story of the quarrel of Achilles and Odysseus and the stratagem of the wooden horse, are not actually found in the *Iliad* itself. From the passages which we have cited several conclusions may be drawn on the subject of pre-

Homeric poetry: (1) Besides the short poems of a religious nature, such as the hymns to the gods and the responses of the oracles, there was current in the Greek world a large number of short poems that belonged more especially to domestic life—*e. g.*, marriage chants and dirges; (2) a professional class of minstrels existed, whose repertoires included songs on many themes, imaginary incidents in the lives of the gods, and the exploits of heroic men; (3) the exceptional honor shown to the minstrels and the eagerness of the people for new songs would encourage the production of new poems on the models of those already popular; (4) the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* are made up of a great many such songs as those which the minstrels sang; (5) the perfection of the poetic art of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* is explained by the existence in Greece of minstrel poets long before these poems were composed; (6) the poets of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* were either the greatest of the minstrel poets, producing original poems of large compass in the manner of the earlier short lays, or else they were great collectors of the previously existing songs, which they put together to form a consistent whole, adding only the narrative needed to connect the separate lays. This is a part of the Homeric question which will be discussed later on.

The *Iliad* and *Odyssey* are epic poems. The Greek word *epos*, from which the adjective "epic" is derived, meant orginally a "word" or "saying," and in the plural was applied to the sayings in verse, such as the oracles, or the lays of the minstrels. Since these were composed in the hexameter verse, the measure in which Longfellow's *Evangeline* is written, and were

recited to the accompaniment of the lyre, and not "sung" in the modern sense, epic poetry came to mean narrative poetry in hexameter verse, as opposed to the melic or song poetry, and the term was applied to the longer poems of this kind. According to Aristotle, an epic poem should have a dignified theme and should form a consistent organic whole. This means that it cannot consist of a series of disconnected narratives with no leading thought running from beginning to end. A mere chronicle in verse could not constitute an epic poem. Every part of the narrative must conduce to the completion of the main theme.

The poems of Homer satisfy this definition of epic poetry no less than the great epics since written, as, for example, Vergil's *Æneid* and Milton's *Paradise Lost*. But there is one fundamental difference between the Homeric and the later epics. The difference may be indicated by calling the Homeric poems natural epics, and the *Æneid* and *Paradise Lost* literary epics. Homer tells his story simply and for its own sake; Milton selects a noble theme and marshals all of his learning to embellish it. The unsophisticated people for whom Homer sang needed to know only their gods and their heroes to understand the narrative; but every page of Milton teems with allusions gathered from the whole world of literature and history. He wrote for learned readers.

The *Iliad* is a narrative of only a single episode in the Trojan war. The action of the *Iliad* embraces altogether only fifty-one days in the tenth year of the war. The story of the events which precede the *Iliad* were known to the Greeks through another early epic

poem, now lost, composed after the *Iliad*, in the eighth century before Christ. It was entitled the *Cypria*, and its reputed author was Stasinus of Cyprus. The hero of the poem is Paris. The story, as told in the *Cypria*, is briefly as follows :

Zeus, the king of the gods, alarmed at the increase of men upon the earth, resolves to reduce the population. Now both he and his brother Poseidon, god of the seas, loved the beautiful sea-nymph Thetis. But there was a prophecy which foretold that Thetis should have a son who would prove mightier than his father. To save themselves from such an event, therefore, it was agreed that Thetis should marry a mortal, Peleus, king of Thessaly. All of the gods and goddesses were bidden to the wedding, save only Eris, or Discord. But Zeus sends her also, that the quarrel may arise that shall lead to the Trojan war. Now Eris casts into the midst of the wedding guests a golden apple, inscribed "to the fairest." Hera, the wife of Zeus, and his daughter Athene, goddess of wisdom and prowess in warfare, and Aphrodite, goddess of love, all claim the prize. Zeus commands Hermes, the messenger of the gods, to conduct the three goddesses to Mount Ida, where Alexander or Paris, son of Priam, king of Ilios or Troy, was tending his flocks as a shepherd, quite unaware of his princely birth. Paris was to decide the dispute.[1] The goddesses accordingly appeared before him, each displaying her charms and proposing tempting bribes. Hera offered the sovereignty of Asia and great riches; Athene, great glory and renown in war; Aphrodite,

[1] See Tennyson's description of the Judgment of Paris in the poem *Œnone*, named for the first wife of Paris.

the fairest of all women for his wife. The decision was in favor of Aphrodite, who accordingly received the golden apple. The two slighted goddesses conceived a great hatred toward Troy, the country of the umpire, and made their wrath felt heavily upon the Trojans during the war.

Paris, by the help of Aphrodite, got himself acknowledged as the son of Priam, equipped a fleet, and sailed to Greece in search of the fairest among women. He was hospitably received by Menelaus, king of Sparta. There, in the absence of the king, in violation of the sacred laws of hospitality, he won the love of Helen, the king's wife, and carried her back to Troy. Now Helen was not only the queen of Menelaus, but also the daughter of Zeus himself, by Leda, wife of Tyndareus, whom the king of the gods had visited in the guise of a swan. All the princes of the Achæans had wooed her, entering into a solemn compact with each other that they would all defend the rights of the successful suitor. Accordingly Menelaus called upon the other leading chieftains and upon his brother Agamemnon, king of Mycenæ, the most powerful of them all, to help him avenge the wrong and bring back Helen. With some difficulty they are induced to join in the adventure, and at last, under the chief command of Agamemnon, assemble at Aulis in Bœotia with a fleet of over a thousand ships. The most prominent chieftains, after Agamemnon and Menelaus, were Odysseus, king of Ithaca; Nestor, king of Pylos; Achilles and his chosen friend, Patroclus of Hellas; Idomeneus of Crete; Diomedes of Argos, and Ajax, son of Telamon, of Salamis. The fleet is long delayed by adverse winds sent by Artemis, until

Agamemnon consents to the sacrifice of his daughter Iphigeneia, to propitiate the wrath of the goddess. The start is made, and at length, after some misadventures, of which the most serious was the abandonment on the isle of Lemnos of Philoctetes, the possessor of the bow and unerring arrows of Heracles, the fleet reaches the shores of the Hellespont at the foot of the plain of Troy. The restoration of Helen is demanded of the Trojans, who refuse.

The siege of Ilios[1] now begins. But it was not a close investment. The Greeks were encamped upon the beach beside their ships, which were drawn up upon the shore. The citadel, in which the Trojans were obliged to confine themselves, owing to the prowess of Achilles, was about three miles inland. There were occasional attacks and sallies. But the Greeks seem mainly to have occupied themselves with sweeping the surrounding country for provisions. Detachments were continually sent out under some chieftain to sack the small towns and to bring in the booty, whether of men or supplies, to be divided among the army. It was in one of these raids that Achilles, son of Peleus and Thetis, and king of the Myrmidons, ravaged Thebe and Lyrnessus, and brought back among the spoils the two beautiful women, Chryseis and Briseis. The former was assigned to Agamemnon to be his handmaiden, the latter to Achilles. So far the *Cypria* and the first nine years of the war. Chryseis proves to be the daughter of Chryses, priest of Apollo. The god avenges the insult to his priest by sending a pestilence upon the Greek

[1] In Homer, the citadel of Priam, the chief city of his kingdom, is called Ilios, known to the Romans as Ilium, and the country is Troia, "Troy-land." The latter name came to be used for the city also.

army. From this circumstance arises the quarrel between Agamemnon and Achilles with which the *Iliad* opens.

The traditional title of the poem does not quite accurately give its theme. *Ilias*, in English *Iliad*, properly means the "Story of Ilios." But the real theme is the *Wrath of Achilles* and is given in the first verse of the poem, in the invocation to the Muse:

> O goddess! sing the wrath of Peleus' son,
> Achilles, sing the deadly wrath that brought
> Woes numberless upon the Greeks, and swept
> To Hades many a valiant soul, and gave
> Their limbs a prey to dogs and birds of air,—
> For so had Jove[1] appointed,—from the time
> When the two chiefs, Atrides,[2] king of men,
> And great Achilles, parted first as foes.
>
> I, 1–8. Bryant.

It is only with this conception of the subject of the *Iliad* that the poem has unity. Through Achilles' wrath the Greeks were obliged to fight without his aid, and could not win. The death of Patroclus ensued. Then, through love of his friend, the wrath of Achilles is directed against the Trojans. With Hector's death Patroclus is avenged. This is the story, and throughout the poem our interest centres

[1] Jove, or Jupiter, the Latin form of Zeus. Most of the standard translations give the Latin instead of the Greek names of the gods, though they are not always really equivalent. This would now be considered a fault, but was the prevailing custom a generation ago. The most common equivalents are: Neptune for Poseidon; Pluto for Hades; Vulcan for Hephæstus; Juno for Hera; Minerva for Athene; Venus for Aphrodite; Mars for Ares; Diana for Artemis; Mercury for Hermes; Saturn for Cronus; Latona for Leto.

[2] Atrides (more properly Atreides), i.e., son of Atreus, Agamemnon. It might also mean Menelaus, the brother of Agamemnon. The ending "-ides" in Greek signifies "son of." So Peleides = Achilles, son of Peleus; Tydeides = Diomedes, son of Tydeus, etc. Sometimes it may mean "descendant of"; e.g., Alceides = Heracles, whose grandfather was Alcæus, and Æacides = Achilles, son of Peleus, son of Æacus.

in the hero Achilles, vehement in love as in hate, whether he is sulking in his tent or fighting in the foremost ranks. But there are many incidents in an extended epic like this, and not all of them attach themselves closely to the leading theme.

The wrath of Achilles, then, arising from his quarrel with Agamemnon, was the cause of the woes of the Greeks. The account of the origin of the quarrel occupies about one-half of the first book.[1]

Which of the gods put strife between the chiefs,
That they should thus contend? Latona's son
And Jove's. Incensed against the king he bade
A deadly pestilence appear among
The army, and the men were perishing.
For Atreus' son with insult had received
Chryses the priest, who to the Grecian fleet
Came to redeem his daughter, offering
Uncounted ransom. In his hand he bore
The fillets of Apollo, archer-god,
Upon the golden sceptre, and he sued
To all the Greeks, but chiefly to the sons
Of Atreus, the two leaders of the host:—
"Ye sons of Atreus, and ye other chiefs,
Well-greaved Achæans, may the gods who dwell
Upon Olympus give you to o'erthrow
The city of Priam and in safety reach
Your homes; but give me my beloved child,
And take her ransom, honoring him who sends
His arrows far, Apollo, son of Jove."
Then all the other Greeks, applauding, bade
Revere the priest and take the liberal gifts
He offered, but the counsel did not please
Atrides Agamemnon; he dismissed
The priest with scorn, and added threatening words:—

[1] The *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* were divided each into twenty-four books by an Alexandrian scholar in the third century before Christ. The divisions are often arbitrary and were made simply for convenience.

"Old man, let me not find thee loitering here
Beside the roomy ships, or coming back
Hereafter, lest the fillet thou dost bear
And sceptre of thy god protect thee not.
This maiden I release not till old age
Shall overtake her in my Argive home,
Far from her native country, where her hand
Shall throw the shuttle and shall dress my couch.
Go, chafe me not, if thou wouldst safely go."

I, 9–42. Bryant.

The old man obeyed, and walked silently along the shore of the loud-sounding sea, and prayed aloud to Apollo. And Phœbus Apollo heard him.

Down he came,
Down from the summit of the Olympian mount,
Wrathful in heart; his shoulders bore the bow
And hollow quiver; there the arrows rang
Upon the shoulders of the angry god,
As on he moved. He came as comes the night,
And, seated from the ships aloof, sent forth
An arrow; terrible was heard the clang
Of that resplendent bow. At first he smote
The mules and the swift dogs, and then on man
He turned the deadly arrow. All around
Glared evermore the frequent funeral piles.
Nine days already had his shafts been showered
Among the host, and now, upon the tenth,
Achilles called the people of the camp
To council.

I, 57–72. Bryant.

Now when they were all assembled, Achilles, fleet of foot, arose, and proposed that they should inquire of some soothsayer or priest to tell them why Apollo was so wroth against them. Perchance he would accept a rich sacrifice and take away the pestilence. Then spake Calchas, the augur, who knew both things

that were and that should be and that had been before: "Achilles, dear to Zeus, thou biddest me tell the wrath of Apollo, the king that smiteth afar. Therefore will I speak, but do thou make covenant with me, and swear that verily with all thy heart thou wilt aid me both by word and deed. For of a truth I deem that I shall provoke one that ruleth all the Argives with might, and whom the Achæans obey." Achilles thus reassures Calchas: "Be of good courage, and speak whatever soothsaying thou knowest. No man while I live and behold the light on earth shall lay violent hands upon thee amid the hollow ships; no man of all the Danaans, not even if thou mean Agamemnon, that now avoweth him to be the greatest far of the Achæans."

> Embolden'd thus, th' unerring prophet spoke:
> "Not for neglected hecatombs or pray'rs,
> But for his priest whom Agamemnon scorn'd,
> Nor took his ransom, nor his child restor'd;
> On his account the Far-destroyer sends
> This scourge of pestilence, and yet will send;
> Nor shall we cease his heavy hand to feel,
> Till to her sire we give the bright-eyed girl,
> Unbought, unransom'd, and to Chrysa's shore
> A solemn hecatomb despatch; this done,
> The God, appeas'd, his anger may remit."
>
> I, 108–118. Derby.

The hero, son of Atreus, wide-ruling Agamemnon, then stood up before them, sore displeased; and his dark heart within him was greatly filled with anger, and his eyes were like flashing fire. He calls the aged seer a prophet of evil, praises the maid Chryseis, but agrees to give her up to save his people. He asks, however, that a recompense be provided for him,

that he alone of all the Achæans be not left without a prize. Achilles springs to his feet and reminds Agamemnon that all the spoil taken from the captured towns has already been apportioned. "Yield thou the damsel to the god, and we Achæans will pay thee back threefold and fourfold if ever Zeus grant us to sack the well-walled city of Troy." But Agamemnon suspects the motives of Achilles, and answers thus:

> "Think not, Achilles, valiant though thou art
> In fight, and godlike, to defraud me thus;
> Thou shalt not so persuade me, nor o'erreach.
> Think'st thou to keep thy portion of the spoil,
> While I with empty hands sit idly down?
> The bright-ey'd girl thou bidd'st me to restore;
> If then the valiant Greeks for me seek out
> Some other spoil, some compensation just,
> 'Tis well: if not, I with my own right hand
> Will from some other chief, from thee perchance,
> Or Ajax, or Ulysses, wrest his prey;
> And woe to him on whomsoe'er I call!"
>
> I, 153–165. Derby.

Achilles, stung by these words, indignantly reproaches Agamemnon. The wrongs they came to avenge upon Troy were not his own, but those of Menelaus. "All this thou reckonest not, nor takest thought thereof; and now thou threatenest thyself to take my meed of honor, wherefor I travailed much, and the sons of the Achæans gave it me. Never win I meed like unto his, when the Achæans sack any populous city of Trojan men; my hands bear the brunt of furious war, but when the apportioning cometh, then is thy meed far ampler, and I betake me to the ships with some small thing, yet mine own, when I have fought to weariness. Now will I depart to

Phthia, seeing it far better to return home on my beaked ships; nor am I minded here in dishonor to draw thee thy fill of riches and of wealth."

Him answered Agamemnon, king of men:
"Desert, then, if thou wilt; I ask thee not
To stay for me; there will be others left
To do me honor yet, and, best of all,
The all-providing Jove is with me still.
Thee I detest the most of all the men
Ordained by him to govern; thy delight
Is in contention, war, and bloody frays.
If thou art brave, some deity, no doubt,
Has thus endowed thee. Hence then to thy home,
With all thy ships and men! there domineer
Over thy Myrmidons;[1] I heed thee not,
Nor care I for thy fury. Thus, in turn,
I threaten thee; since Phœbus takes away
Chryseis, I will send her in my ship
And with my friends, and, coming to thy tent,
Will bear away the fair-cheeked maid, thy prize,
Briseis, that thou learn how far I stand
Above thee, and that other chiefs may fear
To measure strength with me, and brave my power."
I, 224–243. Bryant.

Achilles lays his hand to his sword, doubting whether he shall forthwith slay Agamemnon. But Athene came to him from heaven. She stood beside him and caught him by the golden hair, visible to him alone, and of the rest no man beheld her. She promises Achilles that if he will stay his anger goodly gifts will yet come to him by reason of this slight. So Achilles thrust the great sword back into the sheath, and was not disobedient to the saying of Athene. But he in nowise ceased his wrath, but angrily taunts the king, and says:

[1] The name of the Thessalian tribe over which Achilles ruled.

"And now I say,
And bind my saying with a mighty oath:
By this my sceptre, which can never bear
A leaf or twig, since first it left its stem
Among the mountains—for the steel has pared
Its boughs and bark away, to sprout no more,
And now the Achaian judges bear it, they
Who guard the laws received from Jupiter,
Such is my oath—the time shall come when all
The Greeks shall long to see Achilles back,
While multitudes are perishing by the hand
Of Hector, the man-queller; thou, meanwhile,
Though thou lament, shalt have no power to help,
And thou shalt rage against thyself to think
That thou hast scorned the bravest of the Greeks."
As thus he spoke, Pelides to the ground
Flung the gold-studded wand, and took his seat.
I, 298–314. Bryant.

Then in their midst rose up Nestor, the clear-voiced orator of the Pylians, he from whose tongue flowed discourse sweeter than honey. Two generations of mortal men had he seen perish, and he was king among the third. Vainly he tried to allay the passions of the two chieftains. Achilles will yield the maiden Briseis to Agamemnon, but continues to defy his authority. The assembly breaks up. Agamemnon sends Chryseis back to her home, and has Briseis brought from Achilles' tent to his own. Apollo is appeased, but Achilles' abiding wrath remains. Seated on the beach of the sea, he prayed earnestly to his mother, Thetis. And his mother heard him as she sat in the sea-depths beside her aged sire. With speed arose she from the gray sea, like a mist, and sat her before the face of her weeping son, and stroked him with her hand. Achilles then tells Thetis his great sorrow, and entreats her to ask of Zeus that

he shall now give aid to the Trojans, and that the Achæans shall be given over to slaughter, in order that Agamemnon may perceive his blindness in that he honored not at all the best of the Achæans.

Thetis pities her son, and urges him to refrain utterly from battle. So Achilles sat by his swift-faring ships, still wroth. He betook him neither to the assembly nor to war, but consumed his heart in tarrying in his place, and yearned for the war-cry and for battle. And Thetis, when the gods were returned from a banquet among the Æthiopians, forgot not her son's charge, but rose up from the sea-wave, and at early morn mounted up to great heaven and Olympus. There found she Cronus' son, of the far-sounding voice, sitting apart from all on the topmost peak of many-ridged Olympus. So she sat before his face, and with her left hand clasped his knees, and with her right touched him beneath the chin, and spake in prayer to Zeus:

"O Jupiter, my father, if among
The immortals I have ever given thee aid
By word or act, deny not my request.
Honor my son, whose life is doomed to end
So soon; for Agamemnon, king of men,
Hath done him shameful wrong: he takes from him
And keeps the prize he won in war. But thou,
Olympian Jupiter, supremely wise,
Honor him thou, and give the Trojan host
The victory, until the humbled Greeks
Heap large increase of honors on my son."

I, 633–643. Bryant.

Zeus hesitates to promise, for he fears to be at variance with Hera, his wife, who favors the Greeks on account of the decision of Paris. But he at last bowed

his dark brow, and the ambrosial locks waved from the king's immortal head, and he made great Olympus shake. Hera suspects the motive of Thetis' visit, and expostulates with Zeus on his interference with her plans, but Zeus rebukes her severely, so that she is afraid. Hephæstus comforts his mother Hera, and the gods make merry at the banquet.

So ends the first book, which forms the prologue to the main action of the poem.

CHAPTER III

THE MAIN ACTION OF THE ILIAD

The Preparation for Battle — Catalogue of the Opposing Forces — The First Day of Battle — The Combat of Paris and Menelaus — Pandarus violates the Truce — The Valor of Diomedes — The Parting of Hector and Andromache — The Combat of Ajax and Hector — *Selections* — The Second Day of Battle — The Repulse of the Greeks — The Embassy to Achilles — The Treachery of Dolon — *Selections* — The Third Day of Battle — The Trojans break down the Wall of the Camp — Poseidon aids the Greeks — The Ships are set on Fire — Patroclus fights in Achilles' Armor — The Rout of the Trojans — The Slaying of Patroclus — The Fight for his Body — The Armor of Achilles — The Turning-point of the Plot — *Selections* — The Fourth Day of Battle — Achilles drives back the Greeks — The Slaying of Hector — *Selections* — The Epilogue — The Funeral of Patroclus — The Ransom of Hector's Body — *Selections*.

The main action of the *Iliad* occupies the next twenty-one books, large portions of which are not strictly necessary to the unfolding of the plot, although in the main they illustrate the great need which the Greeks have for the help of Achilles, who remains apart until Patroclus, his friend, is slain. In this interval occur three days of fierce battle.

On the first day (Books II to VII) Agamemnon, who has been beguiled by a dream sent of Zeus into the belief that he will speedily capture Troy, even without the aid of Achilles, marshals his hosts and prepares for battle, although the people at first, thinking that he despairs of final victory, rush to the ships and are with difficulty recalled. An imposing catalogue of the

leaders of the Greek and Trojan forces, with the contingents furnished by each, closes the second book. The third book is occupied mainly with the fight of Paris with Menelaus in single combat, both armies having taken a solemn oath that the victor should receive Helen and the treasure that was stolen with her, thus ending the war Paris is about to be taken captive by Menelaus when Aphrodite intervenes and rescues her favorite. While the armies are separated, waiting for the duel to begin, Helen, in a famous scene, points out to Priam from the walls of Troy the greatest warriors on the Greek side. The fourth book opens with an assembly of the gods on Olympus. Hera and Athene, in order to insure the final defeat of the Trojans, win the reluctant consent of Zeus to their plan that the Trojans shall violate their solemn pledge to deliver up Helen to Menelaus as victor over Paris. So Athene incites Pandarus, the Lycian archer, who fights on the Trojan side, to shoot an arrow at Menelaus during the armistice. The Greeks, outraged by this act of treachery, furiously renew the battle. In the fifth book the heroes on both sides do mighty deeds of valor, Æneas, Hector, and Sarpedon for the Trojans, Menelaus, Agamemnon, and Diomedes for the Greeks. But Diomedes is conspicuous above them all. He would have slain Æneas but for Aphrodite's intervention, and by Athene's aid wounds both Aphrodite and Ares when they take the field for the Trojans. There is less fighting in the sixth book. Glaucus, the Lycian ally of the Trojans, meets Diomedes in battle, but recognizing each other as family friends, they part in friendship. Hector goes back to Troy to prepare sacrifices to Athene, in the hope that she may

withdraw her support from the Greeks. In a touching scene he bids farewell to Andromache, his wife, and to his child, Astyanax, and returns to the battlefield. In the seventh book, Ajax, son of Telamon, is chosen by lot as champion of the Greeks to fight Hector in single combat. They fight desperately, the advantage being slightly on the side of Ajax, but night puts an end to the encounter. During the next two days the dead are buried and the Greeks build a strong wall about their ships. We quote a few characteristic passages from this section of the poem:

THE ASSEMBLY OF THE GREEKS

Up rose the sceptered monarchs, and obeyed
Their leader's call, and round them throng'd the crowd
As swarms of bees, that pour in ceaseless stream
From out the crevice of some hollow rock,
Now clust'ring, and anon 'mid vernal flow'rs,
Some here, some there, in busy numbers fly;
So to th' assembly from their tents and ships
The countless tribes came thronging; in their midst,
By Jove enkindled, Rumour urged them on.
Great was the din, and as the mighty mass
Sat down, the solid earth beneath them groan'd;
Nine heralds rais'd their voices loud, to quell
The storm of tongues, and bade the noisy crowd
Be still, and listen to the heaven-born kings.
At length they all were seated, and awhile
Their clamours sank to silence.

II, 98–113. Derby.

AGAMEMNON ADDRESSES THE ARMY

"But now on me hath ægis-bearing Jove,
The son of Saturn, fruitless toil impos'd,
And hurtful quarrels; for in wordy war
About a girl Achilles and myself
Engag'd; and I, alas! the strife began:

Could we be friends again, delay were none,
How short soe'er, of Ilion's final doom.
But now to breakfast, ere we wage the fight.
Each sharpen well his spear, his shield prepare,
Each to his fiery steeds their forage give,
Each look his chariot o'er, that through the day
We may unwearied stem the tide of war;
For respite none, how short soe'er, shall be
Till night shall bid the storm of battle cease.
With sweat shall reek upon each warrior's breast
The leathern belt beneath the covering shield;
And hands shall ache that wield the pond'rous spear;
With sweat shall reek the fiery steeds that draw
Each warrior's car; but whomsoe'er I find
Loitering beside the beakèd ships, for him
'Twere hard to 'scape the vultures and the dogs."
He said; and from th' applauding ranks of Greece
Rose a loud sound, as when the ocean wave,
Driv'n by the south wind on some lofty beach,
Dashes against a prominent crag, expos'd
To blasts from every storm that roars around.

II, 430–455. Derby

THE MARSHALING OF THE GREEK HOSTS

The high-voic't heralds instantly he charg'd to call to arms
The curl'd-head Greeks; they call'd; the Greeks straight answer'd their alarms.
The Jove-kept kings about the kings all gather'd, with their aid
Rang'd all in tribes and nations. With them the gray-eyed Maid
Great Ægis (Jove's bright shield) sustain'd, that can be never old,
Never corrupted, fring'd about with serpents forg'd of gold,
As many as suffic'd to make a hundred fringes, worth
An hundred oxen, every snake all sprawling, all set forth
With wondrous spirit. Through the host with this the Goddess ran,
In fury casting round her eyes, and furnisht every man
With strength, exciting all to arms and fight incessant. None
Now liked their lov'd homes like the wars. And as a fire upon

A huge wood, on the heights of hills, that far off hurls his light;
So the divine brass shin'd on these, thus thrusting on for fight,
Their splendour through the air reacht heaven. And as about the flood
Caÿster, in an Asian mead, flocks of the airy brood,
Cranes, geese, or long-neckt swans, here, there, proud of their pinions fly,
And in their falls lay out such throats, that with their spiritfull cry
The meadow shrieks again; so here, these many nation'd men
Flow'd over the Scamandrian field, from tents and ships; the din
Was dreadfull that the feet of men and horse beat out of earth.
And in the florishing mead they stood, thick as the odorous birth
Of flowers, or leaves bred in the spring; or thick as swarms of flies
Throng then to sheep-cotes, when each swarm his erring wing applies
To milk dew'd on the milk-maid's pails; all eagerly dispos'd
To give to ruin th' Ilians. And as in rude heaps clos'd,
Though huge goatherds are at their food, the goatherds easly yet
Sort into sundry herds; so here the chiefs in battell set,
Here tribes, here nations, ordring all. Amongst whom shin'd the king,
With eyes like lightning-loving Jove, his forehead answering,
In breast like Neptune, Mars in waist. And as a goodly bull
Most eminent of all a herd, most wrong, most masterful,
So Agamemnon Jove that day made overheighten clear
That heaven-bright army, and preferr'd to all th' heroës there.

II, 379–412. Chapman.

PRIAM AND HELEN ON THE WALLS OF TROY

And Priam lifted up his voice and called to Helen: "Come hither, dear child, and sit before me, that thou mayest see thy former husband and thy kinsfolk and thy friends. I hold thee not to blame; nay, I hold the gods to blame who brought on me this dolorous war of the Achæans." . . . And Helen,

fair among women, spake and answered him: "Reverend art thou to me and dread, dear father of my lord; would that sore death had been my pleasure when I followed thy son hither, and left my home and my kinsfolk, and my daughter in her girlhood, and the lovely company of my age-fellows. But that was not so, wherefore I pine with weeping." . . . And thirdly the old man saw Ajax, and asked: "Who then is this other Achæan warrior, goodly and great, preëminent above the Argives by the measure of his head and broad shoulders?" And long-robed Helen, fair among women, answered: "This is huge Ajax, bulwark of the Achæans. And on the other side amid the Cretans standeth Idomeneus like a god, and about him are gathered the captains of the Cretans. Oft did Menelaus, dear to Zeus, entertain him in our house, whene'er he came from Crete.

Clearly the rest I behold of the dark-eyed sons of Achæa,
Known to me well are the faces of all; their names I remember;
Two, two only remain, whom I see not among the commanders,
Castor, fleet in the car,—Polydeuces, brave with the cestus,—
Own dear brethren of mine,—one parent loved us as infants,—
Are they not here in the host, from the shores of loved Lacedæmon?
Or, though they came with the rest in ships that bound through the water,
Dare they not enter the fight, or stand in the council of heroes,
All for fear of the shame and the taunts my crime has awakened?"
So said she—they long since in Earth's soft arms were reposing,
There, in their own dear land, their Fatherland, Lacedæmon.[1]

III, 234-244. Hawtrey.

[1] This exquisite translation by Hawtrey in the metre of the original "is the one version," says Matthew Arnold, "of any part of the *Iliad* which in some degree reproduces for me the original effect of Homer."
I have given the context in the prose version of Lang, Leaf, and Myers, for the juxtaposition of blank verse and hexameters would give offense.

VALOR OF DIOMEDES

But of Tydides none might say to whom
His arm belonged, or whether with the hosts
Of Troy or Greece he mingled in the fight:
Hither and thither o'er the plain he rush'd,
Like to a wintry stream, that brimming o'er
Breaks down all barriers in its rapid course,
Nor well-built bridge can stem the flood, nor fence
That guards the fertile fields, as down it pours
Its sudden torrent, swoll'n with rain from heav'n,
And many a goodly work of man destroys:
So back were borne before Tydides' might
The serried ranks of Troy, nor dar'd await,
Despite their numbers, his impetuous charge.

V, 98–110. Derby.

ENCOUNTER OF DIOMEDES AND GLAUCUS

Then Tydeus' son, and Glaucus, in the midst,
Son of Hippolochus, stood forth to fight;
But when they near were met, to Glaucus first
The valiant Diomed his speech address'd:
Who art thou, boldest man of mortal birth?
For in the glorious conflict heretofore
I ne'er have seen thee; but in daring now
Thou far surpassest all, who hast not fear'd
To face my spear; of most unhappy sires
The children they, who my encounter meet.
But if from heav'n thou com'st, and art indeed
A god, I fight not with the heav'nly powers.
. . . . . .
But be thou mortal, and the fruits of earth
Thy food, approach, and quickly meet thy doom."
To whom the noble Glaucus thus replied:
"Great son of Tydeus, why my race enquire?
The race of man is as the race of leaves:
Of leaves, one generation by the wind
Is scattered on the earth; another soon
In spring's luxuriant verdure bursts to light.
So with our race; these flourish, those decay.

But if thou would'st in truth enquire and learn
The race I spring from, not unknown of men;
There is a city, in the deep recess
Of pastoral Argos, Ephyre by name:
There Sisyphus of old his dwelling had,
Of mortal men the craftiest; Sisyphus,
The son of Æolus; to whom was born
Glaucus; and Glaucus in his turn begot
Bellerophon, on whom the gods bestow'd
The gifts of beauty and of manly grace.
. . . . . .
Three children there to brave Bellerophon
Were born; Isander, and Hippolochus,
Laodamia last, belov'd of Jove.
. . . . . .
I from Hippolochus my birth derive:
To Troy he sent me, and enjoin'd me oft
To aim at highest honours, and surpass
My comrades all; nor on my father's name
Discredit bring, who held the foremost place
In Ephyre, and Lycia's wide domain.
Such is my race, and such the blood I boast."
He said; and Diomed rejoicing heard;
His spear he planted in the fruitful ground,
And thus with friendly words the chief address'd
"By ancient ties of friendship we are bound;
For godlike Œneus in his house receiv'd
For twenty days the brave Bellerophon.
. . . . . .
So I in Argos am thy friendly host;
Thou mine in Lycia, when I thither come:
Then shun we, e'en amid the thickest fight,
Each other's lance; enough there are for me
Of Trojans and their brave allies to kill,
As heaven may aid me, and my speed of foot;
And Greeks enough there are for thee to slay,
If so indeed thou canst; but let us now
Our armour interchange, that these may know
What friendly bonds of old our houses join."
Thus as they spoke, they quitted each his car;

Clasp'd hand in hand, and plighted mutual faith.
Then Glaucus of his judgment Jove deprived,
His armour interchanging, gold for brass,
A hundred oxen's worth for that of nine.

VI, 141–278. Derby.

PARTING OF HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE

Hector left in haste
The mansion, and retraced his way between
The rows of stately dwellings, traversing
The mighty city. When at length he reached
The Scæan gates, that issue on the field,
His spouse, the nobly dowered Andromache,
Came forth to meet him—daughter of the prince
Eëtion, who, among the woody slopes
Of Placos, in the Hypoplacian town
Of Thebè, ruled Cilicia and her sons,
And gave his child to Hector, great in arms.
She came attended by a maid, who bore
A tender child—a babe too young to speak—
Upon her bosom—Hector's only son,
Beautiful as a star, whom Hector called
Scamandrius, but all else Astyanax—
The city's lord—since Hector stood the sole
Defence of Troy. The father on his child
Looked with a silent smile. Andromache
Pressed to his side meanwhile, and, all in tears,
Clung to his hand, and, thus beginning, said:
"Too brave! thy valor yet will cause thy death.
Thou hast no pity on thy tender child,
Nor me, unhappy one, who soon must be
Thy widow. All the Greeks will rush on thee
To take thy life. A happier lot were mine,
If I must lose thee, to go down to earth,
For I shall have no hope when thou art gone,—
Nothing but sorrow. Father have I none,
And no dear mother. Great Achilles slew
My father when he sacked the populous town
Of the Cilicians,—Thebè with high gates.

'Twas there he smote Eëtion, yet forbore
To make his arms a spoil; he dared not that,
But burned the dead with his bright armor on,
And raised a mound above him. Mountain-nymphs,
Daughters of ægis-bearing Jupiter,
Came to the spot and planted it with elms.
Seven brothers had I in my father's house,
And all went down to Hades in one day.
Achilles, the swift-footed, slew them all
Among their slow-paced bullocks and white sheep.
My mother, princess on the woody slopes
Of Placos, with his spoils he bore away,
And only for large ransom gave her back.
But her Diana, archer-queen, struck down
Within her father's palace. Hector, thou
Art father and dear mother now to me,
And brother and my youthful spouse besides.
In pity keep within the fortress here,
Nor make thy child an orphan nor thy wife
A widow. Post thine army near the place
Of the wild fig-tree, where the city walls
Are low and may be scaled. Thrice in the war
The boldest of the foe have tried the spot—
The Ajaces and the famed Idomeneus,
The two chiefs born to Atreus, and the brave
Tydides, whether counselled by some seer,
Or prompted to the attempt by their own minds.'
Then answered Hector, great in war: "All this
I bear in mind, dear wife; but I should stand
Ashamed before the men and long-robed dames
Of Troy, were I to keep aloof and shun
The conflict, coward-like. Not thus my heart
Prompts me, for greatly have I learned to dare
And strike among the foremost sons of Troy,
Upholding my great father's fame and mine;
Yet well in my undoubting mind I know
The day shall come in which our sacred Troy,
And Priam, and the people over whom
Spear-bearing Priam rules, shall perish all.

But not the sorrows of the Trojan race,
Nor those of Hecuba herself, nor those
Of royal Priam, nor the woes that wait
My brothers many and brave—who all at last,
Slain by the pitiless foe, shall lie in dust—
Grieve me so much as thine, when some mailed Greek
Shall lead thee weeping hence, and take from thee
Thy day of freedom. Thou in Argos then
Shalt, at another's bidding, ply thy loom,
And from the fountain of Messeis draw
Water, or from the Hypereian spring,
Constrained unwillingly by the cruel lot.
And then shall some one say who sees thee weep,
'This was the wife of Hector, most renowned
Of the horse-taming Trojans, when they fought
Around their city.' So shall some one say,
And thou shalt grieve the more, lamenting him
Who haply might have kept afar the day
Of thy captivity. O let the earth
Be heaped above my head in death before
I hear thy cries as thou art borne away!"
So speaking, mighty Hector stretched his arms
To take the boy; the boy shrank crying back
To his fair nurse's bosom, scared to see
His father helmeted in glittering brass,
And eyeing with affright the horse-hair plume
That grimly nodded from the lofty crest.
At this both parents in their fondness laughed;
And hastily the mighty Hector took
The helmet from his brow and laid it down
Gleaming upon the ground, and, having kissed
His darling son and tossed him up in play,
Prayed thus to Jove and all the gods of heaven:
"O Jupiter and all ye deities,
Vouchsafe that this my son may yet become
Among the Trojans eminent like me,
And nobly rule in Ilium. May they say,
'This man is greater than his father was!'
When they behold him from the battlefield

Bring back the bloody spoil of the slain foe,
That so his mother may be glad at heart."
So speaking, to the arms of his dear spouse
He gave the boy; she on her fragrant breast
Received him, weeping as she smiled. The chief
Beheld, and, moved with tender pity, smoothed
Her forehead gently with his hand and said:
"Sorrow not thus, beloved one, for me.
No living man can send me to the shades
Before my time; no man of woman born,
Coward or brave, can shun his destiny.
But go thou home, and tend thy labors there,—
The web, the distaff,—and command thy maids
To speed the work. The cares of war pertain
To all men born in Troy, and most to me."
Thus speaking, mighty Hector took again
His helmet, shadowed with the horse-hair plume,
While homeward his beloved consort went,
Oft looking back, and shedding many tears.

VI, 505–633. Bryant.

COMBAT OF AJAX AND HECTOR

He spake, and, brandishing his ponderous lance,
Hurled it; and on the outer plate of brass,
Which covered the seven bullock-hides, it struck
The shield of Ajax. Through the brass and through
Six folds of hides the irresistible spear
Cut its swift way, and at the seventh stopped.
Then high-born Ajax cast his massive spear
In turn, and drove it through the fair, round shield
Of Priam's son. Through that bright buckler went
The rapid weapon, pierced the well-wrought mail,
And tore the linen tunic at the flank.
But Hector stooped, and thus avoided death.
They took their spears again, and, coming close,
Like lions in their hunger, or wild boars
Of fearful strength, joined battle. Priam's son
Sent his spear forward, striking in the midst

The shield of Ajax, but it broke not through
The brass; the metal turned the weapon's point.
While Ajax, springing onward, smote the shield
Of Hector, drave his weapon through, and checked
His enemy's swift advance, and wounded him
Upon the shoulder, and the black blood flowed.
Yet not for this did plumèd Hector cease
From combat, but went back, and, lifting up
A huge, black, craggy stone that near him lay,
Flung it with force against the middle boss
Of the broad sevenfold shield that Ajax bore.
The brass rang with the blow. Then Ajax raised
A heavier stone, and whirled it, putting forth
His arm's immeasurable strength; it brake
Through Hector's shield as if a millstone's weight
Had fallen. His knees gave way; he fell to earth
Headlong; yet still he kept his shield. At once
Apollo raised him up; and now with swords,
Encountering hand to hand, they both had flown
To wound each other, if the heralds sent
As messengers from Jupiter and men
Had not approached, — Idæus from the side
Of Troy, Talthybius from the Grecian host, —
Wise ancients both. Betwixt the twain they held
Their sceptres, and the sage Idæus spake: —
"Cease to contend, dear sons, in deadly fray;
Ye both are loved by cloud-compelling Jove,
And both are great in war, as all men know.
The night is come; be then the night obeyed."

VII, 316–360. Bryant.

The second day of battle begins in the eighth book. Zeus remembers his promise to avenge the wrongs of Achilles. He therefore commands the gods to help neither side, to the end that the Trojans may have the advantage. Zeus himself, however, constantly interferes in favor of the Trojans. The Greeks are driven back into their camp by the ships, while the Trojans

bivouac on the plain, confidently expecting victory on the morrow. The Greeks are panic-stricken. During the night Agamemnon summons them to an assembly, and proposes that they take ship for home, seeing that they should never capture Troy. Diomedes opposes the plan, and the Achæans shout approval. Agamemnon is persuaded by his chieftains to send an embassy to Achilles with offering of rich gifts and the girl Briseis, whom he had taken away, if only he will cease from his wrath. Phœnix, Ajax, and Odysseus bear the message, but Achilles indignantly rejects their overtures. The account of the embassy occupies the ninth book. On the same night Odysseus and Diomedes steal into the Trojan camp and capture Dolon, whom Hector has sent to spy upon the Greeks. Dolon betrays the position of the Thracian king, Rhesus. Rhesus is slain in his sleep, and his snow-white horses are brought back to the camp by the ships. These adventures fill the tenth book. A few selections from this portion of the poem follow.

THE TROJANS BIVOUAC UPON THE PLAIN

So Hector spake: the Trojans roar'd applause;
Then loosed their sweating horses from the yoke,
And each beside his chariot bound his own;
And oxen from the city, and goodly sheep
In haste they drove, and honey-hearted wine
And bread from out the houses brought, and heap'd
Their firewood, and the winds from off the plain
Roll'd the rich vapour far into the heaven.
And these all night upon the bridge of war
Sat glorying; many a fire before them blazed:
As when in heaven the stars about the moon
Look beautiful, when all the winds are laid,

And every height comes out, and jutting peak
And valley, and the immeasurable heavens
Break open to their highest, and all the stars
Shine, and the shepherd gladdens in his heart:
So many a fire between the ships and stream
Of Xanthus blazed before the towers of Troy,
A thousand on the plain; and close by each
Sat fifty in the blaze of burning fire;
And eating hoary grain and pulse the steeds,
Fixt by their cars, waited the golden dawn.
VIII, 542-561. Tennyson.

AGAMEMNON'S PROPOSAL TO ACHILLES[1]

"O ancient man, most truly hast thou named
My faults. I erred, and I deny it not.
That man indeed is equal to a host
Whom Jupiter doth love and honor thus,
Humbling the Achaian people for his sake.
And now, since, yielding to my wayward mood
I erred, let me appease him, if I may,
With gifts of priceless worth. Before you all
I number them, — seven tripods which the fire
Hath never touched, six talents of pure gold,
And twenty shining caldrons, and twelve steeds
Of hardy frame, victorious in the race,
Whose feet have won me prizes in the games.
No beggar would he be, nor yet with store
Of gold unfurnished, in whose coffers lay
The prizes those swift steeds have brought to me.
Seven faultless women, skilled in household arts,
I give moreover, — Lesbians, whom I chose
When he o'erran the populous Lesbian isle, —
Damsels in beauty who excel their sex.
These I bestow, and with them I will send
Her whom I took away, Briseis, pure —
I swear it with a mighty oath — as pure
As when she left his tent. All these I give

[1] Addressed to Nestor in a meeting of the chieftains.

At once; and if by favor of the gods
We lay the mighty city of Priam waste,
He shall load down his galley with large store
Of gold and silver, entering first when we,
The Greeks, divide the spoil. Then may he choose
Twice ten young Trojan women, beautiful
Beyond their sex save Helen. If we come
Safe to Achaian Argos, richly stocked
With milky kine, he may become to me
A son-in-law, and cherished equally
With my sole son Orestes, who is reared
Most royally. Three daughters there, within
My stately palace-walls, — Chrysothemis,
Laodice, and Iphianassa,[1] — dwell,
And he may choose among them, and may lead
Home to the house of Peleus her who best
Deserves his love. Nor need he to endow
The bride, for I will give an ampler dower
Than ever father to his daughter gave, —
Seven cities with thronged streets, — Cardamyle,
Enope, grassy Hira, Pheræ famed
Afar, Antheia with rich pasture-fields,
Æpeia beautiful, and Pedasus
With all its vineyards; all are near the sea,
And stand the last before you reach the coast
Of sandy Pylos. Rich in flocks and herds
Their dwellers are, and they will honor him
As if he were a god, and, ruled by him,
Will pay large tribute. These will I bestow,
Let but his anger cool and his resolve
Give way. 'T is Pluto who is deaf to prayer
And ne'er relents, and he, of all the gods
Most hateful is to men. Now let the son
Of Peleus yield at length to me, who stand
Above him in authority and years."

IX, 138–195. Bryant.

[1] In later Greek tradition Laodice is known as Electra and Iphianassa as Iphigeneia.

ACHILLES' REPLY TO AJAX

Achilles the swift-footed answered thus:—
"Illustrious Ajax, son of Telamon,
Prince of the people! All that thou hast said,
I well perceive, is prompted by thy heart.
Mine swells with indignation when I think
How King Atrides mid the assembled Greeks
Heaped insults on me, as if I had been
A wretched vagabond. But go ye now
And bear my message. I shall never think
Of bloody war till noble Hector, son
Of Priam, slaughtering in his way the Greeks,
Shall reach the galleys of the Myrmidons,
To lay the fleet in flames. But when he comes
To my own tent and galley, he, I think,
Though eager for the combat, will desist."

IX, 803-817. Bryant.

The third day of battle occupies the next eight books (XI to XVIII). In the eleventh Agamemnon distinguishes himself, but is wounded and obliged to retire, as are also Diomedes and Odysseus. In the twelfth the fighting goes against the Greeks. The Trojans press forward to the wall around the camp. Sarpedon breaks through the wall, but is opposed by Ajax, son of Telamon. Hector breaks down the gates with a huge stone, and the Trojans pour through the breach. In the thirteenth book Poseidon comes from the sea to rally the Greeks while Zeus is inattentive. They defend their ships valiantly, though the Trojans press them hard. Idomeneus slays many Trojan leaders, while Ajax, son of Telamon, and Ajax, son of Oileus, check the progress of Hector. In the fourteenth book, Zeus, beguiled by Hera, sleeps on Mount Ida, thus enabling Poseidon to continue his interfer-

ence in favor of the Greeks. Ajax, son of Telamon, fells Hector with a huge stone, and the latter is carried out of the fight. The tide of battle is now against the Trojans; but Zeus, in the fifteenth book, awakens, and seeing the work of Poseidon, angrily orders him off the field. Apollo, at the behest of Zeus, revives Hector, who reënters the battle-line. The Trojans again drive back the Greeks, this time to the ships themselves, and set their ships on fire.

A critical moment has arrived. Achilles is resolved not to help the Greeks until the Trojans shall threaten his own ships. But Patroclus, seeing the rout of the Greeks, prevails upon Achilles to lend him his armor, that the Trojans may think that Achilles has returned to battle. Achilles arms his soldiers, the Myrmidons, and sends them into the battle under Patroclus' command. The tide of battle at once changes again. The Trojans are driven back from the ships and the fire is quenched. Patroclus pushes the Trojans out beyond the walls of the camp. He slays Sarpedon, king of the Lycians and son of Zeus, the mightiest of the Trojan allies. Hector and the Trojans fall back to Troy, which Patroclus vainly assaults. Finally, Hector, with Apollo's aid, slays Patroclus. The account of Patroclus' part in the battle occupies the sixteenth book. The seventeenth is devoted to the fight over Patroclus' body. Hector dons the armor of Achilles, which he has stripped from the body of Patroclus, but he is unable to get possession of the body. Menelaus and Ajax, with the Myrmidons, close in around it, and retire slowly and with difficulty toward their camp. In the eighteenth book Achilles is told of the death of Patroclus. He appears unarmed beyond the

wall of the camp, and by his appearance and terrible shouting so frightens the Trojans that Patroclus' body is brought safely within the camp. Achilles is resolved to avenge upon Hector the death of his friend. Thetis, his mother, entreats Hephæstus to make a new set of armor for Achilles. The book closes with a description of Achilles' shield.

The turning-point in the plot of the *Iliad* is the death of Patroclus. Up to this time Agamemnon and the Greeks have learned by bitter defeat the full meaning of the wrath of Achilles. The prophecy of Achilles, that "verily longing for Achilles shall come hereafter upon the sons of the Achæans, one and all," has been fulfilled by the will of Zeus. But Achilles had not yet, even when the Greeks were obliged to fight to save the ships from the flames, fed his grudge to the full. The death of his dearest friend was necessary to cause him to forget the insult put upon him by Agamemnon, that he might avenge upon Hector a still greater grief. Dante expressed this interpretation in the words: "Achilles, who at the last was brought to fight by love." A few passages from this third eventful day of battle follow:

SARPEDON TO HIS BROTHER GLAUCUS

"Why boast we, Glaucus, our extended reign,
Where Xanthus' streams enrich the Lycian plain,
Our numerous herds that range the fruitful field,
And hills where vines their purple harvest yield,
Our foaming bowls with purer nectar crown'd,
Our hearts enhanced with music's sprightly sound?
Why on these shores are we with joy survey'd,
Admired as heroes, and as gods obey'd,
Unless great acts superior merit prove,
And vindicate the bounteous powers above?

'T is ours, the dignity they give to grace;
The first in valor, as the first in place;
That when with wandering eyes our martial bands
Behold our deeds transcending our commands,
Such, they may cry, deserve the sovereign state,
Whom those that envy dare not imitate!
Could all our care elude the gloomy grave,
Which claims no less the fearful and the brave,
For lust of fame I should not vainly dare
In fighting fields, nor urge thy soul to war.
But since, alas! ignoble age must come,
Disease, and death's inexorable doom,
The life, which others pay, let us bestow,
And give to fame what we to honor owe;
Brave though we fall, and honor'd if we live,
Or let us glory gain, or glory give!"

XII, 310–328. **Pope.**[1]

THE VALOR OF HECTOR

Fiercely he rag'd, as terrible as Mars
With brandish'd spear; or as a raging fire
'Mid the dense thickets on the mountain-side.
The foam was on his lips; bright flash'd his eyes
Beneath his awful brows, and terribly
Above his temples wav'd amid the fray
The helm of Hector; Jove himself from Heav'n
His guardian hand extending, him alone
With glory crowning 'mid the host of men;
But short his term of glory: for the day
Was fast approaching, when, with Pallas' aid,
The might of Peleus' son should work his doom.
Oft he assay'd to break the ranks, where'er
The densest throng and noblest arms he saw;
But strenuous though his efforts, all were vain:
They, mass'd in close array, his charge withstood;
Firm as a craggy rock, upstanding high,

[1] In this passage, in Matthew Arnold's judgment, Pope was at his best. These famous lines were quoted by Lord Granville on his death-bed, when considering the preliminary articles of the Treaty of Paris.

Close by the hoary sea, which meets unmov'd
The boist'rous currents of the whistling winds,
And the big waves that bellow round its base;
So stood unmov'd the Greeks, and undismay'd.
At length, all blazing in his arms, he sprang
Upon the mass; so plunging down, as when
On some tall vessel, from beneath the clouds
A giant billow, tempest-nurs'd, descends;
The deck is drench'd in foam; the stormy wind
Howls in the shrouds; th' affrighted seamen quail
In fear, but little way from death remov'd;
So quailed the spirit in ev'ry Grecian breast.
As when a rav'ning lion on a herd
Of heifers falls, which on some marshy mead
Feed numberless, beneath the care of one,
Unskill'd from beasts of prey to guard his charge;
And while beside the front or rear he walks,
The lion on th' unguarded centre springs,
Seizes on one, and scatters all the rest;
So Hector, led by Jove, in wild alarm
Scatter'd the Grecians all.

XV, 704–741. Derby.

THETIS FORETELLS ACHILLES' DEATH

There, as he groan'd aloud, beside him stood
His Goddess-mother; she, with bitter cry,
Clasp'd in her hands his head, and sorrowing spoke:
"Why weeps my son? and what his cause of grief?
Speak out, and naught conceal; for all thy pray'r
Which with uplifted hands thou mad'st to Jove,
He hath fulfill'd, that, flying to their ships,
The routed sons of Greece should feel how much
They need thine aid, and deep disgrace endure."
To whom Achilles, deeply groaning, thus:
"Mother, all this indeed hath Jove fulfill'd;
Yet what avails it, since my dearest friend
Is slain, Patroclus? whom I honour'd most
Of all my comrades, lov'd him as my soul.

Him have I lost: and Hector from his corpse [arms
Hath stripp'd those arms, those weighty, beauteous
A marvel to behold, which from the Gods
Peleus receiv'd, a glorious gift, that day
When they consign'd thee to a mortal's bed.
How better were it, if thy lot had been
Still 'mid the Ocean deities to dwell,
And Peleus had espous'd a mortal bride!
And now is bitter grief for thee in store,
Mourning thy son, whom to his home return'd
Thou never more shalt see; nor would I wish
To live, and move among my fellow men,
Unless that Hector, vanquish'd by my spear,
May lose his forfeit life, and pay the price
Of foul dishonour to Patroclus done."
To whom, her tears o'erflowing, Thetis thus:
"E'en as thou sayst, my son, thy term is short;
Nor long shall Hector's fate precede thine own."
Achilles, answ'ring, spoke in passionate grief:
"Would I might this hour, who fail'd to save
My comrade slain! Far from his native land
He died, sore needing my protecting arm.
And I, who ne'er again must see my home,
Nor to Patroclus, nor the many Greeks
Whom Hector's hand hath slain, have render'd aid;
But idly here I sit, cumb'ring the ground:
I, who amid the Greeks no equal own
In fight; to others, in debate, I yield.
. . . . . .
In search of Hector now, of him who slew
My friend, I go; prepar'd to meet my death,
When Jove shall will it, and th' Immortals all.
From death not e'en the might of Hercules,
Though best belov'd of Saturn's sons, could fly,
By fate and Juno's bitter wrath subdued.
I too, since such my doom, must lie in death;
Yet, e'er I die, immortal fame will win."

XVIII, 76–133. Derby.

THE SHIELD OF ACHILLES

And first he forged the huge and massive shield,
Divinely wrought in every part, — its edge
Clasped with a triple border, white and bright.
A silver belt hung from it, and its folds
Were five; a crowd of figures on its disk
Were fashioned by the artist's passing skill,
For here he placed the earth and heaven, and here
The great deep, and the never-resting sun
And the full moon, and here he set the stars
That shine in the round heaven, — the Pleiades,
The Hyades, Orion in his strength,
And the Bear near him, called by some the Wain,
That, wheeling, keeps Orion still in sight,
Yet bathes not in the waters of the sea.
There placed he two fair cities full of men;
In one were marriages and feasts; they led
The brides with flaming torches from their bowers,
Along the streets, with many a nuptial song.
There the young dancers whirled, and flutes and lyres
Gave forth their sounds, and women at the doors
Stood and admired. . . . .
Around the other city sat two hosts
In shining armor, bent to lay it waste,
Unless the dwellers would divide their wealth, —
All that their pleasant homes contained, — and yield
The assailants half. As yet the citizens
Had not complied, but secretly had planned
An ambush. Their beloved wives meanwhile,
And their young children, stood and watched the walls,
With aged men among them, while the youths
Marched on, with Mars and Pallas at their head,
Both wrought in gold, with golden garments on,
Stately and large in form, and over all
Conspicuous, as in bright armor, as became
The gods; the rest were of an humbler size.

. . . . . .

There, too, the artist placed a field which lay

Deep in ripe wheat. With sickles in their hands
The laborers reaped it. Here the handfuls fell
Upon the ground; there binders tied them fast [went
With bands and made them sheaves. Three binders
Close to the reapers, and behind them boys,
Bringing the gathered handfuls in their arms,
Ministered to the binders. Staff in hand,
The master stood among them by the side
Of the ranged sheaves and silently rejoiced.
Meanwhile the servants underneath an oak
Prepared a feast apart; they sacrificed
A fatling ox and dressed it, while the maids
Were kneading for the reapers the white meal.
A vineyard also on the shield he graved,
Beautiful, all of gold, and heavily
Laden with grapes. Black were the clusters all;
The vines were stayed on rows of silver stakes.
He drew a blue trench round it, and a hedge
Of tin. Only one path was there by which
The vintagers could go to gather grapes.
Young maids and striplings of a tender age
Bore the sweet fruit in baskets. Midst them all,
A youth from his shrill harp drew pleasant sounds,
And sang with soft voice to the murmuring strings.
They danced around him, beating with quick feet
The ground, and sang and shouted joyously.

. . . . . .

And there illustrious Vulcan also wrought
A dance,—a maze like that which Dædalus
In the broad realms of Gnossus once contrived
For fair-haired Ariadne. Blooming youths
And lovely virgins, tripping to light airs,
Held fast each other's wrists. The maidens wore
Fine linen robes; the youths had tunics on
Lustrous as oil, and woven daintily. [swords
The maids wore wreaths of flowers; the young men
Of gold in silver belts. They bounded now
In a swift circle,—as a potter whirls
With both his hands a wheel to try its speed,

Sitting before it, — then again they crossed
Each other, darting to their former place.
A multitude around that joyous dance
Gathered, and were amused, while from the crowd
Two tumblers raised their song, and flung themselves
About among the band that trod the dance.
Last on the border of that great glorious shield
He graved in all its strength the ocean-stream.
XVIII, 601–750. Bryant.

The fourth day of battle occupies the next four books (XIX-XXII). In the nineteenth Achilles is reconciled to Agamemnon, who restores Briseis and gives rich gifts besides. The Greeks issue forth to battle, which is renewed in the twentieth book. Achilles dominates the field, looking always for Hector. Æneas narrowly escapes being killed by him. The gods interfere freely on both sides. Achilles, in the twenty-first book, fights with the river-god Scamander, which overflows its banks to help the Trojans, and is barely saved by Hera and Hephæstus. Achilles chases the Trojans inside the citadel. In the twenty-second book, Hector, in spite of the entreaties of his father and mother, goes out to meet Achilles, but fear comes upon him, and he flees thrice around the walls of Troy. Zeus tries the fate of the warriors in the balance, and Hector is doomed. But he makes a brave stand at the last, and is slain by Athene's guile. Achilles then drags the body of Hector after his chariot. Patroclus' death is avenged. The main action of the *Iliad* is at an end, and the plot worked out to its completion. From these four books a few selections follow:

ACHILLES DONS HIS ARMOR

As when the flakes of snow fall thick from heaven,
Driven by the north wind sweeping on the clouds
Before it, so from out the galleys came
Helms crowding upon helms that glittered fair,
Strong hauberks, bossy shields, and ashen spears.
The gleam of armor brightened heaven and earth,
And mighty was the sound of trampling feet.
Amidst them all the great Achilles stood,
Putting his armor on; he gnashed his teeth;
His eyes shot fire; a grief too sharp to bear
Was in his heart, as, filled with rage against
The men of Troy, he cased his limbs in mail,
The gift of Vulcan, from whose diligent hand
It came. And first about his legs he clasped
The beautiful greaves, with silver fastenings,
Fitted the corselet to his bosom next,
And from his shoulders hung the brazen sword
With silver studs, and then he took the shield,
Massive and broad, whose brightness streamed as far
As the moon's rays. And as at sea the light
Of beacon, blazing in some lonely spot
By night, upon a mountain summit, shines
To mariners whom the tempest's force has driven
Far from their friends across the fishy deep,
So from that glorious buckler of the son
Of Peleus, nobly wrought, a radiance streamed
Into the sky. And then he rais'd and placed
Upon his head the impenetrable helm
With horse-hair plume. It glittered like a star,
And all the shining tufts of golden thread,
With which the maker's hand had thickly set
Its cone, were shaken. Next the high-born chief
Tried his new arms, to know if they were well
Adjusted to his shape, and left his limbs
Free play. They seemed like wings, and lifted up
The shepherd of the people. Then he drew
From its ancestral sheath his father's spear,

Heavy and huge and tough. No man of all
The Grecian host could wield that weapon save
Achilles only. 'Twas a Pelian ash,
Which Chiron for his father had cut down
On Pelion's highest peak, to be the death
Of heroes.

XIX, 433-475. Bryant.

ACHILLES AND HIS STEEDS

Achilles mounted, in a blaze
Of arms that dazzled like the sun, and thus
Called to his father's steeds with terrible voice:
"Xanthus and Balius, whom Podargè bore,—
A noble stock,—I charge you to bring back
Into the Grecian camp, the battle done,
Him whom ye now are bearing to the field,
Nor leave him, as ye left Patroclus, dead."
Swift-footed Xanthus from beneath the yoke
Answered him with bowed head and drooping mane
That, flowing through the yoke-ring, swept the ground;
For Juno gave him then the power of speech:
"For this one day, at least, we bear thee safe,
O fiery chief, Achilles! but the hour
Of death draws nigh to thee, nor will the blame
Be ours; a mighty god and cruel fate
Ordain it. Not through our neglect or sloth
Did they of Troy strip off thy glorious arms
From slain Patroclus. That invincible god,
The son of golden-haired Latona, smote
The hero in the foremost ranks, and gave
Glory to Hector. Even though our speed
Were that of Zephyr, fleetest of the winds,
Yet certain is thy doom to be o'ercome
In battle by a god and by a man."
Thus far he spake, and then the Furies checked
His further speech. Achilles, swift of foot,
Replied in anger: 'Xanthus, why foretell
My death? It is not needed; well I know
My fate,—that here I perish, far away

From Peleus and my mother. I shall fight
Till I have made the Trojans sick of war."
He spake, and shouting to his firm-paced steeds,
Drave them, among the foremost, toward the war.
XIX, 483–516. Bryant.

THE GODS DESCEND TO BATTLE

But when the powers descending swell'd the fight,
Then tumult rose; fierce rage and pale affright
Varied each face: then Discord sounds alarms,
Earth echoes, and the nations rush to arms.
Now through the trembling shores Minerva calls,
And now she thunders from the Grecian walls.
Mars hov'ring o'er his Troy, his terror shrouds
In gloomy tempests and a night of clouds:
Now through each Trojan heart he fury pours
With voice divine from Ilion's topmost towers:
Now shouts to Simois, from her beauteous hill;
The mountain shook, the rapid stream stood still.
Above, the sire of gods his thunder rolls,
And peals on peals redoubled rend the poles;
Beneath, stern Neptune shakes the solid ground;
The forests wave, the mountains nod around;
Through all their summits tremble Ida's woods,
And from their sources boil her hundred floods.
Troy's turrets totter on the rocking plain,
And the toss'd navies beat the heaving main.
Deep in the dismal regions of the dead,
The infernal monarch rears his horrid head,
Leap'd from his throne, lest Neptune's arm should lay
His dark dominions open to the day,
And pour in light on Pluto's drear abodes,
Abhorr'd by men and dreadful even to gods.
Such war the immortals wage; such horrors rend
The world's vast concave, when the gods contend.
XX, 47–66. Pope.

THE RIVER SCAMANDER BATTLES WITH ACHILLES

Thus as he spoke from off the lofty bank
Achilles springing in mid-current plung'd;
Then high the swelling stream, tumultuous, rose
In all its angry flood; and with a roar
As of a bellowing bull, cast forth to land
The num'rous corpses by Achilles slain;
And many living, in his cavern'd bed
Concealed, behind the whirling waters sav'd.
Fierce, round Achilles, rose the boiling wave,
And on his shield descending, drove him down;
Nor might he keep his foothold; but he grasp'd
A lofty elm, well-grown, which from the cliff
Uprooted, all the bank had torn away,
And with its tangled branches check'd the flow
Of the fair river, which with all its length
It bridg'd across; then springing from the deep,
Swiftly he fled in terror o'er the plain.
Nor ceas'd the mighty river, but pursued,
With darkly-ruffling crest, intent to stay
Achilles' course, and save the Trojan host.
Far as a jav'lin's flight he rush'd, in speed
Like the dark hunter eagle, strongest deem'd
And swiftest wing'd of all the feather'd race.
So on he sped; loud rattled on his breast
His brazen armour as before the god,
Cow'ring, he fled; the god behind him still
With thund'ring sound pursued. As when a man
From some dark-water'd spring through trenches leads,
'Mid plants and gardens, th' irrigating stream,
And, spade in hand, th' appointed channel clears:
Down flows the stream anon, its pebbly bed
Disturbing; fast it flows with bubbling sound,
Down the steep slope, o'ertaking him who leads,—
Achilles so th' advancing wave o'ertook,
Though great his speed; but man must yield to gods.
Oft as Achilles, swift of foot, essay'd
To turn and stand, and know if all the gods,

Who dwell in heav'n, were leagued to daunt his soul;
So oft the heav'n-born river's mighty wave
Above his shoulders dash'd; in deep distress
He sprang on high; then rush'd the flood below,
And bore him off his legs, and wore away
The soil beneath his feet; then, groaning, thus,
As up to heav'n he look'd, Achilles cried:

XXI, 269–312. Derby.

THE DEATH OF HECTOR

Still, with quick steps, the fleet Achilles pressed
On Hector's flight. As when a hound has roused
A fawn from its retreat among the hills,
And chases it through glen and forest ground,
And to close thickets, where it skulks in fear
Until he overtake it, Hector thus
Sought vainly to elude the fleet pursuit
Of Peleus' son. As often as he thought,
By springing toward the gates of Troy, to gain
Aid from the weapons of his friends who stood
On the tall towers, so often was the Greek
Before him, forcing him to turn away.
. . . . . When the twain had come
For the fourth time beside Scamander's springs,
The All-Father raised the golden balance high,
And, placing in the scales two lots which bring
Death's long dark sleep,—one lot for Peleus' son,
And one for knightly Hector,—by the midst
He poised the balance. Hector's fate sank down
To Hades, and Apollo left the field.
The blue-eyed goddess Pallas then approached
The son of Peleus with these wingèd words:—
"Renowned Achilles, dear to Jupiter!
Now may we, as I hope, at last return
To the Achaian army and the fleet
With glory, Hector slain, the terrible
In war. Escape he cannot, even though
The archer-god Apollo fling himself
With passionate entreaty at the feet

Of Jove the Ægis-bearer. Stay thou here
And breathe a moment, while I go to him
And lure him hither to encounter thee."
She spake, and he obeyed, and gladly stood
Propped on the ashen stem of his keen spear;
While, passing on, Minerva overtook
The noble Hector. In the outward form
And with the strong voice of Deiphobus,
She stood by him and spake these wingèd words:—
"Hard pressed I find thee, brother, by the swift
Achilles, who, with feet that never rest,
Pursues thee round the walls of Priam's town.
But let us make a stand and beat him back."
And then the crested Hector spake in turn:
"Deiphobus, thou ever hast been dear
To me beyond my other brethren, sons
Of Hecuba and Priam. Now still more
I honor thee, since thou hast seen my plight,
And for my sake hast ventured forth without
The gates, while all the rest remain within."
And the blue-eyed Pallas spake again:—
"Brother, 'tis true, my father, and the queen,
My mother, and my comrades, clasped my knees
In turn, and earnestly entreated me
That I would not go forth, such fear had fallen
On them all; but I was grieved for thee.
Now let us combat valiantly, nor spare
The weapons that we bear, and we shall learn
Whether Achilles, having slain us both,
Will carry to the fleet our bloody spoil,
Or die himself, the victim of thy spear."
The treacherous goddess spake, and led the way;
And when the advancing chiefs stood face to face,
The crested hero, Hector, thus began:—
"No longer I avoid thee as of late,
O son of Peleus! Thrice around the walls
Of Priam's mighty city have I fled,
Nor dared to wait thy coming. Now my heart
Bids me encounter thee; my time is come

To slay or to be slain. Now let us call
The gods to witness, who attest and guard
The covenants of men. Should Jove bestow
On me the victory, and I take thy life,
Thou shalt meet no dishonor at my hands;
But, stripping off the armor, I will send
The Greeks thy body. Do the like by me."
The swift Achilles answered with a frown:
"Accursed Hector, never talk to me
Of covenants. Men and lions plight no faith,
Nor wolves agree with lambs, but each must plan
Evil against the other. So between
Thyself and me no compact can exist,
Or understood intent. First, one of us
Must fall and yield his life-blood to the god
Of battles. Summon all thy valor now.
A skilful spearman thou hast need to be,
And a bold warrior. There is no escape,
For now doth Pallas doom thee to be slain
By my good spear. Thou shalt repay to me
The evil thou hast done my countrymen."
He spake, and, brandishing his massive spear,
Hurled it at Hector, who beheld its aim
From where he stood. He stooped, and over him
The brazen weapon passed and plunged to earth.
Unseen by royal Hector, Pallas went
And plucked it from the ground, and brought it back
And gave it to the hands of Peleus' son,
While Hector said to his illustrious foe:—
"Godlike Achilles, thou hast missed thy mark;
Nor hast thou learned my doom from Jupiter,
As thou pretendest. Thou art glib of tongue,
And cunningly thou orderest thy speech,
In hope that I who hear thee may forget
My might and valor. Think not that I shall flee,
That thou mayst pierce my back; for thou shalt send
Thy spear, if God permit thee, through my breast
As I rush on thee. Now avoid in turn
My brazen weapon. Would that it might pass

Clean through thee, all its length! The tasks of war
For us of Troy were lighter for thy death,
Thou pest and deadly foe of all our race!"
He spake, and brandishing his massive spear
Hurled it, nor missed, but in the centre smote
The buckler of Pelides. Far away
It bounded from the brass, and he was vexed
To see that the swift weapon from his hand
Had flown in vain. He stood perplexed and sad;
No second spear had he. He called aloud
On the white-bucklered chief, Deiphobus,
To bring another; but that chief was far,
And Hector saw that it was so, and said:—
"Ah me! the gods have summoned me to die.
I thought my warrior friend, Deiphobus,
Was by my side; but he is still in Troy,
And Pallas has deceived me. Now my death
Cannot be far,—is near; there is no hope
Of my escape, for so it pleases Jove
And Jove's great archer-son, who have till now
Delivered me. My hour at last is come;
Yet not ingloriously or passively
I die, but first will do some valiant deed,
Of which mankind shall hear in after time."
He spake, and drew the keen-edged sword that hung,
Massive and finely tempered, at his side,
And sprang—as when an eagle high in heaven,
Through the thick cloud, darts downward to the plain
To clutch some tender lamb or timid hare,
So Hector, brandishing that keen-edged sword,
Sprang forward, while Achilles opposite
Leaped toward him, all on fire with savage hate,
And holding his bright buckler, nobly wrought,
Before him. On his shining helmet waved
The four-fold crest; there tossed the golden tufts
With which the hand of Vulcan lavishly
Had decked it. As in the still hours of night
Hesper goes forth among the host of stars,
The fairest light of heaven, so brightly shone,

Brandished in the right hand of Peleus' son,
The spear's keen blade, as, confident to slay
The noble Hector, o'er his glorious form
His quick eye ran, exploring where to plant
The surest wound. The glittering mail of brass
Won from the slain Patroclus guarded well
Each part, save only where the collar-bones
Divide the shoulder and the neck, and there
Appeared the throat, the spot where life is most
In peril. Through that part the noble son
Of Peleus drave his spear; it went quite through
The tender neck, and yet the brazen blade
Cleft not the windpipe, and the power to speak
Remained. The Trojan fell amid the dust,
And thus Achilles boasted o'er his fall :—

"Hector, when from the slain Patroclus thou
Didst strip his armor, little didst thou think
Of danger. Thou hadst then no fear of me. . . .
Foul dogs and birds of prey shall tear thy flesh;
The Greeks shall honor him with funeral rites."

And then the crested Hector faintly said :
"I pray thee by thy life, and by thy knees,
And by thy parents, suffer not the dogs
To tear me at the galleys of the Greeks.
Accept abundant store of brass and gold,
Which gladly will my father and the queen,
My mother, give in ransom. Send to them
My body, that the warriors and the dames
Of Troy may light for me the funeral pile."

The swift Achilles answered with a frown :—
"Nay, by my knees entreat me not, thou cur,
Nor by my parents. I could even wish
My fury prompted me to cut thy flesh
In fragments, and devour it, such the wrong
That I have had from thee. There will be none
To drive away the dogs about thy head,
Not though thy Trojan friends should bring to me
Tenfold and twentyfold the offered gifts,
And promise others,—not though Priam, sprung

From Dardanus, should send thy weight in gold.
Thy mother shall not lay thee on thy bier,
To sorrow over thee whom she brought forth;
But dogs and birds of prey shall mangle thee."
And then the crested Hector, dying, said:
"I know thee, and too clearly I foresaw
I should not move thee, for thou hast a heart
Of iron. Yet reflect that for my sake
The anger of the gods may fall on thee,
When Paris and Apollo strike thee down,
Strong as thou art, before the Scaean gates."
Thus Hector spake, and straightway o'er him closed
The night of death; the soul forsook his limbs,
And flew to Hades, grieving for its fate,—
So soon divorced from youth and youthful might.
XXII, 232-451. Bryant.

As the first book is the prologue to the main action of the *Iliad*, so the twenty-third and twenty-fourth books form the epilogue. The story of Achilles' wrath is fully told; there remain but two matters about which the poet may fairly inform us, though they are not strictly necessary to the plot—the burial of Patroclus and the disposition of Hector's body. To the Greek mind these seemed matters of the highest importance, far more so than to us. In the twenty-third book, Achilles makes mourning for Patroclus, and has a stately pyre of wood erected, on which he lays the body and burns it, together with twelve Trojan victims and with animal sacrifices. The ashes are placed in an urn, and a mound of earth heaped over it. Games are then celebrated in honor of the dead. The last book tells of Hector. Each day Achilles has dragged his body behind his chariot around the body of Patroclus, and thinks to dishonor it still more. But his mother, Thetis, at the bidding

of Zeus, tells Achilles to give back Hector's body to Priam for a ransom. Priam enters the camp at night, under the escort of Hermes, bearing a rich ransom to Achilles. Achilles receives him kindly, and delivers the body to him, granting also a truce from battle for eleven days. During this time the funeral rites of Hector are performed, with an account of which the poem closes. Two passages from these books are added:

PRIAM'S SUPPLICATION TO ACHILLES

Unmarked the royal Priam entered in,
And, coming to Achilles, clasped his knees,
And kissed those fearful slaughter-dealing hands,
By which so many of his sons had died.

. . . . . .

And thus King Priam supplicating spake:
"Think of thy father, an old man like me,
God-like Achilles! On the dreary verge
Of closing life he stands, and even now
Haply is fiercely pressed by those who dwell
Around him, and has none to shield his age
From war and its disasters. Yet his heart
Rejoices when he hears thou yet dost live,
And every day he hopes that his dear son
Will come again from Troy. My lot is hard,
For I was father of the bravest sons
In all wide Troy, and none are left me now.
Fifty were with me when the men of Greece
Arrived upon our coast; nineteen of these
Owned the same mother and the rest were born
Within my palaces. Remorseless Mars
Already had laid lifeless most of these,
And Hector, whom I cherished most, whose arm
Defended both our city and ourselves,
Him didst thou lately slay while combating
For his dear country. For his sake I come
To the Greek fleet, and to redeem his corse

I bring uncounted ransom. O, revere
The gods, Achilles, and be merciful,
Calling to mind thy father! happier he
Than I; for I have borne what no man else
That dwells on earth could bear,—have laid my lips
Upon the hand of him who slew my son."
He spake: Achilles sorrowfully thought
Of his own father. By the hand he took
The suppliant, and with gentle force removed
The old man from him. Both in memory
Of those they loved were weeping. The old king,
With many tears, and rolling in the dust
Before Achilles, mourned his gallant son.
Achilles sorrowed for his father's sake,
And then bewailed Patroclus, and the sound
Of lamentation filled the tent.

XXIV, 600–648. Bryant.

THE LAMENTATION OVER HECTOR'S BODY

The throng gave way and let the chariot pass;
And having brought it to the royal halls,
On a fair couch they laid the corse, and placed
Singers beside it, leaders of the dirge,
Who sang a sorrowful, lamenting strain,
And all the women answered it with sobs.
White-armed Andromache in both her hands
Took warlike Hector's head, and over it
Began the lamentation midst them all:
"Thou has died young, my husband, leaving me
In this thy home a widow, and one son,
An infant yet. To an unhappy pair
He owes his birth, and never will, I fear,
Bloom into youth; for ere that day will Troy
Be overthrown, since thou, its chief defence,
Art dead, the guardian of its walls and all
Its noble matrons and its speechless babes,
Yet to be carried captive far away,
And I among them, in the hollow barks;
And thou, my son, wilt either go with me,

Where thou shalt toil at menial tasks for some
Pitiless master ; or perhaps some Greek
Will seize thy little arm, and in his rage
Will hurl thee from a tower and dash thee dead,
Remembering how thy father, Hector, slew
His brother, son, or father ; for the hand
Of Hector forced full many a Greek to bite
The dust of earth. Not slow to smite was he
In the fierce conflict ; therefore all who dwell
Within the city sorrow for his fall.
Thou bringest an unutterable grief,
O Hector, on thy parents, and on me
The sharpest sorrows. Thou didst not stretch forth
Thy hands to me, in dying, from thy couch,
Nor speak a word to comfort me, which I
Might ever think of, night and day, with tears."
So spake the weeping wife : the women all
Mingled their wail with hers, and Hecuba
Took up the passionate lamentation next :—
"O Hector, thou who wert most fondly loved
Of all my sons ! While yet thou wert alive,
Dear wert thou to the gods, who even now,
When death has overtaken thee, bestow
Such care upon thee. All my other sons
Whom swift Achilles took in war he sold
At Samos, Imbrus by the barren sea,
And Lemnos harborless. But as for thee,
When he had taken with his cruel spear
Thy life, he dragged thee round and round the tomb
Of his young friend, Patroclus, whom thy hand
Had slain, yet raised he not by this the dead ;
And now thou liest in the palace here,
Fresh and besprinkled as with early dew,
Like one just slain with silent arrows aimed
By Phoebus, bearer of the silver bow."
Weeping she spake, and woke in all who heard
Grief without measure. Helen, last of all
Took up the lamentation, and began :—
"O Hector, who wert dearest to my heart

Of all my husband's brothers,—for the wife
Am I of godlike Paris, him whose fleet
Brought me to Troy,—would I had sooner died!
And now the twentieth year is past since first
I came a stranger from my native shore,
Yet have I never heard from thee a word
Of anger or reproach. And when the sons
Of Priam, and his daughters, and the wives
Of Priam's sons, in all their fair array,
Taunted me grievously, or Hecuba
Herself,—for Priam ever was to me
A gracious father,—thou didst take my part
With kindly admonitions, and restrain
Their tongues with soft address and gentle words.
Therefore my heart is grieved, and I bewail
Thee and myself at once,—unhappy me!
For now I have no friend in all wide Troy,—
None to be kind to me: they hate me all."
Weeping she spake: the mighty throng again
Answered with wailing. Priam then addressed
The people: "Now bring wood, ye men of Troy,
Into the city. Let there be no fear
Of ambush from the Greeks, for when of late
I left Achilles at the dark-hulled barks,
He gave his promise to molest no more
The men of Troy till the twelfth morn shall rise."
He spake, and speedily they yoked the mules
And oxen to the wains, and came in throngs
Before the city walls. Nine days they toiled
To bring the trunks of trees, and when the tenth
Arose to light the abodes of men, they brought
The corse of valiant Hector from the town
With many tears, and laid it on the wood
High up, and flung the fire to light the pile.
Now when the early rosy-fingered Dawn
Looked forth, the people gathered round the pile
Of glorious Hector. When they all had come
Together, first they quenched the funeral fires,
Wherever they had spread, with dark-red wine,

And then his brothers and companions searched
For the white bones. In sorrow and in tears
That streaming stained their cheeks, they gathered them,
And placed them in a golden urn. O'er this
They drew a covering of soft purple robes,
And laid it in a hollow grave, and piled
Fragments of rock above it, many and huge.
In haste they reared the tomb, with sentries set
On every side, lest all too soon the Greeks
Should come in armor to renew the war.
When now the tomb was built, the multitude
Returned, and in the halls where Priam dwelt,
Nursling of Jove, were feasted royally.
Such was the mighty Hector's burial rite.

XXIV, 911 *to the end.* Bryant.

CHAPTER IV

THE ODYSSEY. HOMER AND TROY

The Trojan War after the *Iliad*—The Epic Cycle—The Story of the *Odyssey*—Its Structure—Analysis of the Poem—The Adventures of Telemachus—Odysseus reaches the Land of the Phæacians and relates his Adventures to Alcinous—His Arrival at Ithaca—The Slaying of the Suitors—The Recognition of Odysseus by Penelope—The Homeric Age—Homeric Geography—Homeric Society—Homeric Theology—Troy—The Mycenæan Age—The Homeric Question.

Although the *Iliad* gives the complete story of the *Wrath of Achilles*, it not only presupposes an acquaintance on the part of the hearer with the events of the first nine years of the war, but also looks forward to the completion of the story of the expedition against Troy. The fall of Troy is predicted, and the death of Achilles; while the fate of other actors in the narrative is darkly foreshadowed. Now the Greeks possessed a series of epic poems by various hands and of different dates, arranged so as to form a continuous history of the mythical world. This series was called by them the Epic Cycle. It began with the marriage of Heaven and Earth, and ended with the slaying of Odysseus by his son Telegonus. The last eight poems of the Epic Cycle contained a continuous, although not always a consistent, account of the Trojan War, thus forming a smaller Trojan Cycle within the larger series. The place of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* of Homer in the Trojan Cycle may be briefly indicated.

As we have already seen, the *Cypria*, of doubtful authorship, brought the story of the Trojan expedition down through the first nine years of the war. Then came the *Iliad*. After the *Iliad* the *Æthiopis*, by Arctinus of Miletus (about 776 B. C.), took up the story. The queen of the Amazons, Penthesileia, comes to the aid of Troy, but is slain by Achilles. Achilles is slain by an arrow, shot by Paris but directed by Apollo, which wounds him in the heel, where alone he is vulnerable. Ajax and Odysseus contend for Achilles' armor, which is awarded to the latter. Ajax takes his own life. Then came the *Little Iliad*, of doubtful authorship (of about 700 B. C.). Philoctetes is brought from the isle of Lemnos for the sake of the bow and arrows of Heracles which he possesses, without which Troy cannot be taken. Odysseus devises the stratagem of the wooden horse filled with armed warriors. In the *Ilioupersis* (*Destruction of Troy*), by Arctinus of Miletus, the wooden horse is taken into the city by the Trojans themselves. Troy is captured and burned. Laocoon and one of his sons are strangled by the huge serpents. Æneas makes his escape, but Priam is killed by Neoptolemus, the son of Achilles. The Greeks start for home. The *Nostoi* (*Return of the Heroes*), by Agias of Trœzen (about 750 B. C.), dealt chiefly with the return of Menelaus and Agamemnon and the slaying of the latter by his wife, Clytemnestra. The *Odyssey* comes next in the series, and after the *Odyssey* the *Telegoneia*, a poem of much later date than the others.

The theme of the *Odyssey* is the *Return of Odysseus*. The difficulties that beset him after he leaves Troy furnish the elements of the plot. He is constantly

thwarted on his homeward journey by Poseidon, and even after he reaches Ithaca he finds the insolent suitors of his wife, Penelope, in possession of his house. How Odysseus, the man of many resources, surmounts all these difficulties, regaining at last both his native land and his wife—this is the story of the poem.

But the poet does not recount the adventures of his hero in chronological order, beginning with the departure from Troy. Like Vergil and Milton he plunges *in medias res*, finding a later occasion for the recital of preceding events by the hero himself. Selecting a critical moment in the tenth year after the fall of Troy, he first briefly depicts the present predicament of Odysseus and the situation of affairs at his home in Ithaca, and then begins the narrative. At first we follow the adventures of Telemachus, the son of Odysseus, as he searches for news of his father. Later on we are transferred to Calypso's isle, where Odysseus is detained by the fair enchantress. His release is obtained by the efforts of Athene. He reaches the land of the Phæacians, where he is entertained by King Alcinous. There he tells of his former adventures, a narrative which occupies about one-fourth of the whole poem. Finally he reaches Ithaca, where he slays the suitors and is restored to his wife and possessions. By this scheme of composition the poet greatly enhances the plot and prevents his story from becoming a mere chronicle of adventures. The action of the poem covers just forty-two days. The following outline by books will show its structure:

I-IV. The quest of Telemachus for his father.
V. Odysseus leaves Calypso's isle and reaches the

land of the Phæacians. This book covers twenty-four days. VI-XII. Odysseus among the Phæacians. He recites his adventures during the two years between the fall of Troy and his captivity on Calypso's isle, where he was detained seven years. XIII-XV. The return of Odysseus to Ithaca. The return of Telemachus. XVI-XXIV. Odysseus slays the suitors, and is recognized by Penelope and his father, Laertes.

As in the *Iliad*, the theme is given in the invocation to the Muse, which is followed by a statement of the situation.

Tell me, O Muse, of that sagacious man
Who, having overthrown the sacred town
Of Ilium, wandered far and visited
The capitals of many nations, learned
The customs of their dwellers, and endured
Great suffering on the deep; his life was oft
In peril, as he labored to bring back
His comrades to their homes. He saved them not,
Though earnestly he strove; they perished all,
Through their own folly; for they banqueted,
Madmen! upon the oxen of the Sun, —
The all-o'erlooking Sun, who cut them off
From their return. O goddess, virgin-child
Of Jove, relate some part of this to me.
Now all the rest, as many as escaped
The cruel doom of death, were at their homes
Safe from the perils of the war and sea,
While him alone, who pined to see his home
And wife again, Calypso, queenly nymph,
Great among goddesses, detained within
Her spacious grot, in hope that he might yet
Become her husband. Even when the years
Brought round the time in which the gods decreed
That he should reach again his dwelling-place
In Ithaca, though he was with his friends,

His toils were not yet ended. Of the gods
All pitied him save Neptune, who pursued
With wrath implacable the godlike chief,
Ulysses, even to his native land.

I, 1–29. Bryant.

The gods assemble on Olympus while Poseidon is absent among the Æthiopians. Athene intercedes with Zeus for Odysseus:

"But I am grieved
For sage Ulysses, that most wretched man,
So long detained, repining, and afar
From those he loves, upon a distant isle
Girt by the waters of the central deep,—
A forest isle, where dwells a deity,
The daughter of wise Atlas, him who knows
The ocean to its utmost depths, and holds
Upright the lofty columns which divide
The earth from heaven. The daughter there detains
The unhappy chieftain, and with flattering words
Would win him to forget his Ithaca.
Meanwhile, impatient to behold the smokes
That rise from hearths in his own land, he pines
And willingly would die. Is not thy heart,
Olympius, touched by this? And did he not
Pay grateful sacrifice to thee beside
The Argive fleet in the broad realm of Troy?
Why then, O Jove, art thou so wroth with him?"

I, 62–80. Bryant.

It is decreed by Zeus that Odysseus is to return home in spite of Poseidon. Athene goes to Ithaca, appearing disguised to Telemachus, who tells her of his troubles:

Again Telemachus, the prudent, spake:
"Since thou dost ask me, stranger, know that once
Rich and illustrious might this house be called
While yet the chief was here. But now the gods
Have grown unkind and willed it otherwise;

They make his fate a mystery beyond
The fate of other men. I should not grieve
So deeply for his loss if he had fallen
With his companions on the field of Troy,
Or midst his kindred when the war was o'er.
Then all the Greeks had built his monument,
And he had left his son a heritage
Of glory. Now has he become the prey
Of Harpies, perishing ingloriously,
Unseen, his fate unheard of, and has left
Mourning and grief, my portion. Not for him
Alone I grieve; the gods have cast on me
Yet other hardships. All the chiefs who rule
The isles, Dulichium, Samê, and the groves
That shade Zacynthus, and who bear the sway
In rugged Ithaca, have come to woo
My mother, and from day to day consume
My substance. She rejects not utterly
Their hateful suit, and yet she cannot bear
To end it by a marriage. Thus they waste
My heritage, and soon will seek my life."

I, 286–311. Bryant.

Athene encourages Telemachus to go forth to seek tidings of his father. Telemachus orders the suitors from the house, but is answered with insults. He then (Book II) calls an assembly of the elders of his own people, but appeals to them in vain to help him. One of the suitors thus complains to him of Penelope:

"What word is this thou speakest to our shame,
Who dost with foul disgrace our honour brand?
Know, then, that not the Achaians are to blame,
But thine own mother, who doth understand
Sleights more than all the women in the land.
For now behold a three years' space is gone,
Even as I speak the fourth is nigh at hand,
Since with vain hopes she hath our hearts undone,
For bent on endless wiles she promises each one.

Now of all others hearken this device
Which in her mind the queen did frame. She reared
There in her halls a mighty loom of price.
Anon before the suitors she appeared,
And said: 'Young men, my suitors, what I feared
Is come; divine Odysseus is no more:
Woo ye, but leave my widowhood revered
A little while until my task is o'er,
Lest my long-purposed work fall void for evermore.

I for Laertes weave a funeral sheet
Against the final debt that he must pay;
And I were shamed the Achaian dames to meet,
Should the long slumber find but shroudless clay
Of one who owned much lordship in his day.'
So did she speak amid the suitor-throng,
And so persuaded our large heart gave way.
Daily she weaved; then working grievous wrong,
By night the woof unwound, with torches ranged along.

So for three years she prospered in her wile.
But when the fourth came with the seasons' flight,
One of her women, making known the guile,
Showed us the queen unwinding in the night.
So force, not will, constrained her to the right.
Know then the suitors' answer in thy mind,
And know Achaia here in the open light—
Send to her sire thy mother, to be assign'd
To whoso in his eyes and hers shall favour find."

II, 85–114. Worsley.

Telemachus sets sail for Pylos and Sparta, accompanied by Athene in the guise of Mentor. At Pylos (Book III) the aged Nestor tells of the fate of the Greek chieftains who left Troy, but has no tidings of Odysseus. At Sparta (Book IV) Menelaus and Helen entertain him. Helen recognizes him by his likeness to his father. "None, I say, have I ever yet seen so like another, man nor woman—wonder comes over me

as I look on him—as this man is like the son of great-hearted Odysseus, Telemachus, whom he left a new-born babe in his house, when for the sake of me, shameless woman that I was, ye Achæans came up under Troy with bold war in your hearts." At length Telemachus questions Menelaus for tidings of his father. Then Menelaus relates how once, on the journey from Troy, when becalmed on an island near the mouth of the Nile, he had laid hold of Proteus, the Old Man of the Sea, and had compelled him to declare the fate of his companions and to direct him homeward. Proteus told of the death of Ajax, son of Oileus, and of Agamemnon; "a third," he added, "still living, lingers yet on the wide sea." Menelaus would fain know his name. Proteus answered:

"'It is Laertes' son, whose dwelling stands
In Ithaca. I saw him in an isle,
And in the cavern-palace of the nymph
Calypso, weeping bitterly, for she
Constrains his stay. He cannot leave the isle
For his own country; ship arrayed with oars
And seamen has he none to bear him o'er
The breast of the great ocean. But for thee,
'Tis not decreed that thou shalt meet thy fate
And die, most noble Menelaus, where
The steeds of Argos in her pastures graze.
The gods will send thee to the Elysian plain,
And to the end of earth, the dwelling-place
Of fair-haired Rhadamanthus. There do men
Lead easiest lives. No snow, no bitter cold,
No beating rains, are there; the ocean-deeps
With murmuring breezes from the West refresh
The dwellers. Thither shalt thou go; for thou
Art Helen's spouse, and son-in-law of Jove.'"

'V, 709–727. Bryant.

Meanwhile at Ithaca the suitors lay a plot to slay Telemachus on his return. Penelope is overwhelmed with grief at the news of her son's departure, but she is consoled by a dream sent by Pallas Athene.

At the opening of the fifth book we are transferred to Calypso's isle, leaving Telemachus at Sparta. Zeus, at the instance of Athene, commands Hermes to bear a message to Calypso:

So spake he, nor did Hermes aught withhold.
He nimbly underneath his feet made fast
Fair-shining sandals of ambrosial gold,
Wherewith the wide sea, with the blowing blast,
And land unmeasured he of old had passed;
Then took the wand which can men's eyes subdue,
Whomso he listeth in long sleep to cast,
And sleeping wake to breathe and feel anew—
This holding in his hand the Slayer of Argus flew.

He on Pieria pitched, and in the sea
Shot from the ether. Him the waves upbore
Like to some bird that on the watch for prey
Searches the barren sea-gulfs o'er and o'er,
And dips her feathers in the ocean hoar.
So Hermes through the yielding waters drave
Till the nymph's island rose his eyes before.
Gladly he came forth from the dark-blue wave,
And through the land walked on, and came to a great cave.

There dwelt the fair-haired nymph, and her he found
Within. Bright flames, that on the hearth did play,
Fragrance of burning cedar breathed around,
And fume of incense wafted every way.
There her melodious voice the livelong day,
Timing the golden shuttle, rose and fell.
And round the cave a leafy wood there lay,
Where green trees waved o'er many a shady dell,
Alder and poplar black and cypress sweet of smell.

Thither the long-winged birds retired to sleep,
Falcon and owl and sea-crow loud of tongue,
Who plies her business in the watery deep;
And round the hollow cave her tendrils flung
A healthy vine, with purpling clusters hung:
And fountains four, in even order set,
Near one another, from the stone out-sprung,
Streaming four ways their crystal-showery jet
Through meads of parsley soft and breathing violet

So that a god, if any came that way,
For wonder, admiration, and delight
Would stand agaze, as Hermes gazed that day;
Who, having satisfied his soul with sight,
Moved where the broad cave did his steps invite.
Nor did Calypso, nymph divine, I trow,
His features or his form not read aright.
For never do the gods—not even though
Asunder far they dwell—each other fail to know.

But he, large-hearted one, Odysseus brave,
Within was found not. He sat weeping sore
Hard by the breakings of the barren wave,
Where he did oft afflict his soul before,
And through the floods unfruitful evermore
Yearned a set gaze with many a tear and groan,
Heart-broken captive on a hated shore.

V, 43–83. Worsley.

Calypso, bidden by Hermes, releases Odysseus though not without an effort to induce him to stay.

"Child of Laertes, wouldst thou fain depart
Hence to thine own dear fatherland? Farewell!
Yet, couldst thou read the sorrow and the smart,
With me in immortality to dwell
Thou wouldst rejoice and love my mansion well.
Deeply and long thou yearnest for thy wife;
Yet her in beauty I perchance excel.
Beseems not one who hath but mortal life
With forms of deathless mould to challenge a vain strife."

To whom the wise Odysseus answering spake:
"O nymph Calypso, much revered, cease now
From anger, nor be wroth for my wife's sake.
All this I know and do myself avow.
Well may Penelope in form and brow
And stature seem inferior far to thee,
For she is mortal, and immortal thou.
Yet even thus 'tis very dear to me
My long-desired return and ancient home to see."
V, 203–220. Worsley.

Odysseus builds a huge raft and sets sail. On the eighteenth day, as he nears the Phæacian land, Poseidon spies him and sends a great storm. His raft is wrecked, but a sea-nymph gives him her veil to keep him from sinking. For two days he is driven by the waves, narrowly escaping death on the rocks, but Athene finally directs him to the mouth of a river. He swims ashore, takes shelter in a thicket, and falls asleep in a bed of dry leaves.

We come now (Book VI) to one of the most celebrated scenes in the poem. Athene appears in a dream to Nausicaä, daughter of Alcinous, king of the Phæacians, taking on the likeness of a playmate of the princess, and thus addresses her:

"Nausicaä, has thy mother then brought forth
A careless housewife? Thy magnificent robes
Lie still neglected, though thy marriage day
Is near, when thou art to array thyself
In seemly garments, and bestow the like
On those who lead thee to the bridal rite;
For thus the praise of men is won, and thus
Thy father and thy gracious mother both
Will be rejoiced. Now with the early dawn
Let us all hasten to the washing-place.
I too would go with thee, and help thee there,
That thou mayst sooner end the task, for thou

Not long wilt be unwedded. Thou art wooed
Already by the noblest of the race."
. . . . . .
Soon the bright morning came. Nausicaä rose,
Clad royally, as marvelling at her dream
She hastened through the palace to declare
Her purpose to the father and the queen.
She found them both within. Her mother sat
Beside the hearth with her attendant maids,
And turned the distaff loaded with a fleece
Dyed in sea-purple. On the threshold stood
Her father, going forth to meet the chiefs
Of the Phæacians in a council where
Their noblest asked his presence. Then the maid
Approaching her beloved father, spake:
"I pray, dear father, give command to make
A chariot ready for me, with high sides
And sturdy wheels, to bear to the river-brink,
There to be cleansed, the costly robes that now
Lie soiled. Thee likewise it doth well beseem
At councils to appear in vestments fresh
And stainless. Thou hast also in these halls
Five sons, two wedded, three in boyhood's bloom,
And ever in the dance they need attire
New from the wash. All this must I provide."
She ended, for she shrank from saying aught
Of her own hopeful marriage. He perceived
Her thought and said: "Mules I deny thee not,
My daughter, nor aught else. Go then; my grooms
Shall make a carriage ready with high sides
And sturdy wheels, and a broad rack above."

VI, 32–90. Bryant.

So Nausicaä and her maidens drove down to the river and washed the linen garments. Laying these upon the beach to dry, they fell to playing at ball. But the princess, throwing the ball at one of the company, missed the girl and cast the ball into the river, whereat they all raised a piercing cry. Odysseus was awakened

from his sleep, and crept forth from the thicket, hiding his nakedness with a leafy bough. The other maidens fled, but Nausicaä alone stood firm. Odysseus thus addresses her:

"O queen, I am thy suppliant, whether thou
Be mortal or a goddess. If perchance
Thou art of that immortal race who dwell
In the broad heaven, thou art, I deem, most like
To Dian, daughter of imperial Jove,
In shape, in stature, and in noble air.
If mortal and a dweller of the earth,
Thrice happy are thy father and his queen,
Thrice happy are thy brothers; and their hearts
Must overflow with gladness for thy sake,
Beholding such a scion of the house
Enter the choral dance. But happiest he
Beyond them all, who, bringing princely gifts,
Shall bear thee to his home a bride; for sure
I never looked on one of mortal race,
Woman or man, like thee, and as I gaze
I wonder.

. . . . . .

O queen, have pity on me, since to thee
I come the first of all. I do not know
A single dweller of the land beside.
Show me, I pray, thy city; and bestow
Some poor old robe to wrap me, — if, indeed,
In coming hither, thou hast brought with thee
Aught poor or coarse. And may the gods vouchsafe
To thee whatever blessing thou canst wish,
Husband and home and wedded harmony.
There is no better, no more blessed state,
Than when the wife and husband in accord
Order their household lovingly. Then those
Repine who hate them, those who wish them well
Rejoice, and they themselves the most of all."

VI, 187–233. Bryant.

Nausicaä gives him clothing, and promises to take him to the city. Odysseus, after bathing and clothing himself, glows with beauty and grace, whereat the princess whispers to her maidens: "Would that such an one might be called my husband, dwelling here, and that it might please him here to abide." But she prudently directs him to follow her only to the gates of the city, lest some one of the baser sort among the people make it a reproach to her to be seen with a strange man. She directs him, however, to the palace of her father.

In the seventh book Odysseus reaches the palace of Alcinous, which the poet thus describes:

> For, like the sun's fire or the moon's, a light
> Far streaming through the high-roofed house did pass
> From the long basement to the topmost height.
> There on each side ran walls of flaming brass,
> Zoned on the summit with a blue bright mass
> Of cornice; and the doors were framed of gold;
> Where, underneath, the brazen floor doth glass
> Silver pilasters, which with grace uphold
> Lintel of silver framed; the ring was burnished gold.
>
> And dogs on each side of the door there stand,
> Silver and gold, the which in ancient day
> Hephæstus wrought with cunning brain and hand,
> And set for sentinels to hold the way.
> Death cannot tame them, nor the years decay.
> And from the shining threshold thrones were set,
> Skirting the walls in lustrous long array,
> On to the far room, where the women met,
> With many a rich robe strewn and woven coverlet.
>
> There the Phæacian chieftains eat and drink,
> While golden youths on pedestals upbear
> Each in his outstretched hand a lighted link,
> Which nightly on the roval feast doth flare.
> . . . . . .

Outside the courtyard stretched a planted space
Of orchard, and a fence environed all the place.

There in full prime the orchard-trees grow tall,
Sweet fig, pomegranate, apple fruited fair,
Pear and the healthful olive. Each and all
Both summer droughts and chills of winter spare;
All the year round they flourish. Some the air
Of Zephyr warms to life, some doth mature.
Apple grows old on apple, pear on pear,
Fig follows fig, vintage doth vintage lure;
Thus the rich revolution doth for aye endure.

With well-sunned floor for drying, there is seen
The vineyard. Here the grapes they cull, there tread.
Here falls the blossom from the clusters green;
There the first blushings by the suns are shed.
Last, flowers forever fadeless — bed by bed;
Two streams; one waters the whole garden fair;
One through the courtyard, near the house, is led;
Whereto with pitchers all the folk repair.
All these the god-sent gifts to king Alcinous were.

VII, 84–132. Worsley.

Entering the palace, Odysseus is kindly received by the king and his queen, Arete. The latter recognizes his garments, and hears the story of his shipwreck and succor at the hands of her daughter. Alcinous (Book VIII) orders a well-manned ship to be made ready to convey Odysseus to his home. Meanwhile the minstrel Demodocus sings of the quarrel of Odysseus and Achilles, whereat Odysseus weeps. The Phæacians engage in athletic contests. Odysseus, challenged to show his skill, at first declines on the ground of his great sorrow, but at length, when taunted by a young man, he rises angrily, and throws a huge stone far beyond the marks reached by the others. Demodocus again sings, this time of the

loves of Ares and Aphrodite. Alcinous and his chieftains bring many costly presents to Odysseus. At the banquet with which the day closes Demodocus sings of the wooden horse. Odysseus weeps again. Alcinous, noticing this, asks Odysseus his name and his country.

Odysseus then reveals (Book IX) who he is, and begins the story of his adventures since leaving Troy. Driven by a storm as they were rounding Cape Malea, on the tenth day they reached the land of the Lotus-eaters.

> "Whoever tasted once of that sweet food
> Wished not to see his native country more,
> Nor give his friends the knowledge of his fate."

Next they came to the land of the Cyclopes, "a froward and a lawless folk, who plant not aught with their hands, neither plow. They have neither gatherings for council nor oracles of law, but they dwell in hollow caves on the crests of high hills, and each one utters the law to his children and his wives, and they reck not one of another." Leaving the other ships at a distance, he landed with the crew of one ship near a lofty cave, about which was built a great pen for the sheep and goats. There lived a man of monstrous size, Polyphemus, one of the one-eyed Cyclopes. Entering the cave, the company ate of the cheese stored within and awaited the return of the giant, though all but Odysseus were sore afraid. Finally Polyphemus entered, driving his flocks into the cave before him, then closing the doorway with a huge stone. Spying the strangers, he questioned them. Odysseus pretended that his ship had been wrecked and asked for hospitality.

"The savage answered not, but sprang,
And, laying hands on my companions, seized
Two, whom he dashed like whelps upon the ground.
Their brains flowed out, and weltered where they fell.
He hewed them limb from limb for his repast,
And, like a lion of the mountain wilds,
Devoured them as they were, and left no part—
Entrails nor flesh, nor marrowy bones."

IX, 327-337. Bryant.

Odysseus was tempted to slay Polyphemus as he slept, but bethought him of the huge door-stone "that two and twenty wagons could not lift." In the morning the Cyclops ate two other men, drove out his flocks, and blocked the door behind him. Then Odysseus and his companions sharpened the end of a great club which the Cyclops had left in the cave. Polyphemus returned and seized yet two other men for his supper. He drank deeply of a strong wine which Odysseus offered him, and asked the hero's name. Here is Odysseus' famous reply and his account of their escape:

"'Thy promised boon, O Cyclop! now I claim,
And plead my title; Noman is my name.
By that distinguish'd from my tender years,
'Tis what my parents call me, and my peers.'
The giant then: 'Our promised grace receive,
The hospitable boon we mean to give:
When all thy wretched crew have felt my power,
Noman shall be the last I will devour.'
He said: then nodding with the fumes of wine
Droop'd his huge head, and snoring lay supine.
His neck obliquely o'er his shoulders hung,
Press'd with the weight of sleep that tames the strong:
There belch'd the mingled streams of wine and blood,
And human flesh, his indigested food.
Sudden I stir the embers, and inspire

With animating breath the seeds of fire;
Each drooping spirit with bold words repair,
And urge my train the dreadful deed to dare.
The stake now glow'd beneath the burning bed
(Green as it was) and sparkled fiery red.
Then forth the vengeful instrument I bring;
With beating hearts my fellows form a ring.
Urged by some present god, they swift let fall
The pointed torment on his visual ball.
Myself above them from a rising ground
Guide the sharp stake, and twirl it round and round
As when a shipwright stands his workmen o'er,
Who ply the wimble, some huge beam to bore;
Urged on all hands, it nimbly spins about,
The grain deep-piercing till it scoops it out:
In his broad eye so whirls the fiery wood;
From the pierced pupil spouts the boiling blood;
Singed are his brows; the scorching lids grow black;
The jelly bubbles, and the fibres crack.
And as when armorers temper in the ford
The keen-edged pole-ax, or the shining sword,
The red-hot metal hisses in the lake,
Thus in his eye-ball hiss'd the plunging stake.
He sends a dreadful groan, the rocks around
Through all their inmost winding caves resound.
Scared we receded. Forth with frantic hand
He tore and dash'd on earth the gory brand:
Then calls the Cyclops,[1] all that round him dwell,
With voice like thunder, and a direful yell.
From all their dens the one-eyed race repair,
From rifted rocks, and mountains bleak in air.
All haste assembled at his well-known roar,
Inquire the cause, and crowd the cavern door.
'What hurts thee, Polypheme? What strange affright
Thus breaks our slumbers, and disturbs the night?
Does any mortal, in the unguarded hour
Of sleep, oppress thee, or by fraud or power?

[1]Pope uses the forms of this word incorrectly. The singular is *Cyclops*, not *Cyclop*, and the plural *Cyclopes*. The mistake which Pope makes, though common, should be avoided.

Or thieves insidious thy fair flocks surprise?'
Thus they: the Cyclop from his den replies:
'Friends, Noman kills me; Noman, in the hour
Of sleep, oppresses me with fraudful power.'
'If no man hurt thee, but the hand divine
Inflict disease, it fits thee to resign:
To Jove or thy father Neptune pray,'
The brethren cried, and instant strode away."

IX, 364–414. Pope.

Odysseus contrived an ingenious plan of escape. Lashing together the rams three by three, he placed a man under the middle one of each three. Then he curled himself under the shaggy belly of the largest ram in the flock. Polyphemus felt the backs of the other rams as they passed him, but laid hold of the great ram and gently chid him for lagging behind the rest. At last, to the great relief of Odysseus, he let him also pass out. Odysseus released his companions and they regained the ship. Then, with foolhardy daring, Odysseus shouted back exultingly to the Cyclops, disclosing his real name. Polyphemus first hurled two huge crags at the ship and almost wrecked it, then uttered the curse which caused Odysseus so many sorrows before he reached his home:

"'Hear now, great monarch of the raven hair:
Holder of earth, Poseidon, hear my cry,
If thou my father art indeed, and I
Thy child! Or ever he the way fulfil,
Make thou Laertes-born Odysseus die,
Waster of walls! or should the high Fates will
That friends and home he see, then alone and late and ill

Let him return on board a foreign ship,
And in his house find evil!'"

IX, 528–535. Worsley.

Odysseus and his companions next came (Book X) to the island of Æolus, god of the winds. The god gave Odysseus a bag in which were bound all the noisy winds, and made it fast in the hold of the ship. Then he sent forth the blast of the west wind, which in nine days brought them within sight of Ithaca. But while Odysseus slept for weariness, his crew, thinking the bag contained gold and silver, opened it, and the winds burst violently forth, driving them back to the island of Æolus, who angrily sent them away. After six days' sailing they reached the land of the cannibal giants, the Læstrygonians. Odysseus sent out a reconnoitering party, one of whom was caught and eaten. The giants rushed to the cliffs and threw great rocks on the ships, "and anon there arose from the fleet an evil din of men dying and ships scattered withal. And like folk spearing fishes, they bore home their hideous meal." Eleven of the ships were wrecked and their crews slain; Odysseus escaped with the twelfth alone and its crew, "stricken at heart, yet glad as men saved from death."

They came next to the island Aea, "where dwelt Circe of the braided tresses, an awful goddess of mortal speech." Odysseus sent one-half of his crew to search out the place, but they, partaking of a potion mixed for them by the enchantress, "took on the shape and voice and bristles of swine, but their mind abode even as of old." One only, who had tarried outside through misgivings, came back to tell the tale. Odysseus girt on his sword and went forth to rescue his companions. Hermes met him, told him of the charm of Circe, and gave him an antidote against it. Circe prevailed upon Odysseus to remain with her,

transforming his companions back into men and swearing to do him no harm. At the end of a year, at his earnest entreaty, she let him resume his journey, telling him, however, that he must first go down to Hades to seek the spirit of the soothsayer Teiresias.

After one day's sailing they came (Book XI) "to the limits of the world, to the deep-flowing Oceanus. There is the land and the city of the Cimmerians, shrouded in mist and cloud, and never does the shining sun look down upon them with his rays, neither when he climbs the starry heavens, nor when again he turns earthward from the firmament, but deadly night is outspread over miserable mortals." Reaching the place that Circe had declared unto to him, he dug a trench and filled it with the blood of victims.

> Forthwith from Erebus a phantom crowd
> Loomed forth, the shadowy people of the dead—
> Old men, with load of earthly anguish bowed,
> Brides in their bloom cut off, and youths unwed,
> Virgins whose tender eyelids then first shed
> True sorrow, men with gory arms renowned,
> Pierced by the sharp sword on the death-plain red.
> All these flock darkling with a hideous sound,
> Lured by the scent of blood, the open trench around.
>
> XI, 36–43. Worsley.

Teiresias told Odysseus that he would reach home in safety after many troubles, but warned him not to slay the cattle of the Sun on the isle Thrinacia. He closed with this prophecy: "And from the sea shall thine own death come, the gentlest death that may be, which shall end thee foredone with smooth old age, and the folk shall dwell happily around thee." Then Odysseus' mother came up to him. Thrice he sought to embrace her; thrice she flitted from his arms as a

shadow or even as a dream. "For even on this wise is it with mortals when they die. The sinews no more bind together the flesh and the bones, and the spirit like a dream flies forth and hovers near." Odysseus next saw all the famous women who had borne children to the gods.

Odysseus would now fain cease his tale before the Phæacians, for the time of sleep had come. But Alcinous asks to hear about the Argives who went against Troy: "Beauty crowns thy words and wisdom is within thee. Behold, the night is of great length, unspeakable, and the time for sleep is not yet; tell me, therefore, of those wondrous deeds. I could abide even till the bright dawn, so long as thou couldst endure to rehearse all these woes of thine in the hall." So Odysseus goes on to tell of his meeting with the shades of Atreus, Achilles, Ajax, and Heracles, and describes the tortures of Tantalus and Sisyphus. His conversation with the ghost of Achilles is famous:

"'Ulysses! what hath moved thee to attempt
This greatest of thy labors? How is it
That thou hast found the courage to descend
To Hades, where the dead, the bodiless forms
Of those whose work is done on earth, abide?'
"He spake; I answered: 'Greatest of the Greeks!
Achilles, son of Peleus! 'Twas to hear
The counsel of Teiresias that I came,
If haply he might tell me by what means
To reach my rugged Ithaca again.
For yet I have not trod my native coast,
Nor even have drawn nigh to Greece. I meet
Misfortunes everywhere. But as for thee,
Achilles, no man lived before thy time,
Nor will hereafter live, more fortunate
Than thou,—for while alive we honored thee

As if thou wert a god, and now again
In these abodes thou rulest o'er the dead;
Therefore, Achilles, shouldst thou not be sad.'
"I spake; Achilles quickly answered me:—
'Noble Ulysses, speak not thus of death,
As if thou couldst console me. I would be
A laborer on earth, and serve for hire
Some man of mean estate, who makes scant cheer,
Rather than reign o'er all who have gone down
To death.'"

XI, 581–606. Bryant.

Leaving the place of the shades, Odysseus then (Book XII) sailed past the isle of the Sirens, who bewitch all men by their singing. "Whoso draws nigh them unwittingly and hears the sound of their voice, never does he see wife or babes on his return, nor have they joy at his coming." But Odysseus, warned by Circe, heard the singing, but sailed past unharmed; for he bound himself fast to the mast and filled the ears of the crew with wax. Next they sailed between Scylla and Charybdis, two monsters of the sea, one on either side of a narrow strait of seething waters; but Scylla seized six of the crew and devoured them, shrieking and stretching forth their hands to their leader in the dread death-struggle. "And the most pitiful thing was this that mine eyes have seen in all my travail in searching out the paths of the sea." Landing then on the isle Thrinacia, his companions slew and ate of the sacred kine[1] of Helios, the sun-god, in spite of the warnings of Teiresias and Circe and the commands of their leader. Thereupon the gods sent a great storm upon the ship and wrecked her with all the crew, save only Odysseus, who lashed

[1] These were three hundred and sixty in number, typifying the days in the year.

himself upon a mast and was brought safely, after nine days, to Calypso's isle, where he remained seven years. These were the adventures which Odysseus related at the court of King Alcinous.

Odysseus departs (Book XIII) from the island of the Phæacians in a swift ship, provided by Alcinous, taking with him a load of treasure, the gifts of the Phæacians, "such wealth as he never would have won for himself out of Troy." He is set upon the shore of Ithaca while still asleep. Poseidon, thwarted in his plans concerning Odysseus, wreaks his wrath upon the Phæacians who conveyed him home. Smiting their ship, it becomes a stone, fast-rooted in the sea. When Odysseus awakes, wondering in what land he is, Athene appears unto him in disguise, points out the familiar landmarks of his native land, and tells him of Telemachus in Sparta and of Penelope surrounded by the shameless suitors. That he may not be recognized and slain, she transforms him into a beggar:

> So with her wand she touched him; and the skin
> Shrunk on the flexile limbs, the auburn hair
> Died, and he stooped an old man, wrinkled, thin.
> Bleared were the bright orbs, late so wondrous fair;
> And coarse rags, smoke-defiled, she made him wear,
> Wrapped with vile deer's-hide, and rude staff anon
> Gave, and a foul scrip leathern-looped to bear.
>
> XIII, 430–438. Worsley.

In this disguise he appears (Book XIV) before the faithful swineherd Eumæus, an old serf of his, and is entertained in his hut. Odysseus pretends that he is a Cretan, and weaves a cunning tale of his adventures after leaving Troy. But when he says that he has recently heard tidings of Odysseus, the swineherd,

too often deceived by such reports, refuses to believe him.

Meanwhile (Book XV) Telemachus is warned by Athene to hasten home to Ithaca. Menelaus gives him gifts and speeds him on his way. By the advice of Athene he goes first to the hut of Eumæus, thus avoiding the suitors who lie in wait for his ship. In the morning (Book XVI), after the arrival of Telemachus, Athene appeared unto Odysseus, invisible to the others, and commands him to reveal himself to his son, that they may take counsel together. She restores him, for the moment, to his own form and dress. Telemachus is soon convinced that this stranger is indeed his father. Odysseus then inquires about the number of the suitors, that he may decide whether they two alone shall be able to make head against them without aid or whether they must seek allies. Telemachus thus replies:

"O father, I have heard of thy great fame
My whole life long,—how mighty is thy arm,
How wise thy counsels. Thou hast said great things,
And I am thunderstruck. It cannot be
That two alone should stand before a crowd
Of valiant men. They are not merely ten,—
These suitors,—nor twice ten, but many more.
Hear, then, their number. From Dulichium come
Fifty and two, the flower of all its youth,
With whom are six attendants. Samê sends
Twice twelve, and twenty more Achaian chiefs
Come from Zacynthus. Twelve from Ithaca;
The noblest of the isle are these,—with whom
Medon, the herald, comes,—a bard whose song
Is heavenly,—and two servants skilled to spread
The banquet. Should we in the palace halls
Assault all these, I fear lest the revenge
For all thy wrongs would end most bitterly

And grievously for thee. Now, if thy thought
Be turned to some ally, bethink thee who
Will combat for us with a willing heart."
Again Ulysses, the great sufferer, spake:
"Then will I tell thee; listen, and give good heed.
Think whether Pallas and her father, Jove,
Suffice not for us. Need we more allies?"

XVI, 293–317. Bryant.

Eumæus, who knows not that the stranger is Odysseus, is sent to the city to tell Penelope of her son's return. The suitors are enraged that Telemachus has escaped them. The next day (Book XVII) Telemachus goes up early to the city and boldly shows himself before the suitors. Later on Eumæus conducts Odysseus thither, again disguised as a beggar. Arrived at the palace, Odysseus is recognized by his old dog Argus:

A dog was lying near,
And lifted up his head and pricked his ears.
'T was Argus, which the much-enduring man
Ulysses long before had reared, but left
Untried, when for the hallowed town of Troy
He sailed. The young men oft had led him forth
In eager chase of wild goats, stags, and hares;
But now, his master far away, he lay
Neglected, just before the stable doors,
Amid the droppings of the mules and beeves,
Heaped high till carried to the spacious fields
Of which Ulysses was the lord. There lay
Argus, devoured with vermin. As he saw
Ulysses drawing near, he wagged his tail
And dropped his ears, but found that he could come
No nearer to his master. Seeing this,
Ulysses wiped away a tear unmarked,
While over Argus the black night of death
Came suddenly, as soon as he had seen
Ulysses, absent now for twenty years.

XVII, 335–398. Bryant.

Odysseus goes about among the suitors begging food, and Telemachus feigns not to know him. One of the suitors smites him on the shoulder with a footstool. A beggar whom the suitors call "Irus," because he ran on errands, tries to drive Odysseus away from the house (Book XVIII). The suitors arrange a boxing match between them, wherein Odysseus easily smites Irus. Thereafter Odysseus is on a better footing with the suitors, though they still taunt him, so that he almost forgets his rôle of beggar. Penelope appears among the suitors in all her beauty and beguiles them into giving her costly presents. Odysseus tests the loyalty of the maidens of Penelope and finds some of them on the side of the suitors.

Telemachus and Odysseus secretly take all the arms out of the great hall and place them in the armory (Book XIX). Penelope calls Odysseus to her and questions him. He tells her a false tale in the likeness of truth, how that he had once entertained Odysseus in Crete, and that he had lately heard of his homecoming from the king of the Thesprotians. Penelope is cheered by his words, and, disposed to treat kindly the beggar who has brought the good tidings of her husband's speedy return, she bids Eurycleia, a trusted servant, once the nurse of Odysseus, to wash the stranger's feet. This leads to the recognition of Odysseus by Eurycleia, who says to him:

"Deeply am I moved at sight of thee.
Hear what I say: of strangers in distress
Come many hither, yet have I beheld
No one who bears, in shape and voice and feet
Such likeness to our absent lord as thou."
Ulysses, the sagacious, thus replied:

"O aged woman, so has it been said
By all who have beheld both him and me.
They all declare that we are very like
Each other; thou in this hast spoken well."
He spake; she took a shining vase designed
For washing feet, and poured cold water in
In large abundance, and warm water next.
Ulysses, who had sat before the hearth,
Moved to a darker spot, for in his mind
The thought arose that she might find a scar
Upon his limbs in handling them, and thus
His secret would be known. She came and bathed
His feet, and found the scar. 'T was where a boar
With his white tooth had gashed the limb, as once
He journeyed to Parnassus.

. . . . . .

The aged woman, as she took the foot
Into her hands, perceived by touch the scar,
And, letting fall the limb, it struck the vase.
Loud rang the brass, the vase was overturned,
And poured the water forth. At once a rush
Of gladness and of grief came o'er her heart.
Tears filled her eyes, and her clear voice was choked.
She touched Ulysses on the chin, and said:—
"Dear child! thou art Ulysses, of a truth.
I knew thee not till I had touched the scar."
So speaking, toward Penelope she turned
Her eyes, about to tell her that her lord
Was in the palace, but the queen saw not,
And all that passed was unperceived by her,
For Pallas turned her thoughts another way.

XIX, 463–583. Bryant.

But Odysseus enjoins upon Eurycleia to tell no one in the house, lest the secret be betrayed to the suitors. Penelope tells Odysseus of a dream that has come to her, which seemed to forbode the destruction of the suitors, and adds:

"Of dreams, O stranger, some are meaningless
And idle, and can never be fulfilled.
Two portals are there for their shadowy shapes,
Of ivory one, and one of horn. The dreams
That come through the carved ivory deceive
With promises that never are made good;
But those which pass the doors of polished horn,
And are beheld of men, are ever true.
And yet I cannot hope that my strange dream
Came through them, though my son and I would both
Rejoice if it were so. This let me say,
And heed me well. To-morrow brings to us
The hateful morn which takes me from my home,
The palace of Ulysses. I shall now
Propose a contest. In the palace court
Ulysses in a row set up twelve stakes,
Like props that hold a galley up; each stake
Had its own ring; he stood afar, and sent
An arrow through them all. I shall propose
This contest to the suitors. He who bends
The bow with easy mastery, and sends
Through the twelve rings an arrow, I will take
To follow from the palace where I passed
My youthful married life, — a beautiful home,
And stored with wealth; a home which I shall long
Remember, even in my nightly dreams."

XIX, 679–704. Bryant.

The day of vengeance comes at last (Book XX). The suitors insult Odysseus again. Athene drives their wits wandering, so that when the prophet Theoclymenus, whom Telemachus brought from Pylos, tells them of their impending doom, they laugh sweetly at him, understanding not his words. Penelope then brings out the bow and arrows of Odysseus (Book XXI), and the swineherd Eumæus brings out the axes, which Telemachus arranges in a straight line. One after another the suitors try to string the great bow,

but none can bend it. Odysseus calls apart the swineherd Eumæus and a faithful neatherd whom he has proved, and reveals himself to them, charging them with their duties in the approaching fight. Odysseus now asks to try the bow. The suitors object, but Penelope and Telemachus insist upon his claim as just. Odysseus takes the bow, at the same time bidding Eumæus have the doors of the women's apartment closed, while the neatherd bars the outer gates of the court, so that no way of escape is left for the suitors. Odysseus then easily strings the bow, and "the bowstring rang sweetly at the touch, in tone like a swallow." Then laying an arrow on the bow, "he held the notch and drew the string, even from the settle where he sat, and with straight aim shot the shaft and missed not one of the axes, beginning from the first axe-handle, and the bronze-weighted shaft passed clean through and out at the last." Then at a nod from his father, Telemachus girt his sharp sword about him and took a spear in his grasp, and stood by Odysseus' side.

Then did Ulysses cast his rags aside,
And leaping to the threshold, took his stand
On its broad space, with bow and quiver filled
With arrows. At his feet the hero poured
The winged shafts, and to the suitors called:
"That difficult strife is ended. Now I take
Another mark, which no man yet has hit.
Now shall I see if I attain my aim,
And, by the aid of Phœbus, win renown."
He spake, and turning, at Antinous aimed
The bitter shaft,—Antinous, who just then
Had grasped a beautiful two-eared cup of gold,
About to drink the wine. He little thought
Of wounds and death; for who, when banqueting

Among his fellows, could suspect that one
Alone against so many men would dare,
However bold, to plan his death, and bring
On him the doom of fate? Ulysses struck
The suitor with the arrow at the throat.
The point came through the tender neck behind.
Sideways he sank to earth; his hand let fall
The cup; the dark blood in a thick warm stream
Gushed from the nostrils of the smitten man.
He spurned the table with his feet and spilled
The viands; bread and roasted meat were flung
To lie polluted on the floor. Then rose
The suitors in a tumult, when they saw
The fallen man; from all their seats they rose
Throughout the hall, and to the massive walls
Looked eagerly; there hung no buckler there,
No sturdy lance for them to wield. They called
Thus to Ulysses with indignant words:
"Stranger, in evil hour hast thou presumed
To aim at men; and thou shalt henceforth bear
Part in no other contest. Even now
Is thy destruction close to thee. Thy hand
Hast slain the noblest youth in Ithaca.
The vultures shall devour thy flesh for this."
So each one said; they deemed he had not slain
The suitor wittingly; nor did they see,
Blind that they were, the doom which in that hour
Was closing round them all. Then with a frown
The wise Ulysses looked on them, and said:
"Dogs! ye had thought I never would come back
From Ilium's coast, and therefore ye devoured
My substance here, and offered violence
To my maid-servants, and pursued my wife
As lovers, while I lived. Ye dreaded not
The gods who dwell in the great heaven, nor feared
Vengeance hereafter from the hands of men;
And now destruction overhangs you all."
He spake, and all were pale with fear, and each
Looked round for some escape from death.

XXII, 1–53. Bryant.

But the suitors rally and rush upon Odysseus with drawn swords. Odysseus shoots one leader and Telemachus smites another with his spear. Telemachus brings from the armory four suits of armor and eight spears. Odysseus, so long as he had arrows, smote the suitors one by one, and they fell thick upon one another. But when the arrows failed, he put on helmet and shield and grasped two mighty spears. The suitors are furnished by a servant with armor and spears from the armory, which Telemachus had left open, but the traitor is caught and suspended from the roof-beam. The goat-herd and neat-herd don their armor and take their stand with Odysseus and Telemachus. The suitors make another onset with volleys of spears, all aimed at Odysseus, but the four withstand the attack and slay each his man.

> They fled along the hall as flees a herd
> Of kine, when the swift gadfly suddenly
> Has come among them, and has scattered them
> In springtime, when the days are growing long.
> Meantime, like falcons with curved claws and beaks,
> That, coming from the mountain summits, pounce
> Upon the smaller birds, and make them fly
> Close to the fields among the snares they dread,
> And seize and slay, nor can the birds resist
> Or fly, and at the multitude of prey
> The fowlers' hearts are glad; so did the four
> Smite right and left the suitors hurrying through
> The palace-hall, and fearful moans arose
> As heads were smitten by the sword, and all
> The pavement swam with blood.
>
> XXII, 364–378. Bryant.

All are slain except the minstrel Phemius and a faithful henchman. The unfaithful maidens are

commanded to carry out the dead and to cleanse the hall; after this Odysseus hangs them all.

Now Penelope is told that Odysseus is in the house and has slain the suitors (Book XXIII), but cannot believe the truth, even when assured by Telemachus and Odysseus himself. "If this be in truth Odysseus," she says, "and he hath indeed come home, verily we shall be ware of each other the more surely, for we have tokens that we twain know, even we, secret from all others." So she spake, and the steadfast, goodly Odysseus smiled. Going to the bath, he came forth again changed in aspect, clothed in a goodly mantle and doublet. And Athene shed great beauty upon him, "and made him greater and more mighty to behold, and from his head caused deep curling locks to flow, like the hyacinth flower." Then Penelope, to test him, speaks thus to Eurycleia:

"Bestir thyself,
Dame Eurycleia, and make up with care
A bed without the chamber, which he framed
With his own hands; bear out the massive bed,
And lay upon it seemly coverings,
Fleeces and mantles for his nightly rest."
She spake to try her husband; but displeased,
Ulysses answered thus his virtuous queen:
"O woman, thou hast said unwelcome words.
Who hath displaced my bed? That task were hard
For long-experienced hands, unless some god
Had come to shift its place. No living man,
Even in his prime of years, could easily
Have moved it, for in that elaborate work
There was a mystery; it was I myself
Who shaped it, no one else. Within my court
There grew an olive-tree with full-leaved boughs,
A tall and flourishing tree; its massive stem

Was like a column. Round it I built up
A chamber with cemented stones until
The walls were finished; then I framed a roof
Above it, and put on the well-glued doors
Close-fitting. Next I lopped the full-leaved boughs
And, cutting off the trunk above the root,
Smoothed well the stump with tools, and made of it
A post to bear the couch. I bored the wood
With wimbles, placed it on the frame, and carved
The work till it was done, inlaying it
With silver, gold, and ivory. I stretched
Upon it thongs of oxhide brightly dyed
In purple. Now, O wife, I cannot know
Whether my bed remains as then it was,
Or whether some one from the root has hewn
The olive trunk, and moved it from its place."
He spake, and her knees faltered and her heart
Was melted as she heard her lord recount
The tokens all so truly, and she wept,
And rose, and ran to him, and flung her arms
About his neck, and kissed his brow, and said:—
"Ulysses, look not on me angrily,
Thou who in other things art wise above
All other men. The gods have made our lot
A hard one, jealous lest we should have passed
Our youth together happily, and thus
Have reached old age. I pray, be not incensed,
Nor take it ill that I embraced thee not
As soon as I beheld thee, for my heart
Has ever trembled lest some one who comes
Into this isle should cozen me with words;
And they who practice frauds are numberless.
. . . . . .
But now, since thou by tokens clear and true
Hast spoken of our bed, which human eye
Has never seen save mine and thine, and those
Of one handmaiden only, Actoris,—
Her whom my father gave me when I came
To this thy palace, and who kept the door

Of our close chamber, — thou hast won my mind
To full belief, though hard it was to win."
She spake, and he was moved to tears; he wept
As in his arms he held his dearly loved
And faithful wife. As welcome as the land
To those who swim the deep, of whose stout bark
Neptune has made a wreck amidst the waves,
Tossed by the billows and the blast, and few
Are those who from the hoary ocean reach
The shore, their limbs all crested with the brine,
These gladly climb the sea-beach, and are safe, —
So welcome was her husband to her eyes.
Nor would her fair white arms release his neck,
And there would rosy-fingered Morn have found
Both weeping, but the blue-eyed Pallas planned
That thus it should not be; she stayed the night
When near its close, and held the golden Morn
Long in the ocean depths, nor suffered her
To yoke her steeds that bring the light to men, —
Lampas and Phaëthon, swift steeds that bear
The Morning on her way.

XXIII, 214–298. Bryant.

The story is now finished, for the plot is complete; but, as in the *Iliad*, the poet adds a few touches to the picture in an epilogue (Book XXIV). He first tells of the descent of the souls of the suitors to Hades. In Hades the souls of Agamemnon, Patroclus, Antilochus, and Ajax are gathered about Achilles, Agamemnon telling of the death and burial of Achilles, when Hermes brings down the souls of the suitors. When Agamemnon learns of the return and triumph of Odysseus, he thus apostrophizes Odysseus:

"Son of Laertes, fortunate and wise,
Ulysses! thou by feats of eminent might
And valor dost possess thy wife again.
And nobly minded is thy blameless queen,

> The daughter of Icarius, faithfully
> Remembering him to whom she gave her troth
> While yet a virgin. Never shall the fame
> Of his great valor perish, and the gods
> Themselves shall frame, for those who dwell on earth,
> Sweet strains in praise of sage Penelope."
>
> XXIV, 236–245. Bryant.

Meanwhile Odysseus visits his father, Laertes, and finds him wasted with age and clothed in unseemly garments. The old man discloses his grief for his long-lost son, whereupon Odysseus declares himself, showing as a token the scar upon his leg and naming over the trees which he himself had planted when a boy. Odysseus, Telemachus, and Laertes then go up to the city to fight against the relatives of the suitors, who plan to slay them. After a short struggle Athene intervenes and reëstablishes Odysseus in his sovereignty over Ithaca and his people.

The *Iliad* and *Odyssey* give us a well-defined picture of a certain stage of Greek civilization, of the Greek people in an early period of its development. The Homeric Greek strongly resembles the Greek of later times, but as the child resembles the father. He has the same aptitudes and instincts, but they are as yet relatively undeveloped, nor has civilization advanced sufficiently to give his powers full play. It is the childhood of the Greek race, with all the buoyancy and freshness, enthusiasm and vigor; but the childhood of an essentially noble people, responsive, as a rule, to its best impulses, and endowed with a passionate love for both spiritual and physical excellence. The *Odyssey* gives the impression of being somewhat later than the *Iliad* by reason of its more advanced

conception of the gods and its broader view of life; but practically the two poems are products of the same age. The Greek chronologists placed the events of the Trojan war in the twelfth century before Christ. The remains of the Homeric age which the spade of the excavator has uncovered seem to point to a time between 1200 and 1500. But the authors of the poems were of a much later time, and naturally transferred many of the customs and conceptions of their own day to the period of their story.

Homer conceives of the earth as a sort of flat oval, around which flows the river Oceanus. Just at the edge is the region of the dead—the Elysian fields, where roam the shades. At the extreme east and west dwell the Æthiopians, the favorites of the gods. Near the centre is Greece. The coast of Asia Minor is well known, and many of the islands of the Ægæan and Ionian seas. Phœnicia is mentioned and Egyptian Thebes. The Nile is "the river Egyptus." Outside of this zone lie strange lands, peopled with monsters and fairies. The sky is the vast roof the earth, supported by pillars which the giant Atlas holds.

The prevailing form of government is monarchy, but not the absolute despotism by which the people of Egypt and the Orient were at this time oppressed. The king consults his council of elders, and sometimes calls together the whole people. But the rights of the people are not guarded by constitutional restrictions upon the king. If powerful enough he may override both the elders and the assembly. He rules by divine right; and yet the obligations of his office are distinctly felt. Besides the free people there is a class of slaves, captives taken in war. They may be bought

and sold, and are charged with domestic labors for the most part. But they are not looked upon as belonging to an inferior race, nor are they cruelly treated. Hired servants attend to the flocks and the farms.

The *Iliad* and *Odyssey* contain charming pictures of well-ordered, happy domestic life. The households of Menelaus and Helen and of Alcinous and Arete reveal both refinement and affection. The husband respects and honors his wife, who in turn renders him both affection and obedience. Children are subject to their parents and care for them in old age. Hospitality is regarded as a requirement of divine law. The guest is always welcome. Even the beggar is not turned away. The position of women is significant of an enlightened people. There is not a trace of the Oriental attitude toward her which afterward characterized Athenian society. She moves freely among men, but with becoming modesty, and is invariably treated with a chivalrous courtesy. Her sphere is the household; war and the council are reserved for the men. She directs her servants, spins, weaves, and embroiders. As we have seen, even the princess Nausicaä is not above washing the linen. In the entertainment of guests the wife takes a prominent part. Polygamy is unknown; so is divorce. But the unfaithful wife and the erring husband are not wanting.

The gods of this age are men and women in their passions, but possess greater beauty and power, together with immortality. They are not, strictly speaking, all-powerful nor all-wise. They are not always good, yielding to temptations to which men are subject and allowing human passions of hatred and

revenge to sway them. The universe is divided into three realms, assigned to the three sons of Cronus. Zeus, the oldest and most powerful, is supreme in the heavens, Poseidon in the sea, and Hades in the abode of the dead. The people of the earth are subject to the god of the skies and the god of the seas, but the former is more powerful. Next to these three in rank are three others, Hera, the sister and wife of Zeus, and Athene and Apollo, children of Zeus. The others are more restricted in the scope of their power. The gods interfere freely in the affairs of men, appearing among them in person or in disguise, or directing their doings from the height of Mount Olympus.

The age of Homer has received fresh illustration in recent years from extensive excavations made in Asia Minor and in Greece. Heinrich Schliemann, a German merchant, was from early boyhood a devout worshiper at the shrine of Homer, and conceived a passionate desire to explore the scenes which Homer describes. Acquiring a large fortune, he set about the fulfillment of his dreams. Following the indications found in the poems, he excavated the hill of Hissarlik in Asia Minor, near the Hellespont, and found there the ruins of seven cities one upon another. He himself believed that in the second city from the bottom, where a wonderful treasure of objects in massive gold, silver, bronze, and clay came to light, he had found the city of Priam. More recent excavations have shown, however, that the city which represents best the civilization and the power of the Homeric Priam was rather the sixth from the bottom. This is made certain by comparison with the remains found in Mycenæ, the city of Agamemnon, which Schliemann

also excavated, and at Tiryns, a still earlier fortress in Argos. On many sites in Greece and on the islands remains of the same civilization have been found by Schliemann and others, so that now the phrase "Mycenæan civilization" stands for a certain definite prehistoric culture which bears a very close relationship with the culture revealed in the Homeric poems. These discoveries have had the effect of dissipating much of the skepticism with which the Homeric poems had come to be regarded a half-century ago as trustworthy documents of the past. We cannot, indeed, affirm that the story of the *Iliad* or *Odyssey* is true in the sense that the events described ever took place. But the story of the Trojan war may, after all, have grown out of certain historical occurrences which in the course of time became magnified by the poets into heroic proportions. Certain it is, at least, that there once was a rich and powerful city in the Troad, and at the same time, in Greece proper, a rich and powerful people under the sway of the lord of Mycenæ.

We shall touch but briefly upon the famous Homeric Question, which has existed since the second century before Christ and will probably not cease to be discussed so long as the Homeric poems are studied. The question, briefly stated, is the problem of the origin and authorship of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. The ancients knew almost nothing about the person Homer, but they believed in him, conceiving of him as a blind bard, like Demodocus in the *Odyssey*. Many different cities claimed to be his birthplace. The few vague and often inconsistent stories about his life which had currency seem to have been derived, as was that

concerning his blindness, from the passages in the poems attributed to him which were assumed to be of an autobiographical character. And these poems were indefinite in number. Practically all of the heroic epic poems, long and short, known to the Greeks of the classical period, passed under the name of Homer, even the mock-heroic *Battle of the Frogs and Mice* and the comic *Margites*. The critics of the Alexandrian period singled out the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* as the only genuine works of Homer, and the view that these two epics were of different authorship found some supporters in antiquity. Other authors were sought out for the other poems of the Epic Cycle, a decided preference being shown for reputed relatives of Homer; for example, Stasinus, whose name came to be attached to the *Cypria*, was put down as Homer's son-in-law. Similar uncertainty prevailed as to the date of Homer. Herodotus expresses the opinion that he did not live before about 850 B. C., implying that others placed him earlier. Homer was thus but a shadowy personality to the Greeks, and his name was but little more than a generic term for epic poetry in general.

The uncritical attitude of antiquity toward Homer is not surprising, considering that they knew of no literature but their own, and that, for centuries after the dawn of literature, there was no publication and circulation of works of literature in book form. But to the modern mind the very existence of such incomparable works of art as the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* at the very threshold of Greek literary history—a phenomenon unparalleled in other literatures—inevitably raises a doubt as to the correctness of the Greek tradition. Is it possible that a single poet composed the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* not to speak of the other poems, at so early a date, without

models and without training? Could poems composed so early have been transmitted to the age of written literature without suffering extensive changes? Are the poems which we possess, then, the work of a poet, Homer, who lived in the tenth or ninth century before Christ, or are we to reject the Greek tradition in favor of a more reasonable hypothesis, if one can be formulated which satisfies the conditions?

The problem was first seriously attacked by Professor Wolf, of the University of Berlin, in the famous *Prolegomena*, published in 1795. He maintained that the Homeric poems, in their earliest form, were composed without the aid of writing and were handed down by oral tradition until they were committed to writing by a commission appointed by Peisistratus, Tyrant of Athens (561–527). In the course of their oral transmission they suffered many changes at the hands of the rhapsodists, the representatives of the Homeric minstrels, and also, after they were written down, at the hands of editors and revisers. The original poems out of which the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* were put together were not all by the same author, and the artistic perfection which we now admire is due to the editors and critics who gave them their present shape. This does not, however, preclude the belief in a personal Homer, the great poet who wove most of the poems which entered into the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*.

The investigation and discussion of a century have shown that Wolf's theory is not the only possible explanation of the facts. The assumption that writing could not have been employed to assist in composing and preserving extended poems at a time previous to the age of a written literature is open to objection. Then again it is not necessary to assume that Homer

was one of the primitive bards, authors of the short lays woven into the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. It is easier to assume that a long period of minstrel poetry preceded him and prepared the way for him, and that, coming at the close and not at the beginning, of a poetic epoch, he laid down the lines of a great epic poem. In the course of time this original epic poem may have been enlarged and altered, but without losing the artistic unity which its first author gave it. This is an alternative view set up in various forms by some of Wolf's successors. Certain facts about the poems themselves may be accepted as established. The *Iliad* and *Odyssey* are certainly not preserved in anything like their original form. There have been many alterations and additions. The language even is a composite language, showing a mixture of various elements and traces of different ages. The Homeric dialect as we have it is not a language which could ever have been spoken at any one time or in any one place. It is possible, in a measure, to separate some of the earlier portions of the poems from the late additions, but naturally no two critics quite agree as to the number and extent of the original poems.

The arguments advanced by Wolf and his successors in support of their various theories are too numerous and complicated to be presented here. It will suffice to state some of the results of the prolonged debate in which most scholars now agree: There were current in pre-Homeric times a multitude of short lays which gradually, as the poetic art developed, took on a form and style suited to heroic narration. Toward the end of this period appeared a poet greater than any of his forerunners, who composed an epic poem on the *Wrath of Achilles*. This poem, which may have been composed as

early as the tenth century, has been enlarged and in part remodelled by later hands into our present *Iliad*. The author of the original *Iliad* is fairly entitled to be called Homer, the founder of the epic art. The *Odyssey*, to a greater extent than the *Iliad*, is the work of a single poet, though certain portions of it also are later additions. It was probably composed about a century later than the *Iliad*. Possibly both the original *Iliad* and the original *Odyssey* arose in some part of Greece proper, probably in Northern Greece, and were carried over to Ionia by emigrants, whence they received the imprint of Ionic society, spirit, and dialect.

CHAPTER V

THE HOMERIC HYMNS AND HESIOD

Influence of the Early Epic on Later Greek Poetry—The Homeric Hymns — Character of the Hymns — The *Hymn to Aphrodite*—The *Hymn to Hermes*—The *Hymn to Demeter* — Hesiod — His Relation to the Ionic Epic — The *Theogony*—*Selections*—The *Works and Days*—*Selections*.

It would be difficult to overestimate the importance of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* for the subsequent development of Greek poetry. Absorbing as they did all the legend and song of the ages preceding the perfection of epic poetry, they became the fountain-head from which, for centuries afterward, the greatest poets of the race drew their inspiration and material. As we have seen, they cover each but a small portion of the story of the Trojan War, but in both of them the background of preceding events is adequately sketched, the future destinies of the principal heroes are foreshadowed, and the outlines of many a heroic legend anterior to the time of the Trojan War are furnished in greater or less detail. It remained for later poets to fill in the missing parts of the Trojan story and to develop the still earlier legends into independent epics. Assuming that the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* had take on essentially their present form by the beginning of the eighth century, the earlier poets of the Epic Cycle may be assigned to the eighth and seventh centuries. These poets had Hesiod as well as Homer to draw upon for

their subject-matter, but Hesiod, as we shall see, was himself largely dependent on Homer. In addition to the poems of the Trojan Cycle to which reference has already been made (see p. 76), the principal epics of the larger Cycle dealt with the Origin of the Gods, the Battles of the Gods and Giants, and the stories of Œdipus and Thebes. All of these poems passed more or less vaguely for Homeric during the classical period, and furnished, almost without exception, the themes for the tragic drama which made the fifth and fourth centuries illustrious. When, after the lapse of several centuries, epic poetry blossomed out again in the Alexandrian age, the Homeric poems were again the predominating influence.

All of the poems of the Epic Cycle are lost, with the exception of a few fragments, but a class of hexameter poems, thirty-four in number, still survives under the name of Homer—the so-called Homeric Hymns. The title is a misnomer in every way, for they are neither hymns nor were they composed by Homer. Varying from three lines to six hundred in length, they range in date from the seventh century down to perhaps the fourth or later. Thucydides the historian cites one of them unquestioningly as Homer's, but we have already learned to regard the attribution to Homer of all epic poems of uncertain authorship and of approved antiquity as merely a tribute to the imperial sway of the great poet's name. But the appellation "Homeric" is after all appropriate in so far as it suggests the influence of the Homeric epic upon the authors of these "hymns," although traces of Hesiodic influence are not wanting.

The word "hymn" is properly used to designate a complete poem in honor of some god; generally a

myth pertaining to the god is woven into the poem. In this sense of the word only five, or possible seven, of the poems of this collection are really hymns. They were composed with reference to the worship of the god as celebrated at some particular locality, and the myth selected for treatment was therefore one which would be peculiarly appropriate to the local cult of that place. The hymn to Delian Apollo, for example, tells the story of the birth of Apollo under the sacred palm-tree at Delos, and the hymn to Demeter celebrates the founding of the famous Mysteries at Eleusis. But the greater number of the poems of our collection are simply preludes or invocations, composed in view of epic recitations to follow, the occasion being generally a contest of rhapsodists at some festival. It was customary at the religious festivals throughout Greece to have contests in which rhapsodists, or minstrel poets, recited some story in verse, very much as did the bards in the *Odyssey*. The rhapsodist always prefaced his recitation with a brief invocation to the Muses or to the god of the festival, beginning with a few words of praise, then relating, perhaps, some incident in the life of the god, and finally asking for the god's special blessing upon the singer—that is, for a victory in the contest. The poems of our collection take us through the whole list of the gods, and give us glimpses of the poetry, often of a high degree of merit, which their worship evoked at many famous sanctuaries.

One of the hymns to Aphrodite (V) may serve to illustrate the shorter preludes: The subject is the birth of the goddess from the sea-foam.

I shall sing of the revered Aphrodite, the golden-crowned, the beautiful, who hath for her portion the mountain crests of

sea-girt Cyprus. Thither the strength of the west wind moistly blowing carried her amid soft foam over the wave of the resounding sea. Her did the golden-snooded Hours gladly welcome and clad her about in immortal raiment, and on her deathless head set a well-wrought crown, fair and golden, and in her ears put earrings of orichalcum and of precious gold. Her delicate neck and white bosom they adorned with chains of gold, wherewith they bedecked the golden-snooded Hours themselves, when they come to the glad dance of the Gods in the dwelling of the Father. Anon when they had thus adorned her in all goodliness they led her to the Immortals, who gave her greeting when they beheld her, and welcomed her with their hands; and each God prayed that he might lead her home to be his wedded wife, so much they marvelled at the beauty of the fair-garlanded Cytherean.

Hail, thou of the glancing eyes, thou sweet winsome goddess, and grant that I bear off the victory in this contest, and lend thou grace to my song, while I shall both remember thee and another singing. Lang.

Passing now to the longer hymns, we quote first a portion of the hymn to Hermes (II). It is a recital, half serious, half mocking, of the tricks and adventures of the infant Hermes—his birth on Mount Cyllene, his invention of the lyre, his theft of Apollo's flocks, his plea in his own defence before the court of Zeus, and his final reconciliation with his brother. The poet Shelley has reproduced the light and spirited tone of the original, so well adapted to the character of the subject. Here is the account of the invention of the lyre from the tortoise-shell:

The babe was born at the first peep of day;
He began playing on the lyre at noon;
And the same evening did he steal away
Apollo's herds. The fourth day of the moon,
On which him bore the venerable May,

From her immortal limbs he leaped full soon,
Nor long could in the sacred cradle keep,
But out to seek Apollo's herds would creep.

Out of the lofty cavern wandering,
He found a tortoise, and cried out "A treasure!"
(For Mercury first made the tortoise sing).
The beast before the portal at his leisure
The flowery herbage was depasturing,
Moving his feet in a deliberate measure
Over the turf. Jove's profitable son
Eying him laughed, and laughing thus begun:

"A useful godsend are you to me now,
King of the dance, companion of the feast,
Lovely in all your nature! Welcome, you
Excellent plaything! Where, sweet mountain-beast,
Got you that speckled shell? Thus much I know,
You must come home with me and be my guest;
You will give joy to me, and I will do
All that is in my power to honour you.

Better to be at home than out of door,
So come with me; and, though it has been said
That you, alive, defend from magic power,
I know you will sing sweetly when you're dead."
Thus having spoken, the quaint infant bore,
Lifting it from the grass on which it fed,
And grasping it in its delighted hold,
His treasured prize into the cavern old.

Then, scooping with a chisel of gray steel,
He bored the life and soul out of the beast.
Not swifter a swift thought of woe or weal
Darts through the tumult of a human breast
Which thronging cares annoy—not swifter steal
The flashes of its torture and unrest
Out of the dizzy eyes—than Maia's son
All that he did devise hath featly done.

And through the tortoise's hard stony skin
  At proper distances small holes he made;
And fastened the cut stems of reeds within:
  And with a piece of leather overlaid
The open space; and fixed the cubits in,
Fitting the bridge to both; and stretched o'er all
Symphonious chords of sheep-gut rhythmical.

When he had wrought the lovely instrument,
  He tried the chords, and made division meet,
Preluding with the plectrum; and there went
  Up from beneath his hand a tumult sweet
Of mighty sounds, and from his lips he sent
  A strain of unpremeditated wit,
Joyous and wild and wanton—such you may
Hear among revellers on a holiday.

He sung how Jove and May of the bright sandal
  Dallied in love not quite legitimate;
And his own birth, still scoffing at the scandal,
  And naming his own name, did celebrate;
His mother's cave and servant-maids he planned all
  In plastic verse, her household stuff and state,
Perennial pot, trippet, and brazen pan:—
But singing he conceived another plan.

Shelley.

The hymn to Demeter (IV) [1] is of exceptional beauty and interest—"an example of Greek religious faith in its most pensive and romantic aspects." Its theme is the rape of Persephone by Hades, Demeter's agonizing search for her lost daughter, her sojourn among mortals, Persephone's restoration to her mother, and the founding of the Mysteries at Eleusis. Symbolizing originally some of Nature's most mysterious phenomena, — the changing seasons, the death of the earth

[1] The only manuscript of this hymn, a copy made in the fourteenth century, was found by a strange chance in a stable at Moscow in 1772.

and its rebirth in the Spring—this story came to have for the Greeks the most profound ethical and religious significance. "Perhaps the most pathetic and significant of all Greek myths," says Mr. Lawton, "is the tale of the daughter untimely snatched by Hades to his underworld, and of her divine mother who finds her chief consolation in administering to humanity's needs." An outline of the poem follows, the translations and most of the paraphrase by Andrew Lang :

Of fair-tressed Demeter, Demeter, holy goddess, I begin to sing : of her and her slim-ankled daughter whom Hades snatched away, the gift of wide-beholding Zeus ; but Demeter knew it not, she that bears the Seasons, the giver of goodly crops. For her daughter was playing with the deep-bosomed maidens of Oceanus, and was gathering flowers—roses, and crocuses, and fair violets in the soft meadow, and lilies, and hyacinths, and the narcissus which the earth brought forth as a snare to the fair-faced maiden, by the counsel of Zeus and to pleasure the Lord of many Guests. Wondrously bloomed the flower, a marvel for all to see, whether deathless gods or deathly men. From its root grew forth a hundred blossoms, and with its fragrant odour the wide heaven above and the whole earth laughed, and the salt wave of the sea. Then the maiden marvelled, and stretched forth both her hands to seize the fair plaything, but the wide-wayed earth gaped in the Nysian plain, and up rushed the Prince, the Host of many Guests, the many-named son of Cronos, with his immortal horses. Maugre her will he seized her, and drave her off weeping in his golden chariot, but she shrilled aloud, calling on Father Cronides, the highest of gods and the best. But he far off sat apart from the gods in his temple haunted by prayers, receiving goodly victims from mortal men. By the design of Zeus did the brother of Zeus lead the maiden away, the Lord of Many, the Host of many Guests, with his deathless horses ; right sore against her will, even he of many names, the son of Cronos.

Now, so long as the Goddess beheld the earth, and the

starry heaven, and the tide of the teeming sea, and the rays of the sun, and still hoped to behold her mother dear, and the tribes of the eternal gods; even so long, despite her sorrow, hope warmed her high heart; then rang the mountain peaks, and the depths of the sea, to her immortal voice, and her lady mother heard her. Then sharp pain caught at her heart, and with her hands she tore the wimple about her ambrosial hair, and cast a dark veil about her shoulders, and then sped she like a bird over land and sea in her great yearning; but to her there was none that would tell the truth, none, either of gods, or deathly men, nor even a bird came nigh her, a soothsaying messenger. Thereafter for nine days did Lady Deo roam the earth, with torches burning in her hands, nor ever in her sorrow tasted she of ambrosia and sweet nectar, nor laved her body in the baths.

The Goddess then went to Helios, that watches both for gods and men, and stood before his car and questioned him.

"Helios, be pitiful on me that am a goddess, if ever by word or deed I gladdened thy heart. My daughter, whom I bore, a sweet plant and fair to see—it was her shrill voice I heard through the air unharvested, even as of one violently entreated, but I saw her not with my eyes. But do thou who lookest down with thy rays from the holy air upon all the land and sea, do thou tell me truly concerning my dear child, if thou didst behold her; who it is that has gone off and ravished her away from me against her will; who is it of gods or mortal men?"

On learning the truth from Helios, Demeter was wroth with Zeus, and grief more dread and bitter fell upon her. She held apart from the gathering of the gods, and in the form of an ancient crone, who knows no more of child-bearing and the gifts of Aphrodite, she went among the cities and fields of men. The

daughters of Celeus, Prince of Eleusis, beheld her at the wayside as they came to fetch the fair-flowing water from the well. Quickly they told their mother, Metaneira, and anon, sent by her, they ran, like deer in the spring-time, along the hollow chariot way, their hair dancing on their shoulders, in color like the crocus flower. Speedily they brought her to the house of Celeus, and as the goddess stood on the threshold her head touched the roof-beam, and she filled the doorway with the light divine. Wonder and awe seized the mother, and she rose from her high seat and bade the goddess be seated. Then Demeter sat down and held the veil before her face. Long in sorrow and silence sat she so, and spake to no man nor made any sign, but smileless she sat, nor tasted food nor drink, wasting with long desire for her deep-bosomed daughter.

Comforted at length by Metaneira, Demeter takes charge of the new-born babe, Demophoön, child of many prayers, sent to Metaneira in her later years and beyond her hope. He grew like a god, upon no mortal food, for Demeter anointed him with ambrosia, breathing sweetness over him and keeping him in her bosom. At night she was wont to hide him in the fire like a brand, and she would have made him exempt from age and death forever, had not the mother spied on her in the night from her fragrant chamber, and cried aloud in terror. Then Demeter, in her wrath, threw the child upon the ground, assumed her immortal shape, declared her divinity, and ordained the establishment of her worship in Eleusis. Celeus accordingly built an altar and a temple. But the grief of the Goddess again came upon her. The most dread and terrible of years did she bring for mortals upon the fruitful earth, and the earth would not send up its seed. Zeus sent Iris to

command Demeter to return to Olympus, but she thought no more for ever to enter fragrant Olympus, and no more to allow the earth to bear her fruit, until her eyes should behold her fair-faced daughter.

When the far-seeing Zeus, the lord of the thunder-peal, had heard the thing, he sent Hermes to Erebus to win over Hades with soft words, and persuade him to bring up holy Persephone into the light that her mother might behold her and that her anger might relent. And the Prince of the Dead did not disobey, but with loving words addressed Persephone, and in his golden chariot brought her to the temple where dwelt Demeter. But first he gave her stealthily sweet pomegranate seed to eat, that she might not abide for ever beside revered Demeter. So Demeter and her daughter did cheer each other the livelong day with love in oneness of heart, and their minds ceased from sorrow, and great gladness did each win from other. But the daughter had eaten of the food of the dead, and Zeus decreed that she must dwell in Hades a third portion of the year; but when the earth blossomed with all manner of fragrant flowers, then should she come forth again from beneath the murky gloom and abide among the Olympian gods with her mother. So Demeter is comforted and is reconciled with Zeus.

Speedily she sent up the grain from the rich glebe, and the wide earth was heavy with leaves and flowers; and she hastened, and showed the thing to the kings, the dealers of doom: to Triptolemus, and Diocles the charioteer, and mighty Eumolpus, and Celeus the leader of the people; she showed them the manner of her rites, and taught them her goodly mysteries, holy mysteries which none may violate, or search into, or noise abroad, for the great curse from the gods restrains the voice. Happy is he among deathly men who hath

beheld these things! And he that is uninitiate, and hath no lot in them, hath never equal lot in death beneath the murky gloom.[1]

Now when the Goddess had given instruction in all her rites, they went to Olympus, to the gathering of the other gods. There the Goddesses dwell beside Zeus the Lord of the Thunder. Holy and revered are they. Right happy is he among mortal men whom they dearly love; speedily do they send as a guest to his lofty hall Plutus, who giveth wealth to mortal men. But come thou that holdest the land of fragrant Eleusis, and sea-girt Paros, and rocky Antron, come, Lady Deo! Queen and giver of goodly gifts, and bringer of the Seasons; come thou and thy daughter, beautiful Persephone, and of your grace grant me goodly substance in requital of my song; but I will mind me of thee, and of other minstrelsy.

With the name of Homer Greek tradition coupled that of another epic poet, Hesiod. But the personality of Hesiod does not entirely elude us, as does that of Homer. He himself gives us in his poems a number of facts about his life. His father was a citizen of Cyme, in Asia Minor, and migrated to the little town of Ascra, in Boeotia, at the foot of Mount Helicon,

> Ascra, in winter vile, most villainous
> In summer, and at no time glorious,

as the poet describes his home. There Hesiod was born and spent his life. On his father's death his brother, Perses, defrauded him of his rightful share in

[1] The poet has reference here to the Mysteries celebrated each year at Eleusis—the purest and most spiritual of all forms of Greek worship. We do not know what doctrines were inculcated there, but the greatest minds of Greece always refer with profound respect and awe to the rites, which seem to have impressed upon the initiated the belief in the immortality of the soul, and the conviction that, for those whose hands and hearts were pure, all would be well in the future life. The Eleusinian Mysteries have not been without influence upon some of the rites of the Christian church.

the estate—an event which embittered Hesiod and inspired many of his moral teachings. As to the date of Hesiod, Herodotus speaks of him as a contemporary of Homer; but he was undoubtedly later than the period of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, the influence of which is readily distinguished in his poems. It is probable that he lived somewhere about 800 B. C.

"Homer and Hesiod," says Herodotus, "were the first to compose theogonies and to give the gods their epithets, to allot them their several offices and occupations, and to describe their forms." As a poet Hesiod cannot rank with Homer for a moment; but his influence upon the Greeks as a teacher of practical morals and religion, or rather theology, was comparable to that of Homer alone. The colonists from Ionia, who settled in western Greece, among whom was Hesiod's father, brought with them something of the culture and of the literary and social traditions which were embodied in the Ionic epic. Although brought up in an environment totally different from that which had produced the Homeric poetry, Hesiod's writings throughout reveal a close dependence upon Homer, both in the conception of the universe and the gods, and in the language and verse through which he gives expression to his teachings.

Alexander the Great once said that Homer was reading for kings, Hesiod for peasants. This contrast reflects the difference both in the environment out of which the two branches of the epic sprung and also the purpose of the two poets. The Homeric poems were perfected in Ionia, where life was eager and bustling, occupied with adventures of the sea and in constant contact with travellers from strange lands; where, too, the stories of the Trojan war were sung by wandering minstrels. Life in Boeotia offered a striking contrast.

Not only were the Boeotians less imaginative than the Ionians, but their daily routine of agricultural and pastoral labors was unbroken by stirring adventures of the present or thrilling tales of the past. Hesiod, besides, seems to scorn the romances of Homer, as he indicates in the passage quoted below, and aims rather to tell the plain, homely truths of the farm to narrating the glowing fictions of the heroic age.

Had he lived a few centuries later, Hesiod would not have been a poet, but a writer of prose, for both his subjects and his gifts are essentially prosaic. But prose had not yet come into being, since writing was not yet employed for literary purposes and there was no reading public. So Hesiod wrote in verse, as all of his contemporaries did, and his sayings were thus easily remembered; for the lore which the farmers, to whom he addressed himself in the main, should carry with them in their work, had to be conveyed in the form most easily memorized. This was the origin and the justification of early Greek didactic poetry.

In the *Theogony* Hesiod brings together the legends about the origin of the universe and the gods, and attempts to reduce to a system the often vague and conflicting stories of early mythology. The prelude is a rhapsody in honor of the Muses, in which the poet describes their dances on Helicon, the hymns they sing in praise of the gods, their employments in heaven, their birth and influence; he finally invokes their blessing and announces his theme. I use Elton's translation throughout.

> Begin we from the Muses, O my song!
> Whose mansion is the mountain vast and holy
> Of Helicon; where aye with delicate feet
> Fast by Jove's altar and purpureal fount

They tread the measur'd round : their tender limbs
Lav'd in Permessian waters, or the stream
Of blest Olmíus, or pure Hippocrene,
On the high top of Helicon they wont
To lead the mazy measure, breathing grace,
Enkindling love, and glance their quivering feet.
Thence break they forth tumultuous, and enwrapt
Wide with dim air, through silence of the night
Shape their ethereal way, and send abroad
A voice in stilly darkness beautiful.

. . . . . .

They to Hesiod erst
Have taught their stately song ; the whilst his flocks
He fed beneath all-sacred Helicon.
Thus first those goddesses their heavenly speech
Address'd,—th' Olympian Muses born from Jove :
" Night-watching shepherds ! beings of reproach !
Ye grosser natures, hear ! We know to speak
Full many a fiction false, yet seeming-true,
Or utter at our will the things of truth."
So said they, daughters of the mighty Jove
All-eloquent, and gave unto my hand
Wondrous ! a verdant rod ; a laurel-branch
Of bloom unwithering ; and a voice imbreath'd
Divine ; that I might utter forth in song
The future and the past : and bade me sing
The blessed race existing evermore,
And first and last resound the Muses' praise.

. . . . . .

From the Muse
And Phoebus, archer-god, arise on earth
Minstrels and men of song ; but kings arise
From Jove himself. Unutterably blest
He whom the Muses love. A melting voice
Flows ever from his lips : and is there one
Whose aching heart some sudden anguish wrings ?
But lo ! the bard, the Muse's minister,
Awakes the strain : he sings the mighty deeds
Of men of yore : the praise of blessed gods

In heaven: and straight, though stricken to the soul,
He shall forget, nor aught of all his griefs
Remember: so the blessing of the Muse
Hath instantaneous turn'd his woes away.
Daughters of Jove, all hail! but O inspire
The lovely song! the sacred race proclaim
Of ever-living gods; who sprang from Earth,
From the starr'd Heaven, and from the gloomy Night,
And whom the salt Deep nourish'd into life.
Declare how first the gods and earth became;
The rivers, and th' immeasurable sea
High-raging in its foam: the glittering stars,
The wide-impending heaven; and who from these
Of deities arose, dispensing good:
Say how their treasures, how their honours each
Allotted shar'd: how first they held abode
On many-cav'd Olympus:—this declare,
Ye Muses! dwellers of the heavenly mount,
From the beginning; say, who first arose?

1–15; 32–48; 137–165.

Then follows a *Cosmogony*, or *Origin of the Universe*. From Chaos came forth Earth, Hell, Love, and Night. Night brings forth Day; Earth produces Heaven and the Sea. The *Cosmogony* blends into the *Theogony* proper, or *Origin of the Gods*, into which are interwoven some of the legendary fables which stand out in Greek mythology, such as the crime and punishment of Prometheus, the creation of Pandora,[1] the first woman, and the battle of the gods and the Titans.

THE CREATION OF WOMAN.

[Zeus, enraged by the gift of fire to men by Prometheus, devises ill for mankind, and commands Hephaestus to fashion woman.]

And now the crippled artist-god,
Illustrious, moulded from the yielding clay
A bashful maiden's image, as advis'd

[1] The famous story of Pandora's casket is found in the *Works and Days*.

Saturnian Jove. Then Pallas azure-eyed
Bound with the zone her bosom, and with robe
Of silvery whiteness deck'd her folded limbs;
With her own hands a variegated veil
Plac'd on her head, all-marvellous to sight;
Twin'd with her tresses a delicious wreath
Of mingled verdure and fresh-blooming flowers;
And clasp'd her brows with diadem of gold:—
This Vulcan with his glorious hands had framed
Elaborate, pleasing to the sire of gods.
Full many works of curious craft, to sight
Wondrous, he grav'd thereon; full many beasts
Of earth, and fishes of the rolling main;
Of these innumerable he there had wrought—
And elegance of art there shown profuse,
And admirable—e'en as though they moved
In very life, and utter'd animal sounds.
But now when this fair mischief, seeming-good,
His hand had perfected, he led her forth
Exulting in her grac'd attire, the gift
Of Pallas, in the midst of gods and men.
On men and gods in that same moment seiz'd
The ravishment of wonder, when they saw
The deep deceit, th' inextricable snare.
For lo! from her descend the tender sex
Of Woman—a pernicious kind: on earth
They dwell, destructive to the race of men:
With Luxury they, not life-consuming Want,
Fitly consorted. And as drones within
The close-roof'd hive, coöperative in works
Slothful and base, are nurtur'd by the bees,—
These all the day till sinks the ruddy sun
Haste on the wing, their murm'ring labours ply,
And still cement the white and waxen comb;
Those lurk within the sheltering hive close-roof'd
And gather in their greedy maw the spoils
Of others' labour,—such are womankind;
They whom the Thunderer sent, a bane to man,
Ill helpmates of intolerable toils.

Theogony, 759–800.

THE BATTLE OF THE GODS AND TITANS.

All on that day rous'd infinite the war,
Female and male: the Titan deities,
The gods from Saturn sprung, and those whom Jove
From subterraneous gloom releas'd to light:
Terrible, strong, of force enormous; burst
A hundred arms from all their shoulders huge;
From all their shoulders fifty heads upsprang
O'er limbs of sinewy mould. They then array'd
Against the Titans in fell combat stood,
And in their nervous grasp wielded aloft
Precipitous rocks. On th' other side alert
The Titan phalanx clos'd: then hands of strength
Join'd prowess, and display'd the works of war.
Tremendous then th' immeasurable sea
Roar'd; earth resounded; the wide heaven throughout
Groan'd shattering: from its base Olympus vast
Reel'd to the violence of gods: the shock
Of deep concussion rock'd the dark abyss
Remote of Tartarus: the shrilling din
Of hollow tramplings, and strong battle-strokes,
And measureless uproar of wild pursuit.
So they reciprocal their weapons hurl'd
Groan-scattering; and the shout of either host
Burst in exhorting ardour to the stars
Of heaven; with mighty war-cries either host
Encountering clos'd.
Nor longer then did Jove
Curb his full power; but instant in his soul
There grew dilated strength, and it was fill'd
With his omnipotence. At once he loos'd
His whole of might, and put forth all the god.
The vaulted sky, the mount Olympian, flash'd
With his continual presence: for he pass'd
Incessant forth, and scatter'd fires on fires.
Hurl'd from his hardy grasp the lightnings flew
Reiterated swift; the whirling flash
Cast sacred splendour, and the thunderbolt
Fell: roar'd around the nurture-yielding earth

In conflagration, far on every side
Th' immensity of forests crackling blaz'd :
Yea, the broad earth burn'd red, the streams that mix
With ocean, and the deserts of the sea.
Round and around the Titan brood of Earth
Roll'd the hot vapour on its fiery surge ;
The liquid heat air's pure expanse divine
Suffus'd : the radiance keen of quivering flame
That shot from writhen lightnings, each dim orb,
Strong though they were, intolerable smote,
And scorch'd their blasted vision. Through the void
Of Erebus the preternatural glare
Spread, mingling fire with darkness. But to see
With human eye, and hear with ear of man,
Had been, as if midway the spacious heaven,
Hurtling with earth, shock'd—e'en as nether earth
Crash'd from the centre, and the wreck of heaven
Fell ruining from high. So vast the din,
When, gods encountering gods, the clang of arms
Commingled, and the tumult roar'd from heaven.
Shrill rush'd the hollow winds, and rous'd throughout
A shaking, and a gathering dark of dust,
The crash of thunders and the glare of flames,
The fiery darts of Jove : full in the midst
Of either host there swept the roaring sound
Of tempest, and the shouting : mingled rose
The din of dreadful battle. There stern strength
Put forth the proof of prowess, till the fight
Declin'd.

Theogony, 883–948.

THE ABODE OF NIGHT.

There of Night
Obscure the dismal dwellings rise, with mists
Of darkness overspread. Full in the front
Atlas upholding heaven his forehead rears
And indefatigable hands. There Night
And Day near passing, mutual greeting still

Exchange, alternate as they glide athwart
The brazen threshold vast. This enters, that
Forth issues; nor the two can one abode
At once constrain. This passes forth, and roams
The round of earth; that in the mansion waits,
Till the due season of her travel come.
Lo! from the one the far-discerning light
Beams upon earthly dwellers; but a cloud
Of pitchy darkness veils the other round,
Pernicious Night, aye leading in her hand
Sleep, Death's half-brother; sons of gloomy Night,
There hold they habitation, Death and Sleep,
Dread deities; nor them the shining Sun
E'er with his beam contemplates, when he climbs
The cope of heaven, nor when from heaven descends.

Theogony, 988–1008.

The *Works and Days* is Hesiod's longest poem. In its present form it consists of three parts—a poem, containing moral advice, addressed to his brother Perses; then the *Works*, on the operations of the farm; and lastly the *Days*, or calendar of lucky and unlucky days for doing particular things. It is the second portion, the *Works*, which furnished Vergil with the model for his *Georgics*, though the original cannot compare with the imitation as a work of literary art. Throughout the poem are found pithy sayings which passed into proverbs, such as "The half is greater than the whole," "The immortal gods placed sweat before virtue," and many others still current. Here are a few characteristic passages:

THE IRON AGE.

Oh would that Nature had denied me birth
Midst this fifth race, this iron age of earth;
That long before within the grave I lay,
Or long hereafter could behold the day!
Corrupt the race, with toils and griefs opprest,

Nor day nor night can yield a pause of rest:
Still do the gods a weight of care bestow,
Though still some good is mingled with the woe.
Jove on this race of many-languag'd man
Speeds the swift ruin which but slow began;
For scarcely spring they to the light of day,
Ere age untimely strews their temples gray.
Nor sire with son, with brethren brethren blend,
Nor host with guest, nor friend, as erst, with friend:
Reckless of heaven's revenge the sons behold
Their hoary parents wax too swiftly old;
And impious point the keen dishonouring tongue,
With hard reproofs and bitter mockeries hung:
Nor grateful in declining age repay
The nurturing fondness of their better day.
Now man's right hand is law: for spoil they wait,
And lay their mutual cities desolate:
Unhonour'd he by whom his oath is fear'd;
Nor are the good belov'd, the just rever'd;
With favour grac'd the evil-doer stands,
Nor curbs with shame nor equity his hands;
With crooked slanders wounds the virtuous man,
And stamps with perjury what hate began.
Lo! ill-rejoicing Envy, wing'd with lies,
Scattering calumnious rumors as she flies,
The steps of miserable men pursue,
With haggard aspect, blasting to the view.
Till those fair forms in snowy raiment bright
From the broad earth have wing'd their heavenly flight,
Call'd to th' eternal synod of the skies,
The virgins Modesty and Justice rise:
And leave forsaken man to mourn below
The weight of evil and the cureless woe.

Works and Days, 227–264.

ON BORROWING.

If aught thou borrowest, well the measure weigh;
The same good measure to thy friend repay:
Or more, if more thou canst, unask'd concede;
So shall he prompt supply thy future need.

Dishonest gains avoid: dishonest gain
Equivalent to loss will prove thy bane.
Who loves thee, love; him woo that friendly woos:
Give to the giver; but to him refuse
That giveth not: their gifts the generous earn,
But none bestows where never is return.

Works and Days, 479–488.

THRESHING TIME.

When first Orion's beamy strength is born,
Then let thy labourers thresh the sacred corn.
Smooth be the level floor, on breezy ground,
Where winnowing gales may sweep in eddies round;
Hoard in thy ample bins the meted grain;
And now, as I advise, thy hireling swain
From forth thy house dismiss, when all the store
Of kindly food is laid within thy door;
And to thy service let a female come,
But childless, for a child were burdensome.
A sharp-tooth'd dog maintain, nor thrifty spare
To feed his fierceness high with pampering care;
Lest the day-slumbering thief thy nightly door
Wakeful besiege, and spoil thy plunder'd store.
For ox and mule the yearly fodder lay,
And pile th' abundant straw, the plenteous hay:
This care dispatch'd, refresh the wearied swain
With rest, and loose thy oxen from the wain.

Works and Days, 831–848.

ON MARRYING.

When full matureness crowns thy manhood's pride,
Lead to thy mansion the consenting bride:
Thrice ten thy sum of years, the nuptial prime;
Nor fall far short, nor far exceed the time.
Four years the ripening virgin should consume,
And wed the fifth of her expanded bloom.
A virgin choose, that morals chaste, imprest
By thy wise love, may stamp her yielding breast;

Some known and neighbouring damsel be thy prize,
And wary bend around thy cautious eyes ;
Lest by a choice imprudent thou be found
The merry mock of all the dwellers round.
No better lot has Providence assign'd
Than a fair woman with a virtuous mind :
Nor can a worse befal, than when thy fate
Allots a worthless, feast-contriving mate.

Works and Days, 963–978.

CHAPTER VI

THE ELEGIAC, IAMBIC, AND MELIC POETS

The Change in the Social and Political Conditions of Greece — Lyric Poetry — The three Branches of Lyric — Elegiac Poetry — Callinus — Tyrtæus — Mimnermus — Solon — Theognis — The Anthology — Iambic Poetry — Archilochus — Melic Poetry — Alcæus — Sappho — Anacreon.

Between the age represented by Homer and Hesiod and the end of the sixth century great changes took place in Greece, essentially altering the conditions of social and political life. These changes were, briefly stated, the overthrow of monarchies, colonizing movements, and the extension of commerce. Where there had been monarchies we now find either oligarchies, as in Sparta and Athens, or tyrannies,[1] as in Corinth, Lesbos, and Syracuse. Toward the end of this period democracies took the place of tyrannies. It was a period of revolutions, and revolutions stir men's minds and broaden their experiences. The tendency of the time was toward the liberty of the individual. The sending out of colonies and the expansion of commerce were results of the political unrest, and also tended to develop the individual and bring the private citizen into prominence.

Now lyric poetry is essentially the expression of the individual. It delineates the poet's own thoughts and feelings, and as such is contrasted with epic

[1]The word "tyrant" in Greek does not necessarily imply an oppressive ruler, but simply one who has usurped authority or who holds it by unconstitutional means.

poetry, the narration of external circumstances, and with dramatic poetry, the representation of another's experiences. The Greeks themselves had no word which corresponds to this meaning of "lyric," which to them meant only that which is sung or recited to the accompaniment of the lyre. They used less comprehensive designations for the various kinds of poetry that were neither epic nor dramatic. But the characteristics implied in our modern term are found in the Greek poetry of which we speak, and are traceable to the political and social movements above outlined.

The germs of Greek lyric poetry are to be sought in the early history of the people. We have already spoken of the wedding-chant and the dirge, the hymn to the gods, and the people's song in the pre-Homeric days. There were songs appropriate to almost every situation in life. In these the poet found occasion to express his own feelings, and they all developed into recognized branches of lyric poetry. Only a few remnants of these early attempts are preserved to us, of which one of the oldest and the most interesting is the "Swallow Song," which the boys of Rhodes sang each year, going fom house to house and demanding a present for the good news of returning spring:

She is here, she is here, the swallow!
Fair seasons bringing, fair years to follow!
Her belly is white,
Her back black as night!
From your rich house
Roll forth to us
Tarts, wine, and cheese:
Or if not these,
Oatmeal and barley-cake
The swallow deigns to take.

What shall we have? or must we hence away?
Thanks, if you give; if not, we'll make you pay.
The house-door hence we'll carry;
Nor shall the lintel tarry;
From hearth and home your wife we'll rob;
She is so small
To take her off will be an easy job!
Whate'er you give, give largess free!
Up! open, open to the swallow's call!
No grave old men, but merry children we!

Symonds.

We have also a Linus-song of great antiquity:

O, Linus, thee the gods did grace;
For unto thee they gave, most dear,
First among men the song to raise
With shrill voice sounding high and clear;
But Phœbus thee in anger slays,
And Muses mourn around thy bier.

Symonds.

The Greek poetry which we designate as lyric was known to the Greeks themselves under three general classes, each named either after the metre employed or the manner of its recitation. These classes are Elegiac, Iambic, and Melic. Their literary development was in this order. The two first classes received their names from the metres used. The ancient elegy was always composed in the elegiac couplet, consisting of a dactylic hexameter followed by the so-called pentameter.[1] Iambic poetry was written in the iambic verse, generally consisting of six iambic feet.[2] The word

[1] Illustrated in these lines of Longfellow:
Now the meadows are blooming with flowers of various colors,
And with untaught throats carol the garrulous birds.

[2] As this line from Shakespeare:
Then let's make haste away and look unto the main.

melic is derived from *melos*, "song" (cf. *mel*ody), and was applied strictly to poetry intended for singing. So the term "choral" was used for melic poetry composed with a view to production by a chorus with the accompaniment of the dance. To these three classes of lyric poetry should be added the epigram, the short commemorative poem designed to be inscribed on a tombstone or monument of some kind.

The Greek word for elegy is believed to be Phrygian in origin, and elegiac poetry was always in early time recited to the accompaniment of the flute, which was a Phrygian invention. The subject of the Greek elegy ranges from war to political philosophy, from moral advice to the pleasures of life, but it is always the expression of the poet's own feelings. The later Greek elegy, like the Roman imitations, was largely on the subject of love. But the modern meaning, a poem of sorrow or melancholy, was not present to the mind of the classical Greeks.

The earliest Greek elegiac poet of whom we know was Callinus of Ephesus, who flourished about the beginning of the seventh century B. C. In the one extant poem he exhorts his countrymen to battle against the invading barbarians:

How long will ye slumber? when will ye take heart
And fear the reproach of your neighbors at hand?
Fie! comrades, to think ye have peace for your part,
Whilst the sword and the arrow are wasting our land!
Shame! grasp the shield close! cover well the bold breast!
Aloft raise the spear as ye march on the foe!
With no thought of retreat, with no terror confessed,
Hurl your last dart in dying, or strike your last blow.
Oh, 't is noble and glorious to fight for our all,—
For our country, our children, the wife of our love!

Death comes not the sooner; no soldier shall fall,
Ere his thread is spun out by the sisters above.
Once to die is man's doom; rush, rush to the fight!
He cannot escape, though his blood were Jove's own.
For a while let him cheat the shrill arrow by flight;
Fate will catch him at last in his chamber alone.
Unlamented he dies;—unregretted. Not so,
When, the tower of his country, in death falls the brave;
Thrice hallowed his name amongst all, high or low,
As with blessings alive, so with tears in the grave.

Henry Nelson Coleridge.

The few extant elegies of Tyrtæus very closely resemble in subject and in style this poem of Callinus. Tyrtæus lived early in the seventh century, and is said to have been an Athenian who migrated to Sparta when the Spartans were engaged in war with the Messenians. His songs so thrilled the Spartans that they soon brought the war to a victorious close. His march song was sung before and during battle, and became almost the national hymn of the Spartans. The following is the longest extant poem—an Exhortation to Battle.

How glorious fall the valiant, sword in hand,
In front of battle for their native land!
But oh! what ills await the wretch that yields,
A recreant outcast from his country's fields!
The mother whom he loves shall quit her home,
An aged father at his side shall roam;
His little ones shall weeping with him go,
And a young wife participate his woe;
While scorned and scowled upon by every face,
They pine for food, and beg from place to place.
Stain of his breed! dishonoring manhood's form,
All ills shall cleave to him: affliction's storm
Shall blind him wandering in the vale of years,
Till, lost to all but ignominious fears,

He shall not blush to leave a recreant's name,
And children like himself, inured to shame.
But we will combat for our father's land,
And we will drain the lifeblood where we stand,
To save our children—fight ye side by side,
And serried close, ye men of youthful pride,
Disdaining fear, and deeming light the cost
Of life itself in glorious battle lost.
Leave not our sires to stem the unequal fight,
Whose limbs are nerved no more with buoyant might;
Nor, lagging backward, let the younger breast
Permit the man of age (a sight unblest)
To welter in the combat's foremost thrust,
His hoary head disheveled in the dust,
And venerable bosom bleeding bare.
But youth's fair form, though fallen, is ever fair,
And beautiful in death the boy appears,
The hero boy, that dies in blooming years.
In man's regret he lives, and woman's tears,
More sacred than in life, and lovelier far,
For having perished in the front of war.

Thomas Campbell.

Far different are the elegiacs of Mimnermus of Smyrna, who lived toward the end of the seventh century. Brought up in the soft luxury of Ionia, his poems breathe of indolence and pleasure, but pervading all is a tender melancholy induced by the reflection that youth is soon past and old age and death are at hand. "When the flower of youth is past," he says, "it is best to die at once," and again, "may the doom of death overtake me, free from disease and care, in my sixtieth year." This poem is addressed to his sweetheart Nanno:

What's life or pleasure wanting Aphrodite?
When to the gold-haired goddess cold am I,
When love and love's soft gifts no more delight me,
Nor stolen dalliance, then I fain would die!

Ah! fair and lovely bloom the flowers of youth;
On men and maids they beautifully smile:
But soon comes doleful eld, who, void of ruth,
Indifferently afflicts the fair and vile;
Then cares wear out the heart; old eyes forlorn
Scarce reck the very sunshine to behold—
Unloved by youths, of every maid the scorn—
So hard a lot God lays upon the old.

J. A. Symonds, Sr.

Solon, the great lawgiver of Athens and one of the seven sages of Greece (first part of sixth century), used the elegy both as a vehicle of political teaching and to record his reflections on life in general. Some of his early verses stirred the Athenians to renew the struggle with the Megarians for the possession of Salamis. "Up, let us go to Salamis, to fight for the lovely island and to wipe out our deep disgrace." Referring to the reforms which he had carried through by arbitrating between the rich and the poor, he says: "I gave the common folk as much as is enough, neither less nor more than their due meed; but as to those who had rule and the splendor of wealth, to those also I gave counsel, even that they should not uphold cruelty. I took my stand, I spread my strong shield over both, and suffered neither to prevail by wrong." But he sees the dangers that encompass the state: "From storm-clouds descend furious snow and hail, and thunder is born of bright lightning; so great men produce the overthrow of states, and into the bondage of a despot's power the people fall unwittingly. Easy it is to raise the storm, but hard to curb the whirlwind; yet must we now take thought of all these things."

Solon's prayer is interesting for the light which it

throws on the moral ideals of the time: "Grant us wealth from the blessed gods, and from all men a good name. May I be sweet to my friend and bitter to my foe, revered by the one and dreaded by the other. Money I desire, but no ill-gotten gain; for the wealth that the gods give lasts and fleets not away, but the fruits of insolence and crime bring vengeance sure, though slow. Zeus seeth all things, and like a wind scattering the clouds, which shakes the deep places of the sea and rages over the corn land, and comes at last to heaven, the seat of gods, and makes a clear sky to be seen, whereupon the sun breaks out in glory and the clouds are gone—so is the vengeance of Zeus. He may seem to forget, but sooner or later he strikes; perchance the guilty man escapes, yet his blameless children or remote posterity pay the penalty."

The greatest of all the elegiac poets as a moral teacher was Theognis of Megara, who flourished about 550 B. C. His poems reveal the storm and stress of the period in which he lived. Theognis was a nobleman of this Dorian city, but driven out and dispossessed by a democratic revolution he traveled here and there in exile, his thoughts constantly embittered by his own evil fortune. Most of his poems were addressed to a young friend, Cyrnus, son of Polypas, to whom he was greatly attached and for whose guidance and instruction he wrote. Because of the practical worldly wisdom of his maxims and the respectability of his views Theognis was much in vogue throughout the Greek world, and his writings were condensed and used in the schools by the side of Homer and Hesiod for the instruction of the young.

A part of this collection (about 1,400 lines) has come down to us. A few selections follow in Frere's translation:

A TRUE FRIEND

A trusty partisan, faithful and bold,
Is worth his weight in silver or in gold,
For times of trouble. But the race is rare;
Steady, determined men, ready to share
Good or ill fortune! Such, if such there are,
Could you survey the world and search it round,
And bring together all that could be found,
The largest company you could enroll,
A single vessel could embark the whole!
So few there are! the noble manly minds
Faithful and firm, the men that honour binds;
Impregnable to danger and to pain
And low seduction in the shape of gain.

BREEDING

With kine and horses, Cyrnus! we proceed
By reasonable rules, and choose a breed
For profit and increase, at any price;
Of a sound stock, without defect or vice.
But, in the daily matches that we make,
The price is everything; for money's sake
Men marry; women are in marriage given:
The churl or ruffian that in wealth has thriven
May match his offspring with the proudest race:
Thus everything is mix'd, noble and base!
If then in outward manner, form, and mind
You find us a degraded, motley kind,
Wonder no more, my friend! the cause is plain,
And to lament the consequence is vain.

ADAPTATION

Join with the world; adopt with every man
His party views, his temper, and his plan;

Strive to avoid offense, study to please,
Like the sagacious inmate of the seas
That an accommodating colour brings,
Conforming to the rock to which he clings,
With every change of place changing his hue;
The model for a statesman such as you.

THEOGNIS' PRAYER

May Jove assist me to discharge the debt
Of kindness to my friends, and grant me yet
A further boon—revenge upon my foes!
With these accomplished, I could gladly close
My term of life—a fair requital made;
My friends rewarded, and my wrongs repaid,
Gratitude and revenge, before I die,
Might make me deem'd almost a deity!

THE BEST LOT

Not to be born—never to see the sun—
No worldly blessing is a greater one!
And the next best is speedily to die,
And lapt beneath a load of earth to lie!

RESIGNATION

Entire and perfect happiness is never
Vouchsaf'd to man; but nobler minds endeavour
To keep their inward sorrows unreveal'd.
With meaner spirits nothing is conceal'd.
Weak, and unable to conform to fortune,
With rude rejoicing or complaint importune,
They vent their exultation or distress.
Whate'er betides us, grief or happiness,
The brave and wise will bear with steady mind
Th' allotment unforeseen and undefin'd
Of good or evil, which the gods bestow,
Promiscuously dealt to man below.

THE IMMORTAL FAME OF CYRNUS

Lo, I have given thee plumes wherewith to skim
  The unfathomed deep, and lightly hover around
  Earth's huge circumference. Thou shalt be found
At banquets on the breath of pæan and hymn :
To shrill-voiced pipes with lips of seraphim,
  Lovely young men thy rapturous fame shall sound;
  Yea, when thou liest lapped in the noiseless ground,
Thy name shall live, nor shall oblivion dim
Thy dawn of splendour. For these lands, these isles,
  These multitudinous waves of refluent seas,
  Shall be thy pleasure ground wherethrough to roam,
Borne by no steed, but wafted by the smiles
  Of Muses violet-crowned, whose melodies,
  While earth endures, shall make all earth thy home.
Symonds.

We have considered above the greatest of the poets of this period who are known as elegiac poets. But the elegy was cultivated also by poets whose greatest achievements lay in another field, and throughout the history of Greek literature the elegant elegiac couplet was used by poets like Simonides, Æschylus, and Sophocles, by prose writers such as Plato and Aristotle, and a host of others, as an appropriate vehicle for the expression of sentiments in honor of the dead, for commemorative and dedicatory inscriptions, for conceits on the subject of love, art, and in fact the whole range of human interests. Most of those now extant are found in a collection called the Anthology,[1] in which are preserved several thousand short poems, covering a range of over a thousand years. A few of the most notable of these epigrams are here given :

[1] This Anthology,—"Garland of Flowers," or, as we should say, "Golden Treasury of Song,"—was collected in the tenth century of our era. Many other epigrams have since been added from inscriptions excavated in Greece.

SIMONIDES OF CEOS

THERMOPYLAE

Go, tell the Spartans, thou that passest by,
That here obedient to their laws we lie.

W. L. Bowles.

ENCOMIUM ON THOSE WHO DIED AT THERMOPYLAE[1]

Of those who at Thermopylae were slain,
Glorious the doom and beautiful the lot;
Their tomb an altar: men from tears refrain
To honour them, and praise, but mourn them not.
Such sepulchre nor drear decay
Nor all-destroying time shall waste; this right have they.
Within their graves the home-bred glory
Of Greece was laid: this witness gives
Leonidas the Spartan, in whose story
A wreath of famous virtue ever lives.

Stirling.

PLATAEA

These to their country brought an endless name,
When death's dark cloud around themselves they drew;
Nor dying did they die: their virtue's fame
From Hades brings them back to live anew.

Lord Neaves.

AESCHYLUS

EPITAPH WRITTEN BY HIMSELF

This tomb the dust of Aeschylus doth hide,
Euphorion's son, and fruitful Gela's pride:
How tried his valour Marathon may tell,
And long-haired Medes, who know it all too well.

Plumptre.

[1] This famous poem suits the context here, though not in elegiacs.

ION OF CHIOS

TO EURIPIDES

Hail, dear Euripides, for whom a bed
In black-leaved vales Pierian is spread:
Dead though thou art, yet know thy fame shall be
Like Homer's, green through all eternity.

Symonds.

PLATO

TO AN UNKNOWN

Thou wert the morning star among the living,
Ere thy fair light had fled;
Now, having died, thou art, as Hesperus, giving
New splendour to the dead.

Shelley.

SIMMIAS OF THEBES

TO SOPHOCLES

Quietly o'er the tomb of Sophocles,
Quietly, ivy, creep with tendrils green;
And, roses, ope your petals everywhere,
While dewy shoots of grapevine peep between,
Upon the wise and honeyed poet's grave,
Whom Muse and Grace their richest treasures gave.

Lilla Cabot Perry.

CALLIMACHUS

TO HERACLEITUS

They told me, Heracleitus, they told me you were dead:
They brought me bitter news to hear and bitter tears to shed.
I wept, as I remembered, how often you and I
Had tired the sun with talking and sent him down the sky.
And now that thou art lying, my dear old Carian guest,
A handful of gray ashes, long, long ago at rest,
Still are thy pleasant voices, thy nightingales, awake,
For Death, he taketh all away, but them he cannot take.

Cory.

JULIAN OF EGYPT

A FADED BEAUTY

I, Lais, who on conquered Greece looked down with haughty
pride;
I, to whose courts in other days a swarm of lovers hied,
O, ever-lovely Venus! now this mirror give to thee;
For my present self I would not, and my past I cannot, see

Anon.

A VOICE FROM THE TOMB

"Cruel is death." "Nay, kind. He that is ta'en
Was old in wisdom, though his years were few."
"Life's pleasure hath he lost." "Escaped life's pain;"
"Nor wedded joys—" "nor wedded sorrows, knew!

Goldwin Smith

ANTIPATER OF SIDON

TO SAPPHO

Sappho thou coverest, Aeolian land!
The Muse who died,
Who with the deathless Muses, hand in hand,
Sang, side by side!
Sappho, at once of Cypris and of Love
The child and care;
Sappho, that those immortal garlands wove
For the Muses' hair!
Sappho, the joy of Hellas, and thy crown.
Ye Sisters dread,
Who spin for mortals from the distaff down
The threefold thread,
Why span ye not for her unending days,
Unsetting sun,
For her who wrought the imperishable lays
Of Helicon?

Andrew Lang.

MELEAGER

TO HELIODORA

I'll twine sweet violets, and the myrtle green;
Narcissus will I twine, and lilies sheen;
I'll twine sweet crocus, and the hyacinth blue;
And last I twine the rose, love's token true:
That all may form a wreath of beauty, meet
To deck my Heliodora's tresses sweet.

Goldwin Smith.

PTOLEMY

ON THE STARS

Though but the being of a day,
When I yon planet's course survey,
This earth I then despise:
Near Jove's eternal throne I stand,
And quaff from an immortal hand
The nectar of the skies.

Philip Smyth.

ANONYMOUS

TO PARTHENOPHIL

Of our great love, Parthenophil,
This little stone abideth still
Sole sign and token:
I seek thee yet, and yet shall seek,
Though faint my eyes, my spirit weak
With prayers unspoken.
Meanwhile, best friend of friends, do thou,
If this the cruel fates allow,
By death's dark river,
Among those shadowy people, drink
No drop for me on Lethe's brink:
Forget me never!

Symonds.

The light and rapid iambic measure from which iambic poetry derives its name, was early felt to be peculiarly appropriate to sharp and swift retort, to pungent raillery and biting satire. In the Homeric *Hymn to Demeter* the mourning goddess is at last stirred to laughter by the bright jests of a girl, Iambê. The iambic rhythm is that most frequently employed in the colloquial language of common life, and is the fit vehicle for dialogue and for verse that deals with topics drawn from the range of daily experiences. It received the satirical stamp which was afterward always associated with the word "iambic" from the first poet who employed it extensively, Archilochus.

Archilochus flourished in the first half of the seventh century. His life was full of adventure and romance. He is said to have been engaged to be married to Neobulê, whose father withdrew his consent to the match. Archilochus then in iambic verse publicly denounced his former sweetheart, her father, and her sisters, scathing them with all the vehemence of his venomous nature. Neobulê and her sisters straightway hanged themselves, as the story goes. However fanciful this story may be, the fact remains that Archilochus was a poet of vigor, cruel wit, and a genius for personal satire. He was ranked by the Greeks among their greatest and most original poets, and the iambic verse, which he brought to perfection, was destined to play a great part in the most perfect of literary forms which Greece produced—the drama. Unfortunately only a few fragments of his writings remain, and for most of these no verse translation exists. Characteristic are: "One thing I can—requite with great ill the man who does me ill," and

"O Lord Apollo, point me out the guilty and smite them as thou canst smite." Another side of his character, as of his genius, is revealed in these splendid verses, addressed to his own soul:

Tossed on a sea of troubles, Soul, my Soul,
Thyself do thou control
And to the weapons of advancing foes
A stubborn breast oppose;
Undaunted 'mid the hostile might
Of squadrons burning for the fight.

Thine be no boasting when the victor's crown
Wins the deserved renown;
Thine no dejected sorrow when defeat
Would urge a base retreat:
Rejoice in joyous things—nor overmuch
Let grief thy bosom touch
'Midst evil, and still bear in mind,
How changeful are the ways of humankind.

William Hay.

Symonds has translated three exquisite lines, a picture of a young girl. "Greek sculpture is not more pure in outline than this fragment":

Holding a myrtle-rod she blithely moved,
And a fair blossoming rose; the flowing tresses
Shadowed her shoulders, falling to her girdle.

Of the two other poets who inaugurated iambic satire in Greece, Semonides of Amorgos and Hipponax of Ephesus, there is little to say. From the few verses of the latter which survive it is clear that he was vulgar, if clever. Semonides has many disagreeable and spiteful things to say about women. Already the Greeks, especially the Ionians, had departed from the chivalrous attitude toward women which characterized the Homeric age, and we find more and more evidence

of the influence of Oriental ideals in this respect as we approach the classical period.

The poems belonging to the two branches of lyric poetry which we have considered were essentially intended for recitation. Melic poetry, on the other hand, was the poetry of song. Unlike the greater number of poems of the same order in English, which generally are not set to music, the musical accompaniment was an essential part of Greek melic poetry. The poet was also a musical composer. The instrument which was used for the accompaniment was the harp or lyre. This instrument had been known to the Greeks from remote times; its invention was attributed to Hermes. But the early lyre had only four strings; the musical element in song in Homeric times must consequently have been of a very simple, monotonous nature. The invention of the seven-stringed lyre, whose range was, of course, a complete octave, was attributed by antiquity to Terpander of Lesbos, who flourished about 660 B. C. The rapid development of melic poetry after this epoch was a natural consequence of this invention.

Choral poetry must be distinguished as a separate branch of melic poetry, for a third element, not found in the latter, was essential to it—the dance. The fact, too, that the choral was sung by a chorus of persons, and not by an individual, led to an important distinction. A chorus must be organized and trained. Therefore, while the simple song could be rendered on any occasion in private life, the choral belonged rather to public life and assumed a much more elaborate and formal character. Choral performances were especially appropriate to occasions of public

worship or to the celebration of events in which the public was especially interested. Another distinction arises out of these differences: the song was perfected by the Æolians of Lesbos, whose social and political conditions tended to develop the individual and whose temperament was easily stirred to expression of personal feelings; but the choral reached its earliest development among the Dorians of Sparta, where the state was everything and the individual nothing. We shall consider first the melic poets of the Lesbian school.

The life of the earliest great poet of the Lesbian school, Alcæus, seems to have been as stormy as the political condition of his own island. He belonged to the nobility, which was engaged in constant struggles against one tyrant after another. During a period of exile he took refuge in Egypt and saw service in the army under the Pharaoh. The latter part of his life he spent in Lesbos, having become reconciled with his former enemy, the famous tyrant Pittacus, one of the seven sages. There is a tradition that he loved his countrywoman, the poet Sappho, to whom he said: "Chaste Sappho, violet-tressed, softly smiling, I fain would speak, but shame restrains me." Sappho's answer is recorded: "Hadst thou felt desire for things good or noble, and hadst not thy tongue framed some evil speech, shame had not filled thy eyes, but thou hadst spoken honestly about it." Only a few fragments of the poems of Alcæus[1] survive, and these are

[1]The Alcaic stanza, which is named for Alcæus, was a favorite of Horace. These lines of Tennyson represent it:

O mighty-mouthed inventor of harmonies,
O skilled to sing of time or eternity,
God-gifted organ voice of England,
Milton, a name to resound for ages.

not fair specimens of his poetical skill. The finest is an allegory—the storm-tossed state—translated by Sir William Jones:

Now here, now there, the wild waves sweep,
Whilst we, betwixt them, o'er the deep
In shattered tempest-beaten bark
With labouring ropes are onward driven,
The billows dashing o'er our dark
Upheaved deck — in tatters riven
Our sails — whose yawning rents between
The raging sea and sky are seen.
Loose from their hold our anchors burst,
And then the third, the fated wave,
Comes rolling onward like the first,
And doubles all our toil to save.

Most of the fragments have to do with wine. The following description of a winter day furnished the model for one of the best-known odes of the Roman poet Horace, who was deeply indebted to Alcæus.

The rain of Zeus descends, and from high heaven
A storm is driven:
And on the running water-brooks the cold
Lays icy hold:
Then up: beat down the winter; make the fire
Blaze high and higher;
Mix wine as sweet as honey of the bee
Abundantly;
Then drink with comfortable wool around
Your temples bound.
We must not yield our hearts to woe, or wear
With lasting care;
For grief will profit us no whit, my friend,
Nor nothing mend:
But this our best medicine, with wine fraught
To cast out thought.

Symonds.

Of the life of Sappho, the greatest poet of the Lesbian school, very little is known with certainty. The accounts which have come down to us were compiled centuries after her time, after her personality, of unique interest in the history of literature, had become enveloped in a haze of romantic and malicious fables. She was a native of Mytilene, the capital of Lesbos, and belonged to the highest nobility of the island. That she lived about the beginning of the sixth century is inferred from her acquaintance with Alcæus. She is said to have gone in exile to Sicily, owing, doubtless, to the political troubles in which the Lesbian aristocracy was involved. She was the centre of a club of women devoted to the cultivation of poetry, such an association as Æolian and Dorian women often formed, comparable to the group of Socrates and his followers in Athens. She was married to a wealthy Andrian, to whom she bore a daughter, of whom she sings:

> I have a child, a lovely one,
> In beauty like the golden sun,
> Or like sweet flowers of earliest bloom;
> And Cleïs is her name, for whom
> I Lydia's treasures, were they mine,
> Would glad resign.
>
> Merivale.

The ancients tell of her unrequited love for a beautiful youth named Phaon, for whom she threw herself from the Leucadian cliff into the sea. But this romance does not appear until three centuries after her death and is probably pure fable.

Antiquity was of one mind as regards Sappho's merits as a poet. She was known simply as "the

poetess," just as Homer was "the poet." Plato said of her:

> Some thoughtlessly proclaim the Muses nine;
> A tenth is Lesbian Sappho, maid divine.

In this verdict modern writers have unanimously concurred. Mr. Symonds says: "The world has suffered no greater literary loss than the loss of Sappho's poems. So perfect in the smallest fragments that we muse in a sad rapture of astonishment to think what the complete poems must have been. . . . Of all the poets of the world, of all the illustrious artists of all literature, Sappho is the one whose every word has a peculiar and unmistakable perfume, a seal of absolute perfection and inimitable grace." Her influence upon lyric poetry in ancient and modern times has been marked.

Sappho was preëminently a poet whose songs were but the natural outpourings of the soul. All the passion of her Æolian blood, her intense love of beauty in nature, her every thought and feeling, found unrestrained expression in her poems. To the Athenians of a later day the freedom which the Æolians and Dorians allowed their women was unintelligible. In Athens the brilliant women who shone in male society were exclusively of one class. In the phrase of Pericles the ideal of womanly virtue was "not to be talked about for good or evil among men." It is not surprising, therefore, that later Greek tradition misconstrued her perfect frankness and traduced her good name. But to-day only the ignorant fail to discover the sources from which calumnies against her character have sprung. To such ignorance, however, is due

the fact that so little now remains of her poems and those of her contemporaries, for the early Christian emperors commanded them to be burned. Only one complete poem survives, the larger part of another, and a considerable number of short fragments. The Sapphic stanza, brought to perfection by her, is imitated in the first of the following translations:

PRAYER TO APHRODITE

Glittering-throned, undying Aphrodite,
Wile-weaving daughter of high Zeus, I pray thee
Tame not my soul with heavy woe, dread mistress,
Nay, nor with anguish!
But hither come, if ever erst of old time
Thou didst incline and listenedst to my crying
And from thy father's palace down descending
Camest with golden
Chariot yoked: thee fair swift-flying sparrows
Over dark earth with multitudinous fluttering
Pinion on pinion, through middle ether
Down from heaven hurried.
Quickly they came like light, and thou, blest lady,
Smiling with clear undying eyes didst ask me
What was the woe that troubled me, and wherefore
I cried to thee;
What thing I longed for to appease my frantic
Soul; and whom now must I persuade, thou askedst,
Whom must entangle to thy love, and who now.
Sappho, hath wronged thee?
Yea, for if now he shun, he soon shall chase thee;
Yea, if he take not gifts, he soon shall give them;
Yea, if he love not, soon shall he begin to
Love thee, unwillingly.
Come to me now too, and from tyrannous sorrow
Free me, and all things that my soul desires to
Have done, do for me, queen, and let thyself too
Be my great ally.

J. A. Symonds.

TO A LOVED ONE

Blest as the immortal gods is he,
The youth who fondly sits by thee,
And hears and sees thee all the while
Softly speak and sweetly smile.

'T was this deprived my soul of rest,
And raised such tumults in my breast;
For while I gazed, in transport lost,
My breath was gone, my voice was lost:

My bosom glowed; the subtle flame
Ran quick through all my vital frame;
O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung;
My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

In dewy damp my limbs were chilled;
My blood with gentle horror thrilled;
My feeble pulse forgot to play;
I fainted, sank, and died away.

Ambrose Philips.

TO A MAIDEN

Of foliage and flowers love-laden
Twine wreaths for thy flowing hair,
With thine own soft fingers, maiden,
Weave garlands of parsley fair.
For flowers are sweet, and the Graces
On suppliants wreathed with may
Look down from their heavenly places,
But turn from the crownless away.

Symonds.

A GIRL IN LOVE

Oh, my sweet mother, 't is in vain,
I cannot weave as once I wove,
So wildered is my heart and brain
With thinking of that youth I love.

Thomas Moore.

MIDNIGHT

The moon hath left the sky :
Lost is the Pleiads' light :
It is midnight
And time slips by :
But on my couch alone I lie.

Symonds.

ON RESTRAINING ANGER

When through thy breast wild wrath doth spread
And work thy inmost being harm,
Leave thou the fiery word unsaid,
Guard thee ; be calm.

Michael Field.

THE NIGHTINGALE

The tawny sweet-winged thing
Whose cry was but of Spring.

Swinburne.

TO AN UNCULTURED LESBIAN WOMAN

Thou liest dead, and there will be no memory left behind
Of thee or thine in all the earth, for never didst thou bind
The roses of Pierian streams upon thy brow ; thy doom
Is writ to flit with unknown ghosts in cold and nameless gloom

Edwin Arnold.

TO AN AWKWARD GIRL

What country maiden charms thee,
However fair her face,
Who knows not how to gather
Her dress with artless grace?

Wharton.

FRAGMENT OF A WEDDING SONG

Artists, raise the rafters high !
Ample scope and stately plan—
Mars-like comes the bridegroom nigh,
Loftier than a lofty man.

Anon.

Anacreon of Teos lived in the latter part of the sixth century. Gaining celebrity as a poet at the court of Polycrates, Tyrant of Samos, he was summoned to Athens to adorn the court of the tyrant Hipparchus, son of Peisistratus. He thus became one of the group of brilliant poets whose activity centred at Athens at this time. Anacreon was essentially a court poet and his songs rarely touched upon themes more serious than love and wine. His poems, characterized always by elegance and grace, achieved a wide popularity and were widely imitated. The majority of the poems which have come down under his name are spurious and of late origin—the so-called Anacreontics. A specimen of these is given below after two selections from the remains of Anacreon, all in the translation of Thomas Moore. The first selection strikes a note uncommon in this poet.

OLD AGE

Golden hues of youth are fled ;
Hoary locks deform my head.
Bloomy graces, dalliance gay,
All the flowers of life decay.
Withering age begins to trace
Sad memorials o'er my face ;
Time has shed its sweetest bloom,
All the future must be gloom !
This awakes my hourly sighing ;
Dreary is the thought of dying !
Pluto's is a dark abode,
Sad the journey, sad the road :
And, the gloomy travel o'er,
Ah ! we can return no more !

YOUTH AND PLEASURE

Rich in bliss, I proudly scorn
The stream of Amalthea's horn !

Nor should I ask to call the throne
Of the Tartessian prince [1] my own;
To totter through his train of years,
The victim of declining fears.
One little hour of joy for me
Is worth a dull eternity!

DRINKING—AN ANACREONTIC

Observe when mother earth is dry,
She drinks the droppings of the sky;
And then the dewy cordial gives
To every thirsty plant that lives.
The vapours, which at evening weep,
Are beverage to the swelling deep;
And when the rosy sun appears,
He drinks the ocean's misty tears.
The moon, too, quaffs her paly stream
Of lustre from the solar beam.
Then, hence with all your sober thinking!
Since Nature's holy law is drinking;
I'll make the laws of Nature mine,
And pledge the universe in wine!

[1] Arganthonius, ruler of Tartessus in Spain (the Tarsish of the Bible) about 600 B. C., is said by Herodotus to have reigned 80 years and to have reached the age of 120 years.

CHAPTER VII

CHORAL LYRIC. PINDAR

The Dorian School — Alcman — Stesichorus — Arion — Simonides — Bacchylides — Pindar — His Life — The Festivals and Games — The Epinician Ode — Analysis of the *Seventh Olympian* — Pindar's Preludes — The Future Life in Pindar — Fragment of a Dirge.

We turn now to the lyric poets of the Dorian school. The Dorians themselves seem to have produced very few poets, but Sparta attracted from outside some poets of the first order who succeeded wonderfully in catching the spirit of Dorian institutions and in conforming to the requirements of Dorian taste. Now Sparta was strictly a military state, and all of its institutions conformed to the demands of a society organized for the production of soldiers. All sentiments except those of partiotism and religion were discouraged. The themes of their poets must be the glorious traditions of the race, the praise of the gods, a victory of some Dorian in the athletic games, the celebration of some important civic event, and the like. Furthermore, the lyric poet should voice not his own sentiments, but those of the people, and his song must be of a kind in which the public could participate. The result was a highly developed choral lyric, in which the words and music were supplemented by the stately evolutions of the chorus. The stamp of the Dorian genius was so impressed upon this branch of poetry that the choral, even when composed

by an Athenian or Bœotian, always retained the Doric dialect (see page 9). Of choral lyric there were as many varieties as there were occasions which called for the song. We shall have occasion to notice a number of these varieties.

Alcman was one of the earliest of the Dorian lyric poets (660 B. C.). It was he who first gave an artistic form to the choral ode by arranging it in balancing stanzas, the first stanza, or strophe ("turning"), accompanying an evolution of the chorus to the right; the second, or antistrophe, a corresponding movement to the left, and so on through the ode. The longest and most notable fragment remaining, discovered in Egypt in 1855, is a choral for maidens, a branch in which Alcman gained especial distinction. His description of a night in Lacedæmon shows a true sympathy with nature: "The summits of the mountains are sleeping, and the ravines, the headlands, and the torrent courses, the leaves that the black earth nourishes, and all creeping things, the wild creatures of the hills, and the race of bees, and the monsters in the depths of the dark sea, and sleep is upon the tribes of the wide-winged birds."

Stesichorus[1] of Sicily (620 B. C.) perfected the form of the choral lyric by adding a third member to each pair of stanzas, the epode, sung by the chorus standing, after the two preceding evolutions of strophe and antistrophe. His *Palinode* (*Recantation*) *to Helen* was famous. In an ode he had told the usual story about Helen's flight to Troy, and of the misery her sin had caused. Thereupon he was stricken with blindness,

[1] His real name was Tisias, but he was called Stesichorus, "Marshal of Choruses," from his skill as a choral poet.

for Helen had become a goddess. So he wrote the *Palinode*, beginning: "Not true is this story. Thou didst not go in the well-benched ships, nor didst thou come to the citadel of Troy." He then develops the fiction that a phantom of Helen was taken to Troy; and his sight was promptly restored.

Arion of Corinth, a Lesbian by birth, was a little later than Stesichorus, and claims a large place in the history of the choral lyric. It was he who elaborated the dithyramb, or the choral hymn to Dionysus, out of which tragedy developed. He fixed the number of the chorus at fifty, and seems to have given a distinctive character to the evolutions of the dithyrambic chorus and to the manner of the performance. Herodotus tells a quaint story of how he was thrown into the sea by pirates and was carried safely to land by dolphins, charmed by his singing.

With Simonides of Ceos a new era in lyric poetry begins. Toward the end of the sixth century Athens succeeded in ridding herself of the tyrants Hippias and Hipparchus, and established the democracy. These rulers, on the whole enlightened sovereigns, had drawn a large number of brilliant literary men to Athens, among whom were Anacreon and Simonides. Soon after the establishment of the democracy Athens and Greece passed through the tremendous struggle for freedom with the Persians, the invasion of Darius culminating at Marathon and the second attack under Xerxes being repulsed at Salamis and Platæa—glorious victories in which all Greece had a share, though to Athens fell the largest part. The Greeks began to feel that they were one people and that Athens was their leader and champion. From this time on Athens

became the literary centre of Greece, and for two centuries the history of Greek literature can almost be said to be that of Athenian literature.

The life of Simonides fell in these stirring times. The greater portion of his life he spent at the courts of the tyrants. But he identified himself at once with the Athenian democracy, and after the Persian wars voiced the sentiments of liberty-loving Greece in the famous epigrams on the fallen to which we have already referred. He died at the court of Hiero, in Syracuse, loaded with honors. Highly gifted by nature, Simonides was yet a professional poet who tuned his lyre according to the pay. The story is told that he once received a commission to write a poem in celebration of a victory won by a team of mules. He refused, alleging that the subject was too ignoble for his muse. But when the reward was increased he wrote the spirited poem which begins, "Hail! ye daughters of horses, swift as the winds." Simonides won distinction in almost every branch of lyric poetry, especially in epinicia, or odes celebrating victories in the games—a branch in which he was the rival of Pindar—and in the epigram. The following beautiful fragment of a dirge is extant. Danaë and her babe Perseus, her son by Zeus, are adrift at sea in a chest, committed to the waves to die by Danaë's father:

When, in the carven chest,
The winds that blew and waves in wild unrest
Smote her with fear, she, not with cheeks unwet,
Her arms of love round Perseus set,
And said: O child, what grief is mine!
But thou dost slumber, and thy baby breast
Is sunk in rest,

Here in the cheerless brass-bound bark,
Tossed amid starless night and pitchy dark.
Nor dost thou heed the scudding brine
Of waves that wash above thy curls so deep,
Nor the shrill winds that sweep,—
Lapped in thy purple robe's embrace,
Fair little face!
But if this dread were dreadful too to thee,
Then wouldst thou lend thy listening ear to me;
Therefore I cry,—Sleep, babe, and sea, be still,
And slumber our unmeasured ill!
Oh, may some change of fate, sire Zeus, from thee
Descend, our woes to end!
But if this prayer, too overbold, offend
Thy justice, yet be merciful to me!

J. A. Symonds.

Bacchylides, the nephew of Simonides, was also a court poet. Although he was far inferior as a poet to his uncle, a universal interest attaches to him at present from the fact that a papyrus roll containing twenty of his odes was discovered in Egypt in 1896 and acquired by the British Museum. Before that time only a few pages of short fragments were preserved. Most of his odes were written to celebrate victories at the athletic games, but several are of a religious import. In one of the later occurs a pretty scene. Theseus and the Athenian youths who were offered yearly as a sacrifice to the Minotaur are on the ship with Minos, king of Crete. Minos insults one of the maidens, whereat young Theseus defies the king, who throws a ring into the sea, challenging Theseus to prove his divine origin.

"Into the waves leapt the hero, and gentle eyes dropped a tear, boding dire disaster. But dolphins, denizens of the sea, bore strong Theseus swiftly to the palace of the knightly sire.

He reached the gods' abode, and there beheld with awe the daughters of blessed Nereus; for from their glorious limbs gleamed a radiance as of fire as with supple feet they delighted their heart in the dance. And Amphitrite threw about him a purple mantle, and on his shining locks set a faultless wreath twined with roses, a wedding-gift once from Aphrodite. At the ship's stern he rose. Ah! in what thoughts he disturbed the Cretan king when he came from the sea undrenched, a marvel to all. On his limbs gleamed the god's gifts, and the radiant maidens with new-born courage lifted up a shout of joy. The sea resounded with the peal, and the boys standing near with sweet voices raised a pæan of praise."

As Æolian song reached its highest point with Sappho, so the Dorian choral ode culminates in Pindar, its latest representative. But though Pindar's odes were Dorian in form, continuing and perfecting the traditions which began with Alcman and Stesichorus, yet Pindar, like Simonides, was thoroughly Pan-Hellenic in spirit, belonging to no one branch of the Greek people. Born at Thebes, in Bœotia, in 522 B. C., of an old aristocratic family, he was early trained in music and in poetry for a professional career. Of the details of his life we have little knowledge, but he certainly traveled widely, visiting both the scenes of the great national games which he celebrated and the countries of his royal patrons. He died about 452, after an active literary career of fifty years.

Pindar was some thirty years the junior of Simonides. He had scarcely made his début in the literary world when the threatening storm of the Persian invasion roused all Greece to united action in defense of liberty. The glorious share which Simonides had in perpetuating the memory of the heroism of Marathon, Thermopylæ, Salamis, and Platæa has already been

mentioned. Pindar was no less loyal than his elder rival, but Thebes, his native city, alone of all the states of central and southern Greece, held herself aloof and even supported the barbarian. Pindar nowhere speaks openly of his state's disgrace, but his deep sympathy with the cause of Greek freedom is shown in the allusion to "the intolerable suffering for Hellas which some god hath turned aside for us," and by his memorable apostrophe to "violet-crowned, illustrious Athens, the theme of poets, bulwark of Greece." But it was not Pindar's good fortune to be the poet of Greek liberty. His title to be called the poet of all Hellas, and not of one section alone, arises rather from his connection with the great national festivals, in which all branches of the Greek race came together as one people.

These festivals were four in number. The Olympian, in honor of Zeus, was held at Olympia, in Elis, once in four years. The prize for the victors in the games was a wreath of wild olive The next in importance was the Pythian, held at Delphi every four years in honor of Apollo. The prizes were a wreath of laurel and a palm branch. The Isthmian and Nemean were of lesser importance compared with the two others, and were celebrated every two years, the one at Corinth, in honor of Poseidon, the other at Nemea in Argolis, in honor of Zeus. The prizes were wreaths of parsley and of pine respectively. It is hard for us to realize the immense importance which attached to these religious gatherings. The Greeks flocked to them from all corners of the Mediterranean. A sacred truce from hostilities was observed during the festival, and safe conduct was guaranteed by each state to

every pilgrim passing through its territory. The principal events of the festival were the athletic contests, to which only Greeks of pure descent were admitted. Of these the most important was the foot-race, "the two hundred yards dash." The victor in this event at Olympia gave his name to the whole period of four years. Even sober historians like Thucydides date political events by the Olympiad "in which So-and-so won the foot-race." Princes and men of wealth alone could contend in the chariot-race, but the highest honor of all could be won by the humblest. The victor lent distinction to his native town forever, and the greatest poets and sculptors were called upon to perpetuate the fame of the victor, his family, and his city.

Pindar was of all the poets of his time the best fitted by birth, training, and genius to do justice to such subjects as the great religious festivals offered him. An aristocrat through and through, he makes the nobility of family and the proud traditions of race stand out in high relief. Closely connected himself with the worship of Apollo at Delphi, he keeps the religious aspect of the festivals in the foreground, not permitting the mere athletic side to overshadow all else. Keenly alive to the grander and more imposing aspects of external nature, he never lets us forget the splendid scenes through which his subject leads him. And finally, with his superb genius as a poet and his marvelous mastery of musical and choral technique, he produced poems which are perfect as works of art. The Greeks counted him their greatest lyric poet.

Of his epinician odes, or odes of victory, forty-four are extant. It is impossible to give an adequate idea of the splendor of these odes through the medium of

translations. Our language has neither the rhythm nor the diction to represent Pindar. Even in the orginal they are difficult reading, owing to the obscurity of thought arising from swift transition and allusions to which we no longer possess the key. The Greek hearer had the advantage of us in these matters, but especially in the accompanying music and dance, both indispensable to the general effect. But we may at any rate examine the structure of the Pindaric ode and illustrate some of its poetical qualities.

Some Greek has won a victory in the games. The poet who is called upon to celebrate this victory must tell who, in what event, and at what festival, and must praise the victor for his prowess and good fortune, and congratulate his family and his state. It is Pindar's manner to weave these facts into his ode in such a way as not to put us into possession of all the facts at once, nor to make too prominent the person of the victor. He magnifies rather the festival, or the noble lineage of the victor, or a mythological incident suggested by his career, or the heroic and mythical legends associated with the festival, the victor, or the victor's native city. This subject, which usually occupies the larger central portion of the ode, is known as the "myth" of the poem, and is attached to the introduction by means of a swift note of transition which is likely to escape the unobserving reader. At the end of the ode the poet returns to his theme by a similar transition, often concluding by a note of warning or advice or by a reference to the undying fame which the poet's gifts confer. Interwoven in the poem we often find interesting bits of moralizing on the problems of this world and the next.

An analysis of the seventh Olympian ode will serve us as an illustration of the structure of a Pindaric ode. It is in honor of Diagoras of Rhodes, the most celebrated athlete of his time, winner in the boxing-match.

INTRODUCTION. — As when a man takes from his wealthy hand a goblet foaming with the dew of grape, and gives it with healths and pledges to his youthful son-in-law to bear from one home to the other home, golden, the crown of his possessions, gracing the feast and glorifying his kinsman, and makes him in the eyes of the assembled friends to be envied for his harmonious wedlock; so I, sending outpoured nectar, the Muses' gift, to conquering heroes, the sweet fruit of the soul, greet them like gods, victors at Olympia and Pytho.

THEME. — Happy is he whom good report encompasseth; now on one man, now on another, doth the Grace that giveth joy to life look with favor, and tune for him the lyre and the stops of music manifold. Thus with the sound of the twain am I come with Diagoras sailing home, to sing the sea-girt Rhodes, child of Aphrodite and bride of Helius, that I may glorify, as a tribute to his boxing, a mighty man who hath won crowns by Alpheus' Stream and at Castalia, and his father Demegetus, in whom Justice hath her delight.

The allusion to the home and the ancestry of Diagoras leads up to the myth, which here falls into two parts. The first part tells of the colonization of Rhodes by Tlepolemus, son of Heracles and ancestor of Diagoras; then follows the explanation of the origin of the worship of Helius and Athene on the island. The main part of the myth, taken as a whole, is the story of the birth of Rhodes from the sea:

MYTH. — Now the ancient story of men saith that when Zeus and the other gods made division of the earth among them, not yet was Rhodes apparent in the open sea, but in the briny depths lay hid. And none drew the lot for Helius, who was

absent; so they left him portionless of land, that holy god. And when he spake thereof Zeus would cast lots afresh; but he suffered him not, for he said that beneath the hoary sea he saw a certain land waxing from its root in earth, that should bring forth food for many men and rejoice in flocks. And the son of Cronus promised him that the isle sent up to the light of heaven should thenceforth be his share. And his speech had fulfilment. There sprang up from the watery main an island, and the father who begetteth the sun's rays hath the dominion thereof, even the lord of fire-breathing steeds.

Returning to his theme, the poet swiftly recounts the athletic previous victories of Diagoras, and concludes thus:

CONCLUSION.—Do thou, O Father Zeus, glorify the accustomed Olympian winner's hymn and the man who hath done valiantly with his fists. Give him honor at the hands of citizens and strangers; for he walketh in the straight way that abhorreth insolence, having learnt well the lessons his true soul hath taught him, which hath come to him from his noble sires. . . Surely with the joys of his family the whole city maketh glad. But in a moment of time the varying breezes shift their course.

Pindar's introductions to his odes are especially brilliant. "As when with golden columns reared beneath the well-walled palace porch we build a splendid hall, so will I build my song. At the beginning of a work we must make the portal radiant from afar." The most admired is the prelude to the first Pythian ode, in honor of Hiero, tyrant of Syracuse, winner in the chariot-race:

O golden lyre,
Apollo's, dark-haired Muses' joint heirloom,
Alert for whom
The dancer's footstep listens, and the choir
Of singers wait the sound,
Beginning of the round

Of festal joy, whene'er thy quivering strings
Strike up a prelude to their carolings.
Thou slakest the lancèd bolt of quenchless fire;
Yea, drooped each wing that through the æther sweeps,
Upon his sceptre Zeus's eagle sleeps.

The bird-king crowned!
The while thou sheddest o'er his beaked head bowed
A darkling cloud,
Sweet seal of the eyelids,—and in dreamful swound
His rippling back and sides
Heave with thy music's tides;
Thou bidst impetuous Ares lay apart
His keen-edged spear, and soothe with sleep his heart;
Thou launchest at the breasts of gods, and bound
As by a spell, they own thy lulling power,
Latoides's and the deep-zoned Muses' dower.
Newcomer.

Pindar's view of the future life, with its system of just rewards and punishments, is unusually definite for his time. In the second Olympian he weaves these thoughts into the myth: Among the dead, sinful souls at once pay penalty, and the crimes done in this realm of Zeus are judged beneath the earth by one who gives sentence under dire necessity.

Str. But in the happy fields of light,
Where Phœbus with an equal ray
Illuminates the balmy night,
And gilds the cloudless day,
In peaceful, unmolested joy,
The good their smiling hours employ.
Them no uneasy wants constrain
To vex the ungrateful soil,
To tempt the dangers of the billowy main,
And break their strength with unavailing toil,
A frail disastrous being to maintain.
But in their joyous calm abodes,

The recompense of justice they receive;
And in the fellowship of gods,
Without a tear eternal ages live.
While banished by the fates from joy and rest,
Intolerable woes the impious soul infest.

Antistr. But they who, in true virtue strong,
The third purgation can endure;
And keep their minds from fraudful wrong
And guilt's contagion, pure;
They through the starry paths of Jove
To Saturn's blissful seat remove:
Where fragrant breezes, vernal airs,
Sweet children of the main,
Purge the blest island from corroding cares,
And fan the bosom of each verdant plain:
Whose fertile soil immortal fruitage bears;
Trees, from whose flaming branches flow,
Arrayed in golden bloom, refulgent beams;
And flowers of golden hue, that blow
On the fresh borders of their parent streams.
These by the blest in solemn triumph worn,
Their unpolluted hands and clustering locks adorn.

Epode Such is the righteous will, the high behest
Of Rhadamanthus, ruler of the blest;
The just assessor of the throne divine,
On which, high raised above all gods, recline,
Linked in the golden bands of wedded love,
The great progenitors of thundering Jove.
There in the number of the blest enrolled
Live Cadmus, Peleus, heroes famed of old;
And young Achilles, to these isles removed,
Soon as, by Thetis won, relenting Jove approved.

Gilbert West.

Pindar covered the whole range of choral poetry, but apart from the odes of victory only a few fragments remain. The following fragment of a dirge gives another picture of Elysium:

Shines for them the sun's warm glow
When 't is darkness here below:
And the ground before their towers,
Meadow-land with purple flowers,
Teems with incense-bearing trees,
Teams with fruit of golden sheen.
Some in steed and wrestling feat,
Some in dice take pleasure sweet,
Some in harping: at their side
Blooms the spring in all her pride.
Fragrance all about is blown
O'er that country of desire,
Even as rich gifts are thrown
Freely on the far-seen fire,
Blazing from the altar-stone.

. . . . . .

But the souls of the profane,
Far from heaven removed below,
Flit on earth in murderous pain
'Neath the unyielding yoke of woe;
While pious spirits tenanting the sky,
Chant praises to the mighty one on high.

Conington.

CHAPTER VIII

TRAGIC POETRY. ÆSCHYLUS

Athens the Literary Centre of Greece — The Beginnings of Tragedy — Arion and the Dithyramb — Thespis — The Satyr-Drama — The Dramatic Festivals at Athens — The Dramatic Contest — The Theatre — The Position of the Actors and the Chorus — The Number of Contestants and Performers — The Three Unities — The Subjects of Tragedy — Æschylus — The Structure of a Greek Tragedy illustrated by the *Agamemnon* of *Æschylus* — The *Libation-Bearers* — The *Furies* — The *Suppliants* — The *Persians* — The *Seven against Thebes* — The *Prometheus Bound.*

At the beginning of the fifth century an observer of literary movements in Greece might have been seriously in doubt as to whether Syracuse or Athens was destined to become the literary centre of the Hellenic world. The brilliant court maintained in Athens by Peisistratus and his sons down to the overthrow of the tyranny in 510, a court distinguished by the presence of Simonides, Anacreon, and other poets, was surpassed in the next generation by that of Hiero in Syracuse, who drew to his city such lyric poets as Simonides, Pindar, and Bacchylides, Epicharmus, the founder of comedy, and even Æschylus, the father of tragedy. Before the establishment of the democracy Athens had produced but one poet of distinction—Solon, the legislator. But in the latter part of the sixth century a new type of poetry was rapidly being developed, the drama, which was to become the greatest literary creation of the Greek people after

the epic of Homer. As the Ionians of Asia Minor had brought the epic to perfection, the Æolians of Lesbos the song lyric, and the Dorians the choral lyric, so now it fell to the Athenians, who, though Ionians by race and in temperament, yet shared some of the best qualities of the Dorians, to contribute the drama. Thanks to this supreme creation and to her political supremacy resulting from the wars with Persia, Athens soon overshadowed Syracuse and from the middle of the fifth century to the middle of the third was the acknowledged literary and intellectual centre of Hellas.

The order in which the three great branches of poetry, epic, lyric, and dramatic, were developed in Greece is the best illustration of the significant fact to which we have already alluded—the natural and normal growth of Greek literature. In each age we find the type of poetical expression which most perfectly reflects the order of beliefs and sentiments of the people, a type which, both in form and in content, is a natural outgrowth of the type which preceded it. Epic poetry was developed from the minstrel's songs, which arose in response to the conditions of the patriarchal society of the Homeric age. The choral lyric sprang from the religious observances of the Dorian society under the new conditions of a later period, but retained the mythological and heroic elements of the epic moulded to a new form. The Greek drama presupposes both the epic and the choral lyric, the subject-matter and inspiration of the former, the religious and structural elements of the latter, adopting at the same time for the dialogue the iambic form which had already been perfected by Archilochus.

We have seen that the festivals in honor of the gods were the occasion for the performance of choral compositions. In the course of time a certain kind of choral came to be regarded as peculiarly appropriate to the worship of a particular god. Thus the dithyramb came to be employed exclusively in the worship of Dionysus, the god of wine. We have seen, also, that Arion, at Corinth, first gave the dithyramb its distinctive character. Now among the Dorian folk it was believed that Dionysus, in his roaming over the hills from one seat of worship to another, was accompanied by sportive, mischief-loving beings, half animal, half human, whom they called "satyrs." These beings were popularly represented as having the legs, ears, snub-nose, and shaggy hair of a goat, attached to the human form—precisely like Pan, who was himself a satyr. It was a natural, but none the less a far-reaching idea of Arion's, to dress up his dithyrambic chorus of fifty men or boys in the likeness of satyrs, and to have them sing, *in character*, of the adventures and sufferings of their lord and leader, Dionysus. In this way the decisive step was taken toward the development of a story to be acted—impersonation. The song of such a Dionysiac chorus at some time received the name of "tragedy," or "goat-song" (*tragos*, "goat," and *odê*, "song"), which was retained for the species of poetry which grew out of the dithyramb even after the original significance of the word was lost sight of.

The next step in the development of tragedy was taken in Attica toward the middle of the sixth century. The worship of Dionysus had taken a strong hold upon the people of the country district, Icaria, on the slope

of Mount Pentelicus.[1] A festival in his honor had become established there, in which "tragic" choruses in the Peloponnesian manner played a part. A native poet, Thespis, introduced the important innovation of stepping out of the chorus of satyrs at some point in the performance and reciting verses addressed to the other satyrs. In addition to the element of impersonation we now have the element of acting, though in a very rudimentary form. But the new "tragic" dithyramb at once found favor. The first performance in Athens took place in 534 B. C., under the patronage of the tyrant Peisistratus. From this time on the development of tragedy was rapid. Soon a second actor was introduced, tradition says by Æschylus. Instead of a simple dramatic narrative, interrupting the songs of the chorus, we now have a true dramatic action in the dialogue of the two actors, interrupted by the choral songs. The chorus is thus reduced to a subordinate place, though it is still relatively prominent. This subordination becomes much more marked after the introduction of the third actor by Sophocles, about 468 B. C.

The early tragic performance was probably rather short, and the subject-matter restricted, by the very satyric nature of the chorus, to themes connected with the legends of Dionysus. Only a change in the costume of the choruses was needed to make possible a larger range of subjects. But when this was done the performance was no longer strictly appropriate to the worship of Dionysus. A compromise was adopted. Whatever the mythological subject of the

[1] This site was excavated by the American School of Classical Studies in Athens in 1888. The excavations disclosed many traces of the worship of Dionysus.

earlier scenes, the last scene was reserved for the old satyr-chorus of Dionysus. From this fact arose the strange phenomenon which we see throughout the fifth century—a satyr-drama, full of burlesque and ribaldry, following upon the three tragedies presented by each poet. The connection seems to us incongruous, but by this device the poet was enabled to work out a serious theme quite without reference to the boisterous rites of the wine-god. Later on the poet sometimes substituted another play for the satyr-drama, and still later only one instead of three such pieces was given at each festival. But for centuries the satyr-chorus was retained in some manner as a relic of the early Dionysus worship out of which tragedy had grown.

There were only two yearly festivals of Dionysus at Athens at which dramatic performances were given—the Lenæan[1] festival in January, and the City Dionysia in March. The Athenian citizen who remained in the city had therefore only two opportunities a year of witnessing exhibitions of tragedy and comedy. But most of the villages in Attica had their local festivals in December, called the Rural Dionysia, which it was easy for the Athenian to attend. The December exhibition at Peiræus, the port of Athens, was only less important than those of the city itself. Of the two city festivals the Dionysia in March was by far the more brilliant occasion. The greatest poets contended for the honor of presenting their tragedies and comedies there, and Athens was thronged with visitors from abroad who came to participate in the festival.

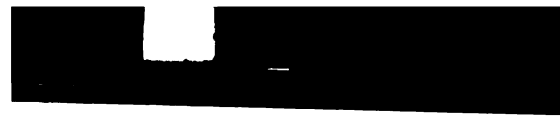
[1]So called from the Lenæon, "Place of the Wine-press," where the festival was celebrated in early times.

The cost of the dramatic exhibitions was a charge upon the state, inasmuch as the drama constituted a part of the worship of the gods, the supervision and regulation of which was a function of the state. But under the democracy the state delegated a portion of its duty to wealthy individuals. Each year the magistrates selected from the lists of wealthy citizens persons who, from the work to which they were assigned, were called choregi, or "chorus-leaders." Upon them fell the expense of equipping and training the tragic and comic choruses, one choregus being designated for each poet. The exhibitions themselves took the form of contests, each poet and choregus competing with the others for prizes offered by the state for the best "tragic and comic choruses"—that is, for the best tragedy and the best comedy. Contests between the leading actors, or "protagonists," of each play were organized at a later time. The prizes were awarded by judges chosen by the magistrates, every precaution being taken to secure a just and impartial verdict. The result of this system was an intense rivalry between the poets, the choruses, the choregi, and the actors, and no expense or effort was spared in the competition for the coveted honor. The keen participation of the spectators was also secured, not only by their interest in the subjects which were enacted before them, appealing to all their religious, intellectual, musical, and æsthetic sentiments, but also by the fact of their personal connection with the members of the choruses, representing perhaps one hundred and fifty families in the case of tragedy alone. All citizens of Athens were admitted to the dramatic exhibitions without charge from the time of Pericles on.

The first permanent theatre in Athens was erected about the middle of the fourth century, long after the most brilliant period of the Attic drama had passed. But the stone theatre of the fourth century probably only reproduced in durable material the temporary arrangements of the structure in which the dramas of the great masters were performed. The Greek drama was always performed in the open air, the spectators sitting upon the slope of the hill, which was artificially built up at the wings so that the view of every spectator was directed toward the large circular level space at the bottom called the orchestra, or "dancing place." In the centre of the orchestra was the large altar of Dionysus, situated not far from the temple of the god, in whose sacred precinct the theatre was located. In the earliest times there was no scenic background, for no scenery was needed. The choruses and the single actor at first had no need of dressing-rooms either. But this need must have been felt as soon as a series of scenes involving different characters was depicted, for each actor was assigned to a number of rôles. The dressing-room may at first have been placed at one side of the orchestra. When a scenic background was introduced and painted scenery came to be employed (probably about 470 B. C.), the most convenient place was selected for the dressing-rooms —the space behind the scenery.

These, then, were the three main elements of the theatre of the time of Sophocles: — the scenic background, which was the front of the dressing-room building; the orchestra, which represented the space in front of the building shown in the scenery; and the auditorium, which rose from the level of the

THEATRE OF DIONYSUS, ATHENS.



orchestra, the two wings extending a little beyond the semicircle opposite the background. This simple scheme was always retained in Greek theatres, although both auditorium and scene-buildings were developed, the one for the comfort of the spectators,[1] the other to enhance the realism of the spectacle.

In the early period, when the slope of the Acropolis was first used by the spectators, the evolutions of the chorus and the recitations of the single actor, who came out of the chorus, took place in the orchestra. Since the spectators occupied an elevation, no elevation for the performers was needed to improve the view, although the actor could mount the steps of the great altar when special prominence was desired. What was true of this early period was equally true after the second and third actor had been added. The erection of the building for the scenic background and dressing-rooms did not alter the place of action. But the actors naturally came to occupy mainly the part of the orchestra nearer the scenery, which generally represented the home of the principal characters, while the chorus retained its position near the altar in the centre of the orchestra. In an orchestra whose diameter was sixty feet, as at Athens, there was ample room for the fifteen members of the chorus and the three actors without overcrowding, nor was there danger that the actors would be hidden from view by the chorus. Besides, the actors were distinguished by their costume[2] from the members of the chorus.

[1] The theatre at Athens, when completed, seated about seventeen thousand persons comfortably.

[2] The more important personages in the tragedy, such as kings and queens, were represented as of unusual stature. On the feet they wore the cothurnus, which added something to the height, and the wig was so arranged as to increase the effect still more. The body was also padded considerably. We may mention here the fact that all women's rôles were taken by men. We never hear of a Greek actress.

A considerable elevation for the actors alone, separating them from the chorus, was impossible in the Greek drama, for the chorus is in constant contact with the actors, and may always enter the building in the background directly from the orchestra. The long, narrow building called the proscenium, extending along the front of the scene-buildings thirteen feet above the level of the orchestra, was formerly believed to be an elevated stage for actors, but it is now known to have been the main part of the decoration, the roof of which was used only in exceptional cases. The actors and choruses moved upon the same level, as in the case of the modern opera.[1]

During the fifth century, in which the works of the greatest dramatic poets fall, three tragic and three comic poets competed at the City Dionysia, each comic poet presenting one play, and the tragic poets four each, three tragedies and a satyr-drama. In the lifetime of Æschylus the three tragedies often dealt with successive stages of the same subject, and even the satyr-drama was sometimes upon the same theme. The term "trilogy" refers to the group of three tragedies, "tetralogy" to the group of four plays. But after Æschylus the members of a trilogy were not connected in subject. The plays produced at the City Dionysia were always new, but in the fourth century

[1] I have spoken as if the question of an elevated stage in Greek theatres were settled. It is fair to say that some scholars still adhere to the old view to which I have alluded above, although many have accepted as a compromise the theory that in the fifth century the actors occupied a low stage accessible to the chorus. But the evidence of the ruins and of the extant dramas is distinctly in favor of the view which I have presented, which has rapidly gained adherents during the past fifteen years. The Roman writer Vitruvius, who is quoted as an authority for a high stage in the Greek theatre, had in mind a type of theatre peculiar to Asia Minor, and not that found in Athens. In this Græco-Roman theatre actors and chorus performed upon a stage about five feet above the level of the lowest seats, as in the modern theatre.

an old tragedy was sometimes revived. It is surmised that in the fifth century popular old plays were revived at the Lenæan festival. In any event they were undoubtedly to be seen at the Rural Dionysia. The tragic chorus, which at the time of Thespis probably contained fifty members, numbered only twelve in Æschylus's time but later was increased to fifteen. The comic chorus contained twenty-four members. By a convention which seems strange to us, only three actors ever appeared upon the scene at the same time, not counting "mutes" and attendants. There was consequently much less action in a Greek drama than we are accustomed to see in a modern play, though the participation of the chorus often lends greater animation.

Another important difference between the ancient and modern drama must be mentioned. There is almost never a change of scene in tragedy during the progress of the action, and in comedy rarely. This is due to the constant presence of the chorus, which thus fixes the scene of the action. This peculiar rule is called the "unity of place." The rule of "unity of time" is adhered to much more strictly than in the modern drama, partly for the same reason. The other unity, the "unity of action," is of universal application, resting upon the fundamental principle of dramatic art that every portion of a play must conduce to the development of the main theme.

We have already stated that Greek tragedy presupposes the epic. In fact by far the greater number of subjects treated by the tragic poets was taken from the poems of the Epic Cycle, and almost all the rest from the legendary history of the heroic age. We

know of few exceptions to the rule. Phrynichus, an older contemporary of Æschylus, once represented the *Capture of Miletus*, referring to the taking of this city by the Persians. The Athenians were so affected by the play that they put a heavy fine upon the poet "for reminding them of their own misfortunes." No such result followed the performance of his *Phœnician Woman*, in which he celebrated the deeds of Athens in the Persian wars, nor when Æschylus produced the *Persians*, which glorifies the victory of Salamis. No other tragedies of this period are known that depart from the subjects of the heroic age. Æschylus spoke the truth when he said that his tragedies were but crumbs from the table of Homer.

The first great poet of tragedy was Æschylus, who was born at Eleusis in 525 B. C. and died in Sicily in 456. During the Persian wars he fought with conspicuous courage at Marathon and Salamis. His first prize at the City Dionysia was won in 484, and altogether he is said to have won twenty-eight victories—a larger number than is recorded for any other poet. Of the seventy tragedies which he wrote only seven are extant. By his introduction of the second actor Æschylus is entitled to be called the creator of Attic tragedy. In his treatment of the chorus, his choice of themes, his development of the plot, and in his whole conception of the dignity of tragedy and of its mission as instructor of the people in morals and religion, Æschylus laid down the lines which succeeding poets were to follow, with few important changes, so long as tragedy was cultivated in Greece.

We may best illustrate the structure of a Greek tragedy by an analysis of the *Agamemnon* of Æschylus,

the first play in the trilogy on the subject of the House of Atreus, which was awarded the prize at the City Dionysia in 458 B. C. The mythical story which forms the groundwork of the trilogy is briefly as follows: Atreus, son of Pelops, succeeded to the throne of Eurystheus, king of Argos. Thyestes, his brother, who had been banished from Argos for wronging his sister-in-law, returned as a suppliant. Atreus, fearing to kill him, set before him at a banquet the flesh of Thyestes's own children. When Thyestes knew what he had done, he cursed the house of Atreus, and the curse followed it for three generations. Agamemnon and Menelaus, sons of Atreus, married the sisters Clytemnestra and Helen. The story of the rape of Helen and the Trojan war follows. Agamemnon, it will be remembered, sacrificed at Aulis his own daughter, Iphigeneia. Clytemnestra, wroth at her daughter's death, plotted with her paramour, Ægisthus, youngest son of Thyestes, to murder Agamemnon on his return from Troy. Orestes, her son, was sent away to Phocis, and Electra, her other daughter by Agamemnon, was treated as a servant.

The *Agamemnon* takes up the story at the point when the hero's return from Troy is anxiously waited at Argos. The scene is laid at Mycenæ in front of the palace of Agamemnon. When the tragedy begins[1] we see on the roof of the palace a watchman, commissioned by Clytemnestra to watch for the beacon-light that should announce the fall of Troy. The prologue is spoken by him.[2]

[1] A curtain was not employed in the Greek theatre. The actors took their places in view of the spectators. For the same reason the favorite conclusion of a play is a procession instead of a tableau.

[2] Morshead's translation is used for all selections from the *Agamemnon*, *Libation-Bearers*, and *Eumenides*.

I pray the gods to quit me of my toils,
To close the watch I keep, this livelong year;
For as a watch-dog lying, not at rest,
Propped on one arm upon the palace-roof
Of Atreus' race, too long, too well I know
The starry conclave of the midnight sky;
Too well, the splendours of the firmament,
The Lords of Light, whose kingly aspect signs—
What time they set or climb the sky in turn—
The year's divisions, bringing frost or fire!
And now, as ever, am I set, to mark
When shall stream up the glow of signal-flame,
The bale-fire bright, and tell its Trojan tale—
Troy town is ta'en: such issue holds in hope
She, in whose woman's breast beats heart of man!

He at length sees the beacon flash out and shouts the good news to the people in the palace, but not without a dark word of foreboding for the future. Twelve old men of Mycenæ, who form the chorus, now file through the side passage into the orchestra, chanting[1] as they march of the expedition of the sons of Atreus against Troy, beginning:

Ten livelong years have rolled away,
Since the twin lords of sceptred sway,
By Zeus endowed with pride of place,
The doughty chiefs of Atreus' race,
Went forth of yore,
To plead with Priam, face to face,
Before the judgment-seat of War!

While the elders are still singing Clytemnestra comes from the palace to make a thank-offering to the

[1] The entrance song of the chorus is called the *parodus*, and gives the motive for the presence of the chorus—here their anxiety about Agamemnon and the army. All that precedes the *parodus* is called the *prologue*. In it the situation is unfolded, and the audience made acquainted with the subject to be presented. If the play opens with a choral march, the *parodus* and *prologue* are identical. The song of the chorus from its usual station in the orchestra is called the *stasimon*, and the acts which fall between two *stasima*, *episodes*. The final act is known as the *exodus*.

gods. The altars along the front of the palace are soon ablaze. The elders question her anxiously, but she pays no heed. They then continue their song, telling of the strange omen that appeared to the chieftains at Aulis and the interpretation of Calchas the seer, who prophesied the sacking of Troy but gave warning of the sacrifice which Artemis would require.

> At home there tarries like a lurking snake,
> Biding its time, a wrath unreconciled,
> A wily watcher, passionate to slake
> In blood, resentment for a murdered child.[1]

The chorus interrupt their story for a moment by an appeal to Zeus:

> Zeus—if to the Unknown
> That name of many names seems good—
> Zeus, upon thee, in utter need, I call.
> Thro' the mind's every road
> I passed, but vain are all
> Save that which names thee Zeus, the Highest One!
> . . . . . .
> 'Tis Zeus alone who shows the perfect way
> Of knowledge: He hath ruled,
> Men shall learn wisdom, by affliction schooled.
>
> In visions of the night, like dropping rain,
> Descend the many memories of pain
> Before the spirit's sight: through tears and dole,
> Comes wisdom o'er the unwilling soul.

The subject is resumed again. After a long delay at Aulis, through adverse winds sent by Artemis, Calchas explicitly declared that Iphigeneia must be sacrificed. Agamemnon yielded at last to the demands of his allies, against the dictates of his own conscience and his love and in spite of the tender

[1] Referring to the curse of Thyestes for the murder of his children.

entreaties of his daughter. The terrible sacrifice is made and Agamemnon has committed a great wrong. "But may all yet be well." With this prayer the *parodus* is concluded.

The chorus now takes its stand by the altar, and its leader advances toward the palace to inquire of Clytemnestra the meaning of her sacrifices. Is it for good news that has come? "Good beyond hope," is Clytemnestra's answer. She then describes in a magnificent passage the progress of the beacon-fires from Mount Ida to Lemnos, from Lemnos to Athos, and so from peak to peak to Argos. The victory is gained, but let the victors fail not to reverence the gods of Troy if they would come safely home. Clytemnestra then reënters the palace, and the first *episode* comes to a close.

In the choral ode, or *stasimon*, which follows, the chorus first thank the gods for the victory whereby the crime of Paris is avenged. Riches and power avail not to ward off the consequences of sin.

> And such did Paris come
> Unto Atreides' home,
> And thence, with sin and shame his welcome to repay,
> Ravished the wife away—
> And she, unto her country and her kin
> Leaving the clash of shields and spears and arming ships,
> And bearing unto Troy destruction for a dower,
> And overbold in sin,
> Went fleetly through the gates, at midnight hour.

Alas for the home which Helen left desolate! Her form seems yet to bear sway in the house and hovers near Menelaus in his dreams, a vain delight! But the sorrows of the Achæans are even greater than his.

Each house has its dead to mourn, and the people murmur against their rulers. The god will surely punish those who shed men's blood.

O'er him who vaunteth an exceeding fame,
Impends a woe condign;
The vengeful bolt upon his eyes doth flame,
Sped from the hand divine.
This bliss be mine, ungrudged of God, to feel:
To tread no city to the dust,
Nor see my own life thrust
Down to a slave's estate beneath another's heel!

Can the good tidings be true? We soon shall know, for a dust-covered messenger approaches. With the entrance of the messenger the elders resume their place by the altar, and the second *episode* begins.

The messenger greets the land of Argos, its gods and the king's palace, and bids prepare a loyal welcome for Agamemnon. The sufferings and losses of the Greek host were many and hard to bear, but the issue repays it all.

Farewell, a long farewell to all our woes!
To us, the remnant of the host of Greece,
Comes weal beyond all counterpoise of woe;
Thus boast we rightfully to yonder sun,
Like him, far-fleeted over sea and land:
'The Argive host prevailed to conquer Troy,
And in the temples of the gods of Greece
Hung up these spoils, a shining sign to Time.'
Let those who read this legend bless aright
The city and its chieftains, and repay
The meed of gratitude to Zeus who willed
And wrought the deed. So stands the tale fulfilled.

Clytemnestra comes from the palace and tells of her joy at the knowledge of her husband's victorious home-coming.

What day beams fairer on a woman's eyes
Than this, whereon she flings the portal wide
To hail her lord, heaven-shielded, home from war?
This to my husband, that he tarry not,
But turn the city's longing into joy!
Yea, let him come, and, coming, may he find
A wife no other than he left her, true
And faithful as a watch-dog to his home—
His foeman's foe; in all her duties leal,
Trusty to keep for ten long years unmarred
The store whereon he set his master-seal.

She reënters the palace. The messenger tells the chorus of the storms that scattered the Greek fleet on its homeward voyage. After his departure the chorus sing the second *stasimon*. Their subject is the ruin which Helen brought on Troy. As a lion's cub, caressed by young and old, at length betrays its nature and rewards the kindness shown it by a bloody feast,

Even so to Ilion's city came by stealth
A spirit as of windless seas and skies,
A gentle phantom-form of joy and wealth,
With love's soft arrows speeding from its eyes,
Love's rose, whose thorn doth pierce the soul in subtle wise.

There is an ancient saying that prosperity breeds misfortune. It is rather sin that begets sorrow, and Justice works her will in spite of wealth.

Seeing Agamemnon and his train approaching, the chorus give him a loyal greeting (third *episode*). The king, still seated in his chariot, acknowledges their welcome and greets the gods of the land. Clytemnestra comes from the palace to welcome him, followed by attendants carrying rich cloths of purple. She describes the anxiety which she had felt for his safety, and tells how she had sent Orestes, the pledge and

symbol of their plighted troth, to the home of a distant friend, that he might not be exposed to danger in case of a revolt in the land. She then bids him enter the palace.

> Sweet lord, step forth,
> Step from thy car, I pray—nay, not on earth
> Plant the proud foot, O King, that trod down Troy!
> Women! why tarry ye, whose task it is
> To spread your monarch's path with tapestry?
> Swift, swift, with purple strew his passage fair,
> That justice lead him to a home, at last,
> He scarcely looked to see. For what remains,
> Zeal, unsubdued by sleep, shall nerve my hand
> To work as right and as the gods command!

Agamemnon bids her honor him as a mortal, not as a god, for he dreads the divine envy that follows excessive pride. "Count no man happy until he ends his days in prosperity." But the queen urges the point, and Agamemnon reluctantly yields, though he removes his sandals before stepping upon the purple, lest the envy of the gods smite him. Enjoining upon the queen to treat kindly the captive maiden Cassandra — Priam's daughter, whom he had chosen from the spoils of war — he descends from the chariot and enters the palace. Clytemnestra, as she follows him, utters this ominous prayer to Zeus:

> Lord of Fulfilment, all my vows fulfil,
> And whatsoe'er it be, work forth Thy will.

So ends the third *episode*. The words of the chorus in the third *stasimon* strike a note of foreboding:

> Wherefore, for ever, on the wings of Fear
> Hovers a vision drear
> Before my boding heart? A strain,
> Unbidden and unwelcome, thrills mine ear,
> Oracular of pain.

Not as of old upon my bosom's throne
Sits Confidence, to spurn
Such fears, like dreams, we know not to discern. . .

Ah! to some end of Fate, unseen, unguessed,
Are these wild throbbings of my heart and breast—
Yea, of some doom they tell—
Each pulse a knell.
Lief, lief I were, that all
To unfulfilment's hidden realm might fall.

The fourth *episode* opens with the entrance of Clytemnestra, who roughly orders Cassandra to enter the palace and begin her life of slavery. Cassandra remains silent in the chariot, and does not answer even the gentler words of the chorus. But when Clytemnestra has departed in anger, she bursts into a sobbing appeal to Apollo, the cause of all her woes,[1] and then in a frenzy of prophetic inspiration foretells, in impassioned lyrics, the doom impending over Agamemnon and herself; but in language the imagery of which the chorus but dimly understands.[2]

CAS. Home cursed of God! bear witness unto me,
The visioned woes within—
The blood-stained hands of them that smite their kin—
The strangling noose, and, spattered o'er
With human blood, the reeking floor!
CHO. How like a sleuth-hound questing on the track,
Keen-scented unto blood and death she hies!
CAS. Ah! can the ghostly guidance fail,
Whereby my prophet-soul is onwards led?
Look! for their flesh the spectre-children wail,
Their sodden limbs, on which their father fed!

[1] Apollo, who loved her, endowed her with the gift of prophecy in return for the promise of her affection. But the princess then repulsed his advances. Thereupon Apollo decreed that no one should believe her prophecies, and she was accordingly regarded as a madwoman and kept in confinement.

[2] Such a lyrical dialogue between an actor and the chorus was called a *kommos*.

CHO. Long since we knew of thy prophetic fame,—
But for these deeds we seek no prophet's tongue.
CAS. God! 'tis another crime—
Worse than the storied woe of olden time,
Cureless, abhorred, that one is plotting here—
A shaming death, for those that should be dear!
Alas! and far away, in foreign land,
He, that should help,[1] doth stand!
CHO. I knew th' old tales, the city rings withal—
But now thy speech is dark beyond my ken.
. . . . . .
CAS. God! a new sight! a net, a snare of hell,
Set by her hand—herself a snare more fell!
A wedded wife, she slays her lord;
Helped by a dastard hand! Ye powers! whose hate
Of Atreus' home no blood can satiate—
Raise the wild cry above the sacrifice abhorred!
CHO. Why biddest thou some fiend, I know not whom,
Shriek o'er the house? Thine is no cheering word.
Back to my heart in frozen fear, I feel
My waning life-blood run—
The blood that round the wounding steel
Ebbs slow as sinks Life's parting sun—
Swift, swift and sure, some woe comes pressing on!
. . . . . .
CAS. Woe, Paris, woe on thee! Thy bridal joy
Was death and fire upon thy race and Troy!
And woe for thee, Scamander's flood!
Beside thy banks, O river fair,
I grew, in tender nursing care,
From childhood unto maidenhood!
Now not by thine, but by Cocytus' stream,
Or Acheron's[2] banks, shall ring my boding scream.
CHO. Too plain is all, too plain!
A child might read aright thy fateful strain!
Deep in my heart their piercing fang
Terror and sorrow set, the while I heard
That piteous, low, tender word,
Yet to mine ear and heart a crushing pang.

[1]Referring to Orestes. [2]Rivers of the lower world.

In calmer and clearer language she now depicts the doom of the house of Atreus, tracing the cause back to the crime of Thyestes in wronging his brother's wife, followed by the more horrible crime of Atreus:

> Behold ye—yonder, on the roof aloft,—
> The spectre-children sitting—look—such shapes
> As dreams are made of—semblances of babes
> Slain by their kinsman's hand.
> And look, what loathsome burthen piteous,
> Blasting the sight, within their hands they bear,
> Their own rent flesh, on which their father fed!

Tearing off her prophet's robes, she foretells the vengeance of Orestes:

> Ah me!
> I die, yet not unheeded of the gods—
> For by their will shall one requite my doom:
> He, to avenge his father's blood outpoured,
> Shall smite and slay, with matricidal hand.
> Aye, he shall come—tho' far away he roam,
> A banished wanderer in a stranger's land—
> To crown his kindred's edifice of ill,
> Called home to vengeance by his father's fall:
> Thus have the high gods sworn, and shall fulfil.

She predicts her own death. The chorus counsel flight, but in vain. Cassandra sees that her hour is come, and is resolved to meet death bravely.

> Once more—one utterance, but not of wail,
> Though for my death—and then I speak no more.
> Sun! thou whose beam I shall not see again,
> To thee I cry: Let those whom vengeance calls
> To slay their kindred's slayers, quit withal
> The death of me, the slave, the fenceless prey.
> Ah, state of mortal man, in time of weal,
> A line, a shadow! and, if ill fate fall,
> One wet sponge-sweep wipes all our trace away—
> And this I deem less piteous, of the twain.

With these last words she enters the palace, while the chorus lament the uncertainty of human happiness. Agamemnon has returned triumphant from Troy, but is about to suffer guilt for the death of his ancestors. At this point, the beginning of the *exodus*, piercing cries issue from the palace. The members of the chorus debate about their course of action—shall they call for aid or rush within to the rescue? The doors of the palace are suddenly thrown open as the elders are on the point of entering.[1] They see the body of Agamemnon lying beside that of Cassandra, and Clytemnestra looking upon her bloody work. She steps forward and calmly exults in what she has done.

This is the sum and issue of the strife
Wherein long since he gave my love defeat,
Of me deep-pondered and at length fulfilled.
All is avowed, and, as I smote, I stand
With foot set firm upon a finished thing!
Yea, thus I wrought—even I—ere he could move
A foot to fly, an arm to ward his doom!
Even as the trammel hems the scaly shoal,
I trapped him with inextricable toils,
The ill abundance of a baffling robe;
Then smote him, once, again—and at each wound
He cried aloud, then as in death relaxed
Each limb, and sank to earth; and as he lay,
Once more I smote him, with the third last blow,
Sacred to Hades, Saviour of the Dead.

Answering the stern reproaches of the chorus, she justifies her deed, referring to the sacrifice of Iphigeneia, whom he slew, as he would a sheep, to charm the

[1] It was an unwritten law of the Greek drama that no murder or violent death should be represented in view of the spectators. By a device such as is here employed the *chorus* is supposed to see and describe the horrible sight, which, in its details, is not visible to the others. The tragic effect is produced by their language alone, assisted by the imagination of the spectators.

winds of Thrace; and to his unfaithfulness in wedlock, for he brought home Cassandra, "who now lies as erst she lay, close to his side." She trusts to Ægisthus to defend her cause. The chorus raise a lament over the king, which Clytemnestra interrupts, now to defend her deed, now to exult in it. But the chorus chant the solemn warning:

> The slayer of to-day shall die to-morrow—
> The wage of wrong is woe.
> While time shall be, while Zeus in heaven is lord,
> His law is fixed and stern;
> On him that wrought shall vengeance be outpoured—
> The tides of doom return.
> The Children of the Curse abide within
> These halls of high estate—
> And none can wrench from off the home of sin
> The clinging grasp of fate.

Ægisthus enters from the side and gloats over the slain, for the day of vengeance has arrived for the slain children of Thyestes—his own brothers. The leaders of the chorus defy his authority. He shall not rule over Argos if Orestes still lives. The chorus advance upon the usurper with drawn swords, and Ægisthus stands ready to fight. But Clytemnestra intervenes and amid the taunts of the chorus leads Ægisthus away with the words:

> "Let the cur-pack growl and yell—
> I and thou will rule the palace and will order all things well!"

So ends the *Agamemnon*. Immediately after it, without change of scene, followed the *Libation Bearers*. As Electra and her maids pour a libation upon the tomb of Agamemnon, Orestes, her brother, appears, and their recognition ensues. They plan vengeance

together upon their mother, according to the command of Apollo given to Orestes. Gaining admission to the palace in the guise of a stranger, he tells Clytemnestra a false tale of his own death, at which she secretly rejoices. With Electra's aid Orestes kills Ægisthus and Clytemnestra. Then a frenzy of madness overcomes him, and he fancies that he sees in pursuit of him the dreadful Furies, with dark robes and snaky hair, coming to avenge his mother's murder. The tragedy closes with the following chant, accompanying the outward march of the maidens who form the chorus:

Behold, the storm of woe divine
That raves and beats on Atreus' line
  Its great third blast hath blown.
First was Thyestes' loathly woe—
The rueful feast of long ago,
  On children's flesh, unknown.
And next the kingly chief's despite,
When he who led the Greeks to fight
  Was in the bath hewn down.
And now the offspring of the race
Stands in the third, the saviour's place,—
  To save—or to consume?
O whither, ere it be fulfilled,
Ere its fierce blast be hushed and stilled,
  Shall blow the wind of doom?

The third member of the trilogy is the *Furies*. The scene is at first at Delphi, before the temple of Apollo. We see, inside the temple, Orestes clinging to the altar, a suppliant of the god, and around him the dreadful avenging Furies slumbering. Apollo bids Orestes be of good cheer, and to escape to Athens while the Furies are still asleep. As he leaves, the ghost of

Clytemnestra rises and arouses the Furies to pursue. They rush forth, scenting like hounds the track of blood. The scene shifts to Athens. Orestes enters and throws himself upon the statue of Athene, seeking her protection. The Furies soon appear. Athene comes down and organizes a trial before citizens of Athens, thus constituting the court of the Areopagus. Apollo pleads in defense of Orestes, the Furies prosecute. The vote is a tie, but Athene, who presides, gives the casting vote in favor of the accused. The Furies, at first outraged by this result, are appeased by the promise of an honorable worship in Athens under the name of Eumenides, or "the Gracious Ones." The curse upon the house of Atreus is at last extinct. The play closes with a grand procession in which the Eumenides are solemnly escorted to their new home—a cave beneath the Areopagus. We quote the song of the Furies tracking Orestes to his refuge in Athens:

Ho! clear is here the trace of him we seek:
Follow the track of blood, the silent sign!
Like to some hound that hunts a wounded fawn,
We snuff along the scent of dripping gore,
And inwardly we pant, for many a day
Toiling in chase that shall fordo the man;
Far o'er and o'er the wide land have I ranged,
And o'er the wide sea, flying without wings
Swift as a sail, I pressed upon his track
Who now hard by is lurking, well I wot,
For scent of mortal blood allures me here.
Follow him, seek him — round and round
Scent and snuff and scan the ground,
Lest unharmed he slip away —
He who did his mother slay!
Hist — he is there! See him his arms entwine
Around the image of the maid divine —

Thus aided, for the deed he wrought
Unto the judgment wills he to be brought!

The earliest of the extant plays is the *Suppliants*, named for the chorus, the fifty daughters of Danaus, who have fled with their father from Egypt to Argos in order to escape marriage with their cousins, the fifty sons of Egyptus. They are received and protected by the king of Argos. The earliest play the date of whose production is known is the *Persians*, brought out in 472 B. C. The scene is laid at Susa, capital of the Persian Empire. Persian elders, who form the chorus, are gathered at the tomb of Darius. The aged queen Atossa appears. While they exchange their anxious forebodings about the host which Xerxes has led against the Greeks, a messenger appears and announces the disaster at Salamis. Atossa summons up the ghost of her husband, Darius, who predicts still greater disaster to the army in Greece and warns the Persians to fight no more against the Greeks, "for the very land is an ally to them." Finally Xerxes appears with a few wretched followers, and, with the chorus, fills the scene with extravagant lamentations. The play contains some stately choral odes and a famous description of the battle of Salamis, from which the following selection is taken:

But when white-steeded Day, bright to behold,
Held the wide earth, from the Hellenès first,
Like joyous chant, rang out their battle-cry,
And forthwith Echo, from the island rocks,
Sent back responsive an inspiring shout.
On all the Persians, cheated in their hopes,
Fell terror; for by no means as in flight
Their solemn pæan did th' Hellenès sing,
But with stout courage speeding to the fray.

The trumpet's blare fired all their ranks, and straight,
With simultaneous dip of sounding oar,
They at the signal smote the surging brine,
And instant all conspicuous were to sight.
First the right wing, well marshall'd, took the lead:
Then their whole naval force in fair array
Bore down against us. All at once was heard
A mighty shout: "Sons of Hellenès, on,
Your country free, your children free, your wives,
The temples of your fathers' deities,
Your tombs ancestral; for your all ye fight."
And from our side clamour of Persian speech
In answer rose; no time was then for pause,
But instant galley against galley dashed
Her armature of brass. A ship of Hellas
Led the encounter, and from the Punic barque
Sheared her high crest. Thereon as fortune led,
Ship drave on ship; at first the Persian host,
A mighty flood, made head; but soon their ships
Thronged in the strait, of mutual aid bereft,
Each against each other dashed with brazen beak,
Crushing the oar-banks of their proper fleet;
While the Hellenès ships, not without skill,
Circling around them smote: dead hulks of ships
Floated keel-upwards, and, with wrecks o'erstrewn
And slaughtered men, lost was the sea from sight,
Ay, shores and reefs were crowded with the dead.
In flight disordered every ship was rowed,
Poor remnant of the Persian armament.
Then as men strike at tunnies, or a haul
Of captured fishes, the Hellenès, armed
With splint of oar, or fragment of the wreck,
Batter'd, and clave with dislocating blows.
Shrieks and loud wailing filled the ocean brine,
Till all 'neath eye of swarthy night was lost.
But all our losses, though for ten whole days
I told them over, could I not recount.
Of this be sure, that never in one day
Perished of men so vast a multitude.

Swanwick.

The Seven against Thebes won the first prize in 467 B. C. The trilogy to which it belonged set forth the whole tragedy of the house of Labdacus, as the plays of the Oresteian trilogy give the story of the house of Atreus. The aim of the poet is here again to vindicate the divine government by exhibiting the ultimate triumph of justice and the certain punishment of sin. Since the legendary history of the kings of Thebes furnishes the theme of a number of extant tragedies of Sophocles and Euripides, we may briefly trace the story here. Laius, the son of Labdacus and husband of Jocasta, was king of Thebes. Seeking to evade the oracle which declared that he should be slain by his own son, he caused his infant to be exposed on Mount Cithæron. The child was found by a shepherd, and adopted as his son and heir by Polybus, the king of Corinth, receiving the name of Œdipus.[1] Grown to manhood, Œdipus was taunted with not being the true son of Polybus. He inquired of the oracle at Delphi, and was told only that he should slay his own father and marry his own mother. To escape this fate he resolved not to return to Corinth. On his way to Thebes he encountered Laius and slew him. At Thebes he solved the riddle of the Sphinx, obtained the kingdom as his reward, and married Jocasta. By her he became the father of two sons, Eteocles and Polyneices, and of two daughters, Antigone and Ismene. The city was visited with a plague, which could not be stayed until the murderer of Laius should be discovered and punished. Œdipus learned the truth concerning his birth, and putting out his eyes in grief, resigned the kingdom to his sons. Jocasta hung herself in shame. His sons confined

[1] I.e., "Swollen-foot," for his feet were pierced by thongs when exposed to die.

their father in prison, whereat Œdipus put a curse upon them. The brothers quarreled about the sovereignty. Polyneices collected an army under seven chieftains, including himself, and in the fight that followed the brothers slew each other. The story of the wanderings and death of Œdipus and of the fate of Antigone will be told elsewhere.

The other members of the trilogy brought the tragic events of this story down to the siege of Thebes by Polyneices. The *Seven against Thebes* opens with an address of Eteocles to the assembled Thebans. A messenger tells of the advance of the seven mighty chieftains against the gates. The chorus of Theban maidens enter in terror and supplicate the gods for protection. A scout tells Eteocles the names of the heroes stationed at the seven gates. Eteocles assigns his own chieftains one against each, and himself chooses his brother Polyneices to be his opponent, though he knows that the curse of his father is working out his doom. He goes forth to battle. Soon a messenger reports that the brothers have been slain by each other. Their bodies are brought in, Antigone and Ismene among the mourners. Then a decree is proclaimed that the body of Polyneices shall be cast out unburied. Antigone resolves to bury him in spite of the decree. The play closes with the funeral procession, Antigone and one-half of the chorus following the body of Polyneices, Ismene and the other half that of Eteocles. I quote from the passage in which Eteocles resolves to stand against his brother

Mess. Now at the seventh gate the seventh chief,
Thy proper mother's son, I will announce,
What curses for the state he imprecates;

That he may stand upon the walls, he prays :—
That, heralded as king to all the land,
With pæans for its capture, he with thee
Fighting, may slay thee, dying by thy side,
Or thee, who wrong'd him, chasing forth alive,
Requite in kind his proper banishment.
Such words he shouts and calls upon the gods,
Who o'er his race preside and Fatherland,
With gracious eye to look upon his prayers.

ETEO. O heaven-demented race of Œdipus,
My race, tear-fraught, detested of the gods.
Alas, our father's curses now bear fruit!
But it beseems not to lament or weep,
Lest lamentations sadder still be born.
For him, too truly Polyneikes named,—
What his device will work we soon shall know;
Whether his braggart words, with madness fraught,
Gold-blazoned on his shield, shall lead him back.
Had Justice, virgin child of Zeus, in sooth,
Guided his deeds and thoughts, this might have been;
But neither when he fled the darksome womb,
Nor in his childhood, nor in youth's fair prime,
Nor when his chin thick hair o'erspread, with him
Hath Justice converse held, or claimed him hers;
Nor in this outrage on his Fatherland
Deem I she now beside him deigns to stand.
For Justice would, in sooth, belie her name
Did she with this all-daring man consort.
In these regards confiding will I go,
Myself will meet him. Who with better right?
Brother 'gainst brother, chieftain against chief,
And foeman against foe, I 'll take my stand.
Quick, bring my greaves, bulwark 'gainst spear and stones.

Swanwick.

The *Prometheus Bound* was produced some time between the *Seven against Thebes* and the *Agamemnon*. It is unique among the extant Greek tragedies in that

all the characters of the drama are gods or demigods. It appeals to our sympathies in some ways even more than the *Agamemnon*, the grandest and most majestic of Æschylus' creations, for its subject is the suffering of a god for man's sake. In the struggle between Zeus and the Titans, Prometheus, one of the Titans, had taken the part of Zeus. But when Zeus, established upon the throne, proposed to destroy mankind and to create a new race, Promethus opposed his plan, and gave to mortals fire, the seed of civilization. Zeus condemned Prometheus to be nailed to a rock. At this point the *Prometheus Bound* begins. Hephæstus and two attendants, Force and Strength, bring in Prometheus and nail him to a rock in Scythia. The Titan deigns no answer to their taunts, but when they depart he appeals to nature to witness his unjust punishment. The chorus of sea-nymphs now enter upon a winged car and extend their sympathies to the sufferer. Prometheus tells them of a great danger which threatens Zeus, known only to himself.[1] The god Oceanus enters upon a flying steed and remonstrates with Prometheus for his stubborn resistance to Zeus, but in vain. Then Io, a victim of Zeus' love, another example of his ingratitude, visits the scene in her frenzied wanderings and learns her future from Prometheus. Zeus sends Hermes to wring the secret from the Titan. When Prometheus refuses the thunderbolt of Zeus crashes down upon him, burying him in Tartarus. So ends the tragedy. The play which followed it in the trilogy told how Prometheus was at length delivered from his torture and reconciled to Zeus.

[1] That, if he marry Thetis, she shall bear a son mightier than his father. See p. 23.

I quote a part of the soliloquy of Prometheus after he has been chained to the rock, and from the choral ode which follows:

PROM. O holy Æther, and swift-winged Winds,
And River-wells, and laughter innumerous
Of yon Sea-waves! Earth, mother of us all,
And all-viewing cyclic Sun, I cry on you!—
Behold me, a god, what I endure from gods!
Behold with throe on throe,
How, wasted by this woe,
I wrestle down the myriad years of time!
Behold, how fast around me,
The new King of the happy ones sublime
Has flung the chain he forged, has shamed and bound me!
Woe, woe, to-day's woe and the coming morrow's,
I cover with one groan! And where is found me
A limit to these sorrows?
And yet what word do I say? I have foreknown
Clearly all things that should be—nothing done
Comes sudden to my soul—and I must bear
What is ordained with patience, being aware
Necessity doth front the universe
With an invincible gesture. Yet this curse,
Which strikes me now, I find it hard to brave
In silence or in speech. Because I gave
Honour to mortals, I have yoked my soul
To this compelling fate! Because I stole
The secret fount of fire, whose bubbles went
Over the ferrule's brim, and manward sent
Art's mighty means and perfect rudiment,
That sin I expiate in this agony;
Hung here in fetters, 'neath the blanching sky!

[*The sea-nymphs draw near*

Ah, ah me! what a sound!
What a fragrance sweeps up from a pinion unseen,
Of a god or a mortal, or a nature between,

Sweeping up to this rock where the earth has her
bound,
To have sight of my pangs, or some guerdon obtain.
Lo! a god in the anguish, a god in the chain!
The god Zeus hateth sore,
And his gods hate again,
As many as tread on his glorified floor,
Because I loved mortals, too much evermore!
Alas me! what a murmur and motion I hear,
As of birds flying near!
And the air undersings
The light stroke of their wings—
And all life that approaches I wait for in fear.

CHOR. Fear nothing! our troop
Floats lovingly up
With a quick-oaring stroke
Of wings steered to the rock;
Having softened the soul of our father below!
For the gales of swift-bearing have sent me a sound,
And the clank of the iron, the malleted blow,
Smote down the profound
Of my caverns of old,
And struck the red light in a blush from my brow,
Till I sprang up unsandaled, in haste to behold,
And rushed forth on my chariot of wings manifold.

Mrs. Browning.

CHAPTER IX

SOPHOCLES

Sophocles — His Position in Attic Tragedy — The *Ajax* — The *Electra* — The *Philoctetes* — The *Women of Trachis* — The *Œdipus the King* — The *Œdipus at Colonus* — The *Antigone.*

Sophocles, the second great tragic poet of Athens, was born about 495 B. C. in the village of Colonus, near Athens. The wealth of his father secured him an excellent education and a position in the best Athenian society. As a lad he was remarkable for his beauty, and was chosen to lead the chorus of boys which sang a hymn of praise for the victory at Salamis in 480 B. C. His first victory at the City Dionysia, in 468 B. C., is said to have been won at his first competition. He defeated Æschylus on this occasion. Early in his career he won applause both as a poet and as an actor in a play entitled the *Washerwomen*, in which he played the part of the maiden Nausicaä playing at ball. His weak voice, however, compelled him to give up acting, which was gradually becoming an independent profession. He made two important innovations in the dramatic art, the introduction of the third actor and the use of painted scenery. Both as a poet and as a man he was a favorite of the Athenians throughout his career, winning no less than eighteen victories at the City Dionysia alone and never falling below second place. Of the upward

of one hundred plays which he wrote in the course of his long dramatic career of over sixty years only seven survive.

Sophocles is a true representative of the age of Pericles, of the fine aristocracy of culture which makes the period lying between 460 and 430 B. C. the greatest and most splendid of antiquity. His relation to letters is comparable to that of Pheidias to art. Euripides, on the other hand, was the poet of the extreme democracy, and stood for entirely different ideals; while Æschylus, whose early manhood fell in the stirring times in which Athens wrestled first with the tyranny for political freedom and then with the Persian Empire for her very existence, was of the more rugged type, sturdily striving to maintain the older ideals both in politics and in religion. Sophocles stands nearer to Æschylus than to Euripides, though only ten years older than the latter. Of Euripides as a poet we shall speak later; as between Æschylus and Sophocles one or two characteristics may be pointed out.

The actions of the characters in Æschylus are governed largely by destiny. The characters are heroic, in the first place, and their fate was already fixed in the legends of which the poet made use. Æschylus endeavors to show how their fate was worked out under the universal laws established by the gods. In this sort of fatalism less stress could be laid upon the operation of human motives in the individual. Sophocles, on the other hand, laid greater stress upon the individual and his motives and less upon the irresistible law. His characters are accordingly more human, though still heroic. In some of his plays we note the development of character during the progress

SOPHOCLES.
Portrait Statue, Lateran Museum, Rome.

of the action — a thing unknown in Æschylus. The details of his plays are more carefully studied, both as regards the plot and the language. Under an apparent simplicity lies a subtlety of thought and a carefully studied adjustment of parts that only profound study and sympathy will reveal. The best of his tragedies are unsurpassed as works of art in the history of literature—embodiments of beauty and truth, harmony and grace.

The earliest extant play is the *Ajax*, produced before 440 B. C. Ajax, son of Telamon, one of the noblest of the heroes before Troy, contended with Odysseus for the prize of Achilles' armor, which was to be awarded to the bravest after Achilles. The prize was given to Odysseus. Smarting under the injustice of this decision, Ajax resolves to slay the leaders, Agamemnon and Menelaus. Athene thwarts his design and turns him, blinded by madness, against the flocks, upon which he exhausts his rage, thinking them his foes. At the opening of the play Athene shows to Odysseus the still demented hero sitting in his tent. Soon, however, Ajax returns to his senses, and is overwhelmed by the knowledge of the disgrace and ridicule which his act will bring upon him. He resolves to die, refusing to listen to the prayers of the chorus of sailors from his own home, Salamis, or of his faithful wife, the captive Tecmessa. At length, however, he pretends to yield to them, and goes down to the sea as if to cleanse himself. Meanwhile his brother Teucer arrives, and is anxious because of the absence of Ajax. The chorus and Tecmessa hasten away to search for him. The scene changes. Ajax is seen in the background, half hidden from view.

After an appeal to the gods he hurls himself upon his sword. Soon his body is found by Tecmessa and the chorus. An altercation ensues between Teucer and Menelaus on the question of his burial. At the request of Odysseus Agamemnon decides to award Ajax an honorable burial. The funeral procession closes the play. This last portion, like the close of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, serves as an epilogue to the real plot, which, to the modern mind, is concluded with the death of Ajax. I quote first the beautiful choral ode to Salamis:

O glorious Salamis!
Thou dwellest, blest within thy sea-girt shores,
Admired of all men still;
While I, poor fool, long since abiding here
In Ida's grassy mead,
Winter and summer too,
Dwell, worn with woe, through months innumerable,
Still brooding o'er the fear of evil things,
That I ere long shall pass
To shades of Hades terrible and dread.

And now our Aias comes,
Fresh troubler, hard to heal, (ah me! ah me!)
And dwells with madness sore,
Which God inflicts; him thou of old didst send
Mighty in battle fierce;
But now in lonely woe
Wandering, great sorrow he to friends is found,
And the high deeds of worthiest praise of old,
Loveless to loveless souls,
Are with the Atreidæ fallen, fallen low.

And lo! his mother, worn with length of days,
And white with hoary age,
When she shall hear his frenzied soul's disease,
With wailing, wailing loud,

Will she, ill-starred one, cry, nor pour the strain
Of nightingale's sad song,
But shriller notes will utter in lament,
And on her breast will fall
The smiting of her hands,
And fearful tearing of her hoary hair.

Far better would he fare in Hades dread,
Who liveth sick in soul,
Who, springing from the noblest hero-stock
Of all the Achæans strong,
Abides no longer in his native mood,
But wanders far astray.
O wretched father, what a weight of woe,
Thy son's, hast thou to learn,
Which none else yet has borne,
Of all the high Zeus-sprung Æacidæ.

Plumptre.

The monologue of Ajax just before his death is famous. I quote the last part of it:

Thou Sun, whose chariot in the heavens' high path
Rides on in glory, when thou see'st the land
Owned by my fathers, draw thy golden reins,
And tell all these my sorrows, and my doom.
To mine old father, and my mother lorn;
Ah! when she hears, poor wretch, the evil news
Through all the city, great and bitter cries
Will issue from her lips. But not for me
Is time for vain lament. The work must now
Begin more swiftly. Come and look on me,
O Death, O Death!—and yet in yonder world
I shall dwell with thee, speak enough with thee;
And Thee I call, thou light of golden day,
Thou Sun, who drivest on thy glorious car,
Thee, for this last time, never more again.
O Light, O sacred land that was my home;
O Salamis, where stands my father's hearth,
Thou glorious Athens, with thy kindred race;

Ye streams and rivers here, and Troïa's plains,
To you that fed my life I bid farewell;
This last, last word does Aias speak to you;
All else I speak in Hades to the dead.

Plumptre.

The *Electra*, of uncertain date, is on the same theme as the *Libation Bearers* of Æschylus—the vengeance of Orestes upon Clytemnestra and Ægisthus. But our interest is now centred upon Electra, who remained at home a witness to her mother's shame and the object of humiliating indignities. She bears her afflictions with fortitude, confident of the return of her brother. The character of her sister, Chrysothemis—of good intentions but weak and timorous—is an admirable foil to that of Electra. The plot is enhanced by the fact that the recognition of Orestes by Electra is postponed until just before the death of Clytemnestra. Electra, as well as her mother, is deceived by the report of his death brought by Orestes himself and Pylades, disguised as strangers. Electra's confidence is turned for a while to the deepest despair. Ægisthus is not slain until he has uncovered the face of the dead Clytemnestra, thinking to see the features of Orestes, whose death would mean security to him—a most effective situation, full of the tragic irony[1] for which Sophocles is famous. I quote a portion of the lyrical dialogue which takes place between Electra and the chorus of Argive maidens, soon after the entrance of the latter.

[1]By "tragic irony" we mean that contrast between the true state of things, known to the spectators, and the fancied state in which a character finds himself, so that his words, which to him are capable of only one construction, suggest to the spectators something altogether different. When the truth is revealed the character learns that his own words have mocked him. The mockery in the *Electra* is mostly in the situation itself. The *Œdipus* is full of the more subtle irony of language applied to the situation.

CHOR. Not unto thee alone,
My child, of those that live
Have grief and sorrow come;
Nor sufferest thou aught more than those within
With whom thou sharest home and kith and kin,
Iphianassa and Chrysothemis;
And one is mourning in a youth obscure;
Yet happy, too, in part,
Whom one day the Mykenians' glorious land
Shall welcome as the heir of noble race,
Coming to this our soil,
As sent by grace of Zeus,—
Orestes, come at last.

ELEC. Ah! him I wait for with unwearied hope,
And go, ah! piteous fate!
Childless, unwedded still;
My cheeks are wet with tears,
And still I bear an endless doom of woe.
And he, alas! forgets
All he has met with, all that I had taught.
What message goes from me
That is not mocked? For still he yearns to come,
And yet he deigneth not,
Yearn though he may, to show himself to us.

CHOR. Take heart, my child, take heart;
Mighty in heaven He dwells,
Zeus, seeing, guiding all:
Resign to him the wrath that vexes sore.
And as for them, the foes whom thou dost hate,
Nor grieve too much, nor yet forget them quite;
Time is a calm and patient deity:
For neither he who dwells
Where oxen graze on far Krisæan shore,
The boy who sprang from Agamemnon's loins,
Lives heedless of thy woe;
Nor yet the god who reigns
By Acheron's dark shore.

ELEC. And yet the larger portion of my life
Is gone without a hope,
And I am all too weak.

Who waste away in orphaned loneliness,
Whom no dear husband loves,
But, like an alien stranger in the house,
I do my task unmeet,
And tend the chambers where my father dwelt,
In this unseemly guise,
And stand at tables all too poorly filled.

Plumptre.

Still a third tragedy takes its subject from the legends of the Trojan cycle—the *Philoctetes*, which won the first prize in 409 B. C. This hero, on the way to Troy, was bitten in the foot by a snake. The wound became so noisome and the cries of the sufferer so annoying that, at the instance of Odysseus, Philoctetes was abandoned while asleep on the island of Lemnos. Nine years passed and Troy had not fallen. A prophecy was given to the Greeks that Troy would never be taken except by the son of Achilles, and with the bow of Heracles. Now this bow had been bequeathed by Heracles to Philoctetes. So the Greeks sent Neoptolemus, Achilles' son, with Odysseus to fetch Philoctetes and the bow. When the play opens they have just landed on the desolate island. Odysseus instructs Neoptolemus how to entrap Philoctetes and get possession of the bow by deceit. The noble nature of the lad revolts against such tricks, but at last he yields. Neoptolemus and Philoctetes meet. The hero implicitly trusts the son of his old friend Achilles, and after the latter has promised to take him to his home, puts the bow into his hands during a paroxysm of pain. Touched by his sufferings Neoptolemus tells him the truth, and is on the point of giving back the bow when Odysseus arrives and leads him away, since Philoctetes stoutly refuses to go to Troy with his betrayers.

Again the noble nature of Neoptolemus asserts itself. He returns in spite of Odysseus' threats and restores the bow. Heracles appears in the air and promises that his wound will be healed. The sufferings of Philoctetes and his despair at the loss of the bow, his only means of obtaining food as well as the precious relic of Heracles, lend pathos to the subject, which, however, is attractive mainly on account of the noble and generous character of Neoptolemus.

The *Women of Trachis* (about 420 B. C.), so named from its chorus of maidens from the village of Trachis, near Thermopylæ, is unlike any other play of Sophocles in that the passion of love is the ruling motive. The character of the heroine is exquisitely drawn—Deïaneira, wife of Heracles, daughter of Œneus, king of Ætolia. She had been sought in marriage by the river-god Acheloüs, whom Heracles had conquered, taking Deïaneira as his bride. The centaur Nessus, whom Heracles slew on their journey home, had given Deïaneira a love-charm wherewith to win back her husband's love should he prove unfaithful. During the long years in which Heracles was performing the twelve labors she had not used it, though in his protracted absences from home he had not always remained true to her. When the play opens we find Deïaneira and her children at Trachis, driven from Argos by fear of Eurystheus. Heracles had been absent for fifteen months, nor knew she where he was. But he had told her before leaving of an oracle which said that when this period should expire he should have rest from troubles. So she awaits news of him with increasing anxiety. Soon a train of captive women appears, at their head Lichas, a trusted serv-

ant of Heracles, who announces the hero's speedy arrival. Deïaneira is filled with joy until she learns that the most beautiful of the maidens is loved by Heracles. She recalls the love-charm, and anointing a rich robe with it, sends it to her husband as a gift. When he put it on it burned into his flesh—no love-charm, but a poison designed by Nessus. Deïaneira, learning the result of her act, takes her own life. Heracles is borne in on a litter, wracked with torture, and learning how his suffering was caused, recognizes the fact that the "rest from trouble" promised by the oracle meant his death. The first choral ode is of unusual beauty:

Thee whom the starry night,
Beneath the spoiler's hand
Breathing her last, brings forth,
Whom then she lays to sleep,—
Thee, Sun-god, thee, bright-burning, I implore—
O tell me of Alcmena's son,
O thou whose rays are as the lightnings bright:
Where, where he dwelleth—
Depths of the Ægean threading,
Or from mid-straight beholding either continent—
O tell me, god of keenest light!

For with an ever-hungry heart, they say,
Fair Deïaneira, she for whom the suitors strove,
Like some unhappy bird
Lulls never into tearless sleep
That hunger of her eyes;
But unforgetful fear
For him, her absent lord,
She entertaining, pines
Upon her widowed couch of care—
Ill-starred, forboding all distressful chance.

For, as before the untiring blast of south or north,
Across the boundless sea
We watch the march of waves
That come, and ever come —
Even so upon this son of Cadmus's house attends
His hard life's toilsomeness,
Increasing more and more,—
Of troubles a Cretan sea.
But from the halls of death
Some god restrains his feet,
Suffering them not to stray.

Therefore I chide thee, and this word
Of contradiction, not ungrateful, I wil speak:
I say thou dost not well
To kill the better hope,
For think, a lot exempt from pain
The son of Cronos, king who governs all,
Ordainèd not for men.
To all men sorrow and joy alternate come,
Revolving, as in heaven
The twisting courses of the Bear.

For neither starry night
Abides with men, nor death, nor wealth —
But quickly is it gone:
And now another learns
The changeful tale of joy and loss.
Therefore I counsel thee, the queen,
To keep this ever in thy hopes:
For when was Zeus so careless for his sons?

Whitelaw.

We come now to the three dramas on the fate of the house of Labdacus, conceded to be the masterpieces of Sophocles—*Œdipus the King* (about 430 B. C.), *Œdipus at Colonus* (406 B. C.), and *Antigone* (441 B. C.). These three plays were not written to form a sequence, as the dates will show, but they are best considered in the order of the story which they tell. The *Œdipus*

the King, the greatest work of our poet and the most perfect tragedy of antiquity, received only the second prize at its production. The scene is laid at Thebes, and the chorus is formed of Theban elders. Œdipus, after delivering Thebes from the Sphinx by guessing her riddle, became king in the stead of Laius, and married his wife, Jocasta (see page 209). Twenty years have passed since then. A pestilence falls upon the city. Œdipus has sent to Delphi his brother-in-law, Creon, to inquire of the oracle of Apollo how the pest is to be stayed. Creon reports that the slayer of Laius must be found and punished. Œdipus zealously takes this duty upon himself. He makes proclamation that whoever has knowledge of the deed shall declare it, and that the murderer, whoever he is, shall be treated as one accursed, barred out from intercourse with men and the worship of the gods. He bids the prophet Teiresias reveal the guilty one. When he refuses, Œdipus insults and threatens him, until the prophet in anger says: "*Thou* art the accursed defiler of the land." Œdipus indignantly drives Teiresias from his presence for forging prophecies in the interest of Creon. He also openly accuses Creon of conspiring for the throne. Jocasta strives to calm her husband by illustrating the futility of prophecies; it was predicted that Laius should be slain by his son, but a robber killed him where three roads meet, and the son was exposed upon a mountain. This revelation leads to anxious inquiries on the part of Œdipus. The circumstances of Laius' death remind him of a similar encounter in which he had slain a man; but it was a robber band that slew Laius. A messenger from Corinth enters announcing the death of the king,

Polybus, whom Œdipus believes to be his father. The oracle that Œdipus shall slay his father is false, but he will not return to claim the throne of Corinth lest the other part of the oracle, that he should wed his own mother, should yet be fulfilled. The messenger reassures him by telling him that he is not the son of Polybus, but was found upon a mountain when a babe, his feet pierced with thongs. Jocasta sees the horrible truth and begs her husband to question no further. She enters the palace and takes her own life. Meanwhile Œdipus pushes his inquiries. From a herdsman who is brought in the confession is wrung that the babe found on the mountain and taken to Corinth was the son of Laius. Œdipus rushes in despair into the palace, and seeing the dead body of his mother and wife, Jocasta, tears out his eyes. The tragedy closes with the pathetic farewell of Œdipus and his daughters.

It is difficult to quote from a drama like this, so closely knit together that every portion is essential to the whole. Step by step the proud king, conscious of his own innocence, yet arrogant and guilty of having tried to evade Apollo's oracle, probes into the secret of his own horrible crimes. The gradual unraveling of the terrible secret keeps the mind of the spectators constantly on the rack with conflicting emotions. Our sympathy with the unhappy prince, so eager to accomplish the work of justice at whatever cost, rises to admiration when, his spirit broken and his life ruined, he nobly resolves to live and does not forget his country and his children. The following ode illustrates Sophocles' treatment of the chorus. A suspicion has arisen of the guilt of Œdipus, and he has treated Creon with inexcusable arrogance. The chorus

breathes a prayer for purity in word and deed, and deprecates the pride and insolence of kings.

Mine be it, mine to hold,
With destiny to aid, the deathless sanctity
In words and actions manifold,
Whereof the laws do live and move on high,
Set in eternal spheres,
Born in the bright expanse of upper sky,
Birth of the high God, not of mortal years,
Nor unto dull oblivion a prey:
Strong, ageless deity is theirs, and waneth not away.

The child of earthly pride
Is tyranny, when once man's life doth teem
With wealth too great to profit or beseem.
Up, by a path untried,
Up to the crowning peak of bliss
She climbs, then headlong down the sheer abyss
Helpless she sinks to the unfooted void!
Yet unto God I pray that he may ne'er annul
Man's strife that man's estate be honoured to the full!
God is my help; to him my faith clings undestroyed.

But if a man, in deed or word,
Walks o'er-informed with pride and might,
By fear of justice undeterred,
Scorning the seats of deity,
Ill doom, to that man drawing nigh,
His ill-starred arrogance requite!
Unless toward his proper gain
With uncorrupted hand he strain,
Unless he loathe all filthiness,
If with lewd hands he touch the grace of holiness!
Henceforth, if such things be, no mortal evermore
Can from his life repel
The darts of heaven and boast that foiled they fell:
If he who walks such ways
Deserve man's honour and his praise,
Wherefore with holy dance should I the Gods adore?

Morshead.

The truth as regards the parentage of Œdipus is revealed in this conversation between the King, the Corinthian Messenger, and the Herdsman. This passage is a good example of the line-for-line dialogue with which Greek tragedy abounds:

ME. Say then, dost thou recall that unto me
A child thou gavest for my fosterling?
HE. What say'st thou? wherefore askest thou of this?
ME. (*Pointing to Œdipus.*) Good sir, there standeth he that was that child.
HE. Hell silence thee! wilt thou not hold thy peace?
ŒD. Peace, old man, chide him not — these words of thine,
More than his tale, deserve a chastener.
HE. Wherein, most goodly lord, do I offend?
ŒD. Avowing not the child of whom he asks.
HE. He speaks sans knowledge, frets himself in vain.
ŒD. Thou wilt not speak with grace, thou shalt with tears.
HE. For God's sake, wrong me not, for I am old.
ŒD. Ho, bind him, bind his arms behind his back.
HE. Wherefore, O hapless man? what more wouldst learn?
ŒD. Didst give to him the child of whom he asks?
HE. I gave it — would that I had died that day!
ŒD. This day thou diest, if thou hide the truth.
HE. Yet I die doubly, if I hide it not.
ŒD. Methinks he driveth yet at more delay.
HE. Nay, nay — I have owned that I gave the child.
ŒD. Whence having it? another's or thine own?
HE. Mine it was not; but by another given.
ŒD. By whom in Thebes, from what home, high or low?
HE. For heaven's sake, O my master, ask no more.
ŒD. Thou art but dead, if I shall ask again.
HE. God help — it was a child of Laius' house.
ŒD. A slave-child, or in his own lineage born?
HE. Woe's me — in speech I stand on horror's verge.
ŒD. And I in hearing: natheless I must hear.
HE. Know then, his own child it was said to be,
Go, ask thy queen within; she best can say.
ŒD. Was it she gave it thee? HE. It was, O king.

ŒD. And for what end? HE. That I should quench its life.
ŒD. So hard a mother? HE. By ill presage scared.
ŒD. What presage? HE. That the child should slay his sire.
ŒD. Then why unto this graybeard didst thou give it?
HE. My lord, I pitied it, and deemed that he
Would bear it hence away to his own land.
He saved it, well-a-day, for sorrow's crown.
For if thou art the child of whom he tells,
Be well assured thou wert to ill fate born.
ŒD. Woe, woe upon me! all the issue clear—
Light, be thou dark to me for evermore!
Cursed in my birth, and in my marriage cursed,
And cursed in blood-shedding I stand revealed!
[*He rushes into the palace.*
Morshead.

Œdipus resigned the throne to Creon after his unwitting crimes had been found out, and desired to leave Thebes forever, but the oracle forbade. But when his sons had grown to manhood, they and Creon cruelly thrust him forth, an outcast. Antigone attended him in his long wanderings as a beggar, but Ismene stayed at home. When the *Œdipus at Colonus* opens they have reached a grove at Colonus, near Athens, where they stop to rest. Warned by the citizens of the village, who form the chorus, that they stand upon holy ground sacred to the Furies, Œdipus recalls that the oracle had predicted that he should end his life here. Theseus, king of Athens, summoned by Œdipus, extends the protection of the city to the wanderers. Ismene arrives from Thebes with news of the quarrel of Eteocles and Polyneices. Soon Creon comes to take Œdipus back to Thebes, since his presence is necessary to the safety of the city. In the struggle that follows Antigone and Ismene are carried off, but Theseus rescues them and drives Creon

back. Polyneices comes to supplicate his father for aid, but is sternly dismissed. Then, in an impressive scene, Œdipus enters the sacred grove and is miraculously translated amid thunder and lightning. The play is unsurpassed in beauty and in tenderness of feeling. The peaceful and glorious death of the unhappy Œdipus seems but a fitting close to a life so noble and yet so full of sorrows. The most beautiful choral passage is the famous ode to Colonus, the village birthplace of the poet:

Of all the land far famed for goodly steeds,
Thou com'st, O stranger, to the noblest spot,
Colonus, glistening bright,
Where evermore, in thickets freshly green,
The clear-voiced nightingale
Still haunts, and pours her song,
By purpling ivy hid,
And the thick leafage sacred to the god,
With all its myriad fruits,
By mortal's foot untouched,
By sun's hot ray unscathed,
Sheltered from every blast;
There wanders Dionysos evermore,
In full, wild revelry,
And waits upon the Nymphs who nursed his youth.

And there, beneath the gentle dews of heaven,
The fair narcissus, with its clustered bells,
Blooms ever, day by day,
Of old the wreaths of mightiest goddesses;
And crocus golden-eyed;
And still unslumbering flow
Kephisos' wandering streams;
They fail not from their spring, but evermore,
Swift-rushing into birth,
Over the plain they sweep,
The land of broad, full breast,
With clear and stainless wave:

Nor do the Muses in their minstrel choirs
Hold it in slight esteem,
Nor Aphrodite with her golden reins.

And in it grows a marvel such as ne'er
On Asia's soil I heard,
Nor the great Dorian isle from Pelops named,
A plant self-sown, that knows
No touch of withering age,
Terror of hostile swords,
Which here on this our ground
Its high perfection gains,
The grey-green foliage of the olive-tree,
Rearing a goodly race:
And never more shall man,
Or young or bowed with years,
Give forth the fierce command
And lay it low in dust.
For lo! the eye of Zeus,
Zeus of our olive groves,
That sees eternally,
Casteth its glance thereon,
And she, Athena, with the clear, grey eyes.

And yet another praise is mine to sing,
Gift of the mighty God,
To this our city, mother of us all,
Her greatest, noblest boast,
Famed for her goodly steeds,
Famed for her bounding colts,
Famed for her sparkling sea.
Poseidon, son of Kronos, Lord and King,
To Thee this boast we owe,
For first in these our streets
Thou to the untamed horse
Didst use the conquering bit:
And here the well-shaped oar,
By skilled hands deftly plied,

Still leapeth through the sea,
Following in wondrous guise
The fair Nereids with their hundred feet.
Plumptre.

After the death of Œdipus, Antigone and Ismene returned to Thebes. The seven chieftains of Argos, Polyneices at their head, came against the city, and the two brothers perished by each other's hands. Creon was made king. He decreed that Eteocles should be buried with due honor, but that the body of Polyneices should lie unburied, the offender against this decree to be stoned to death. At this point the action of the *Antigone* begins. Antigone, setting the divine law above the edict of man, resolves to bury her brother. Ismene in vain tries to dissuade her. Creon has no sooner made his solemn proclamation than a messenger reports that the decree has been violated. Soon Antigone is led in by the guard, and boldly defends her course to Cleon. Ismene would share her sister's fate, but Antigone refuses. The king's son, Hæmon, to whom Antigone is betrothed, pleads for her life in vain. Antigone is led away to be immured alive. The prophet Teiresias warns Cleon that he and the city shall suffer, but Cleon cannot be moved from what he arrogantly assumes to be the course of justice. Hæmon, cursing his father to his face, slays himself over the body of Antigone, who has taken her own life. At the news of her son's death the queen also takes her own life, cursing her husband. Creon, plunged into desperate grief and admitting his fault, is led away, praying for death. In this noble tragedy, for the understanding of which a mere outline is quite inadequate, the character of Antigone

is made to stand out in bold relief above the others. Symonds calls her "the most perfect female character in Greek poetry." It is notable that Sophocles does not accept the opportunity which his plot offered to temper her hard and resolute character by emphasizing her love for Hæmon. Loyalty to duty overrules all sentiment.

I quote first Creon's proclamation concerning the body of Polyneices, addressed to the elders of Thebes, represented by the members of chorus :

My friends, the noble vessel of our State,
After sore shaking her, the Gods have sped
On a smooth course once more. I brought you hither,
By special messengers selecting you
From all the city, first, because I knew you
Aye loyal to the throne of Laïus ;
Then, both while Œdipus gave prosperous days,
And since his fall, I still beheld you firm
In sound allegiance to the royal issue.
Now since the pair have perished in an hour,
Through mutual violence, leaving their land
Oppressed with guilt of fratricidal blood ,
All rule and potency of sovereign sway,
In virtue of next kin to the deceased,
Devolves on me. But hard it is to learn
The mind of any mortal or the heart,
Till he be tried in chief authority.
Power shows the man. For he who, when supreme,
Withholds his hand or voice from the best cause,
Being thwarted by some fear, that man to me
Appears, and ever hath appeared, most vile.
He too hath no high place in mine esteem,
Who sets his friend before his fatherland.
Let Zeus whose eye sees all eternally
Be here my witness. I will ne'er keep silence
When danger lours upon my citizens
Who looked for safety, nor make him my friend
Who doth not love my country. For I know
Our country carries us, and whilst her helm
Is held aright we gain good friends and true.

Following such courses 'tis my steadfast will
To foster Thebè's greatness, and therewith
In brotherly accord is my decree
Touching the sons of Œdipus. The man—
Eteocles I mean—who died for Thebes
Fighting with eminent prowess on her side,
Shall be entombed with every sacred rite
That follows to the grave the lordliest dead.
But for his brother, who, a banished man,
Returned to devastate and burn with fire
The land of his nativity, the shrines
Of his ancestral gods, to feed him fat
With Theban carnage, and make captive all
That should escape the sword—for Polyneices,
This law hath been proclaimed concerning him :
He shall have no lament, no funeral,
But lie unburied, for the carrion fowl
And dogs to eat his corse, a sight of shame.
Such are the motions of this mind and will.
Never from me shall villains reap renown
Before the just. But whoso loves the State,
I will exalt him both in life and death.

Lewis Campbell.

In the following passage Antigone declares before Cleon her allegiance to the eternal laws of Right, rather than to the edicts of man :

CREON. Speak thou, who bendest on the earth thy gaze,—
Are these things which are witnessed true or false ?
ANTIGONE. Not false, but true : that which he saw he spake.
CR. (*to the guard*). So, sirrah, thou art free; go where thou wilt,
Loosed from the burden of a heavy charge.
But tell me thou, and let thy speech be brief,—
The edict had'st thou heard which this forbade ?
ANT. I could not choose but hear what all men heard.
CR. And did'st thou dare to disobey the law ?
ANT. Nowise from Zeus, methought, this edict came,
Nor Justice, that abides among the gods

In Hades, who ordained these laws for men,
Nor did I deem thine edicts of such force
That they, a mortal's bidding, should o'erride
Unwritten laws, eternal in the heavens.
Not of to-day or yesterday are they,
But live from everlasting, and from whence
They sprang none knoweth. I would not, for the breach
Of these, through fear of any human pride,
To Heaven atone. I know that I must die:
How else? without thine edict that were so;
And if before my time,—why, this were gain,
Compassed about with ills;—who lives as I,
Death to such life as his must needs be gain.
So is it to me to undergo this doom
No grief at all; but had I left my brother,
My mother's child, unburied where he lay,
Then I had grieved; but now this grieves me not.
Senseless I seem to thee, so doing? Belike
A senseless judgment finds me void of sense.

Whitelaw.

After Hæmon's intercession for Antigone the chorus sings this ode on the power of Love:

O Love, our conqueror, matchless in might,
Thou prevailest, O Love, thou dividest the prey;
In damask cheeks of a maiden
Thy watch through the night is set.
Thou roamest over the sea;
On the hills, in the shepherds' huts, thou art;
Nor of deathless gods, nor of short-lived men,
From thy madness any escapeth.

Unjust, through thee, are the thoughts of the just;
Thou dost bend them, O Love, to thy will, to thy spite.
Unkindly strife thou hast kindled,
This wrangling of son with sire.
For great laws throned in the heart
To the sway of a rival power give place,
To the love-light flashed from a fair bride's eyes.

Whitelaw.

CHAPTER X

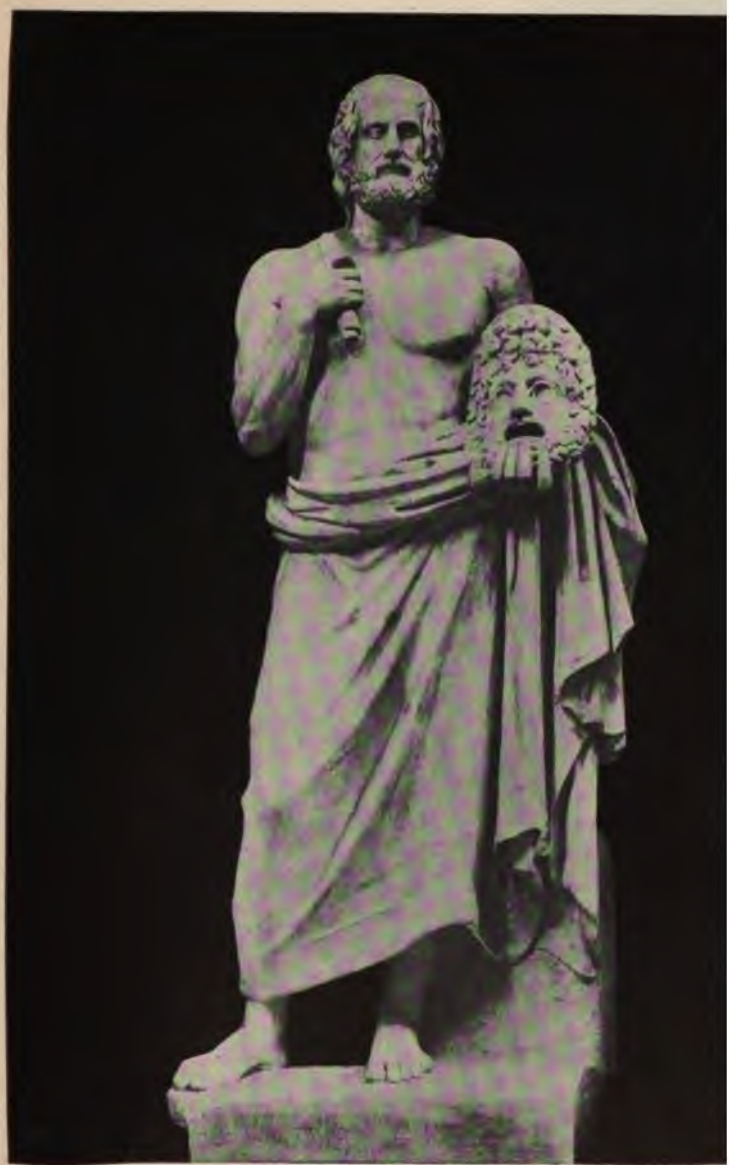
EURIPIDES

Euripides—His Position in Attic Tragedy—His Popularity and Influence—The *Alcestis*—The *Medea*—The *Hippolytus*—The Trojan Plays: *Iphigeneia at Aulis*, *Iphigeneia among the Taurians*, *Orestes*, *Electra*, *Trojan Women*, *Hecabe*, *Andromache*, *Helen*—The Theban Plays: *Phœnician Women*, *Suppliants*—The *Children of Heracles*—The *Heracles*—The *Ion*—The *Bacchanals*—The *Cyclops*.

Euripides was born in 485 B. C. on the island of Salamis. He received a liberal education under expensive teachers. It is said that he was first a professional athlete and subsequently a painter. We are told also that he was unhappily married, and his domestic relations are a topic for scandalous gossip in the comic poets. The ancients attributed to this fact in his life the many bitter sayings about women that are found in his tragedies. They called him a woman-hater; and yet he portrays with exquisite tenderness and grace the affectionate, self-sacrificing wife, the devoted mother, and noble, pure, high-minded maidenhood. His first play was brought out in 455 B. C., at the age of thirty. Of the ninety odd plays which he wrote eighteen survive, one of which, the *Cyclops*, is the only extant specimen of the satyr-drama. Another tragedy, the *Rhesus*, which is contained in the manuscripts of Euripides, is believed to be a work of the fourth century. Euripides was only moderately successful in the competitions, his victories

at both festivals amounting to fifteen, as against the twenty-eight of Æschylus and the twenty-four of Sophocles. He died in 406 B. C. in Macedonia, where the last years of his life had been spent at the court of the king Archelaus.

Euripides was distinctly the representative poet of the last part of the fifth century. Since the establishment of the Athenian Empire great changes had come over the spirit of the Athenian people. Imperialism had brought in its train a revolution in social life, a higher plane of living, an eagerness for advanced or novel views on ethics and religion, a larger interest in political affairs. After the death of Pericles the populace was all-powerful, and the success of the demagogue quickened the desire of the people for the new education, which was eminently "practical," great stress being laid upon the specious rhetoric by which the worse cause was made to seem the better. The audience in the theatre now took less delight than formerly in the old-fashioned presentation of the old doctrines of religion as exemplified in the figures of mythology. They demanded striking scenes, clever reasoning, splendid oratory, harrowing situations, brilliant musical effects. If a poet could present a well-worn subject in a novel way, either by introducing subtle dramatic devices or by reshaping the myth, so much the better. Sophocles conceded not a little to this tendency of the times, but always maintained the lofty ideal of the tragic art which Æschylus had bequeathed. But Euripides was the very embodiment of the spirit of his age. A consummate playwright he employed every dramatic and theatrical means to gain the desired effects, even sacrificing the harmony



EURIPIDES.
Portrait Statue, Vatican Museum, Rome.

of the whole to the beauty and effectiveness of the parts. Though he rarely rises to the sublime heights of Æschylus, and though his tragedies are not always perfect works of art, like those of Sophocles, there is no doubt that they "staged" well.

A keen observer of the men and women about him, Euripides paints men as they are, while Sophocles paints them as they should be.[1] Indeed he seems to have been too bold an innovator even for his own time, if we may judge by the criticisms of Aristophanes. His popularity with the masses, however, is conceded by the comic poet, and is attested by the interesting fact that many of the Athenian prisoners taken by the Syracusans in 411 B. C. were given their liberty because they were able to recite from his plays.[2] In the fourth century he was easily the most popular of the three master poets, and his tragedies maintained themselves upon the stage well into the Christian era. His influence upon the later comedy was marked. The comic poet Philemon said: "If the dead, as some assert, have really consciousness, then would I hang myself to see Euripides." Euripides served the Roman poets as a model far more than either Æschylus or Sophocles, and through this medium he became the father of the classical tragedy in France. He appeals strongly to the average reader of to-day because he seems, relatively, so modern. His characters are generally less heroic than those of his predecessors, and therefore less remote. They exhibit the passions and weaknesses of ordinary mortals, and

[1] A criticism attributed to Sophocles himself, contrasting his own "idealism" with the "realism" of his rival.

[2] Robert Browning makes use of this story in the framework of his transcription of the *Alcestis* in *Balaustion's Adventure*.

are not merely instruments for revealing the workings of divine law. His qualities as a poet are summed up in the language of an enthusiastic admirer, Mrs. Browning:

> Our Euripides the Human
> With his droppings of warm tears,
> And his touches of things common
> Till they rose to touch the spheres.

The earliest extant play is the *Alcestis*, produced in 438 B. C. The victory was won by Sophocles, Euripides gaining second place. The *Alcestis* was the fourth drama in the tetralogy, taking the place of the usual satyr-drama. The subject is the voluntary death of Alcestis in place of her husband, Admetus, king of Pheræ, in Thessaly. Apollo, who had kept Admetus' flocks, condemned for a fault to serve a mortal for a time, loved his former master, and promised to persuade the Fates to accept a substitute when the hour of death should come. The fated day arrives. None but Alcestis will consent to die that Admetus may live. She bids farewell to her home and children, dies, and is borne forth to burial. But Heracles, who has come as a guest to the house of Admetus, learns the misfortune that has befallen his host, and goes forth to rescue Alcestis from Death. After a struggle Alcestis is delivered and restored to her home. I quote the farewell of Alcestis as reported by her maid:[1]

> For when she knew the fatal day was come,
> She bathed in river water her white flesh,

[1] This and the two following passages are quoted from Three Dramas of Euripides by permission of the author, Mr. William Cranston Lawton, and his publishers, Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

And from her chests of cedar choosing forth
Raiment and ornament she decked her fair,
And standing prayed before the hearthstone thus:
"O Goddess,—for I pass beneath the earth,—
Here at the last, a suppliant, I entreat
Rear thou my children, and on him bestow
A loving wife, on her a noble spouse.
And may they not, as I their mother die,
Untimely fall, but in their native land,
And fortunate, fill out a happy life."
And all the shrines throughout Admetos' halls
She sought and decked with boughs, and prayed thereto,
Breaking the foliage of the myrtle twigs.
Nor wept, nor groaned; the sorrow near at hand
Changed not the lovely color of her face.
Then hastened to her marriage-chamber and bed;
There she indeed shed tears, and thus she spoke:
"O couch, where I put off my maiden zone
For this my husband, for whose sake I die,
Farewell. I hate thee not: thou hast destroyed
Me only; slow to leave my spouse and thee
I die. To thee another wife will come,
Not truer, though perchance more fortunate."
And knelt, and kissed, and with the gushing tears
That from her eyelids fell the bed was moist.
When she was sated with her many tears,
In headlong haste she hurried from the spot,
But often turned her as she left the room,
And darted toward her nuptial couch once more.
Her children, clinging to the mother's robe,
Were weeping; taking in her arms she kissed
The two in turn, as though about to die.
And all the servants wept throughout the halls,
Pitying their mistress; and she gave her hand
To every one; not one was there so base
But she did greet him, and by him was hailed.

In a beautiful ode the chorus celebrates the terrible might of Necessity:

High aloft have I been lifted
On the poets' wings of song;
Many sages' words have studied;
Nothing have I known or found
Mightier than Necessity.
Neither in the Thracian tablets
By the Orphic voice recorded,
Nor in all the drugs that Phoibos to Asclepios' children gave,
Is a cure to break her power for the troubled sons of men.

She alone hath neither altars
Nor an image to adore.
Offerings she regardeth never.
Come not, Goddess, in my life,
Sterner than now thou art to me;
For whatever Zeus decreeth
Is fulfilled with thy assistance;
Even the Chalybean iron thou subduest in thy might,
And thy unrelenting spirit knoweth not regret or shame.

The *Medea* was brought out in 431 B. C., receiving the last place, although it is recognized as one of the most powerful of the tragedies of Euripides. Medea was the princess of Colchis, who, for love of Jason, helped him by her magic arts to win the golden fleece in quest of which he and the Argonauts had sailed. She fled with him to Greece as his wife. But Jason has abandoned her for the daughter of the king of Corinth. In her jealousy Medea causes the death of her rival, slays the children whom she had borne to Jason, and makes her escape through the air on an enchanted car. The following passage, addressed by Medea to the Corinthian maidens who compose the chorus, reflects, indeed, the position of woman in Athenian society in the fifth century, but might almost have been uttered by a woman of to-day, so well does Euripides understand womankind:

This trouble unforeseen befalling me
Has crushed my soul; and since the grace of life
Is wholly lost, I long to perish, friends.
For he who was my all,—I know it well,—
My husband, is revealed most base of men.
Of all created things endowed with soul
And sense, we women are the wretchedest.
Who, first, with overplus of gold must buy
Our lord, and take a master to ourselves.
This is an evil even worse than ill.
And then the risk is great, if he we take
Be base or good. No honorable release
Have women, nor may we disown our lord.
Entered on novel ways and customs, each
Must needs divine, if she has never learned,
How it is best to live with him she weds.
And if, while we are toiling faithfully,
The husband is not chafing at the yoke,
Our life is enviable: else, death is best.
A man, when vexed with those within his home,
Goes forth, and frees his heart of weariness,
Betaking him to comrades, or a friend:
While we may look but to one single soul.
They say we live at home a life secure
From danger, while they struggle with the spear.
A foolish thought! I thrice would choose to stand
Beside my shield, ere once to bear a child.
But the same words suit not myself and thee.
Thou hast a city and a father's house,
A happy life and dear companionship.
I, lonely, homeless, by my husband scorned,
From a barbarian land as booty led,
Have not a mother, brother, no, nor kin,
With whom to seek a haven from these ills.
This much I wish I may obtain from thee.
If any means or plan by me be found
To avenge these wrongs on Jason, on the girl
He has wedded, and the sire who gave him her,
Speak not! A woman else is full of fear,

Nor dares to look on violence and arms:
But if it chance her marriage-bed is wronged,
There is no soul more murderous than hers.

The conflicting passions of love and jealousy are wonderfully depicted in this passage—the monologue of Medea just before she slays her children:

O sons, my sons, for you there is a home
And city where, forsaking wretched me,
Ye shall still dwell and have no mother more;
But I, an exile, seek another land,
Ere I have joyed in you and seen you glad,
Ere I have decked for you the nuptial pomp,
The bride, the bed, and held the torch aloft.
Ah me! forlorn by my untempered moods!
In vain then have I nurtured ye, my sons,
In vain have toiled and been worn down by cares,
And felt the hard child-bearing agonies.
There was a time when I, unhappy one,
Had many hopes in you, that both of you
Would cherish me in age; and that your hands,
When I am dead, would fitly lay me out—
That wish of all men; but now lost indeed
Is that sweet thought, for I must, reft of you,
Live on a piteous life and full of pain;
And ye, your dear eyes will no more behold
Your mother, gone into your new strange life.
Alas! why do ye fix your eyes on me,
My sons? Why smile ye on me that last smile?
Alas! what must I do? for my heart faints,
Thus looking on my children's happy eyes.
Women, I cannot. Farewell my past resolves.
My boys go forth with me. What boots it me
To wring their father with their cruel fates,
And earn myself a doubled misery?
It shall not be, shall not. Farewell resolves!—
And yet what mood is this? Am I content
To spare my foes and be a laughing-stock?
It must be dared. Why, out upon my weakness,

To let such coward thoughts steal from my heart!
Go, children, to the house: and he who lacks
Right now to stand by sacrifice of mine
Let him look to it. I'll not stay my hand.
Alas! alas!
No, surely, O my heart, thou canst not do it!
Racked heart, let them go safely: spare the boys.
Living far hence with me they'll make thee joy.
No: by the avenging demon gods in hell,
Never shall be that I shall yield my boys
To the despitings of mine enemies!
For all ways they must die, and since 'tis so,
Better I slay them, I who gave them birth.
All ways 'tis fated; there is no escape.
For now, in the robes, the wreath upon her head,
The royal bride is perishing. I know it.
But since I go on so forlorn a journey,
And them too send on one yet more forlorn,
I'd fain speak with my sons. Give me, my children,
Give your mother your right hands to clasp to her.
O darling hands! O dearest lips to me!
O forms and noblest faces of my boys!
Be happy: but *there*. For of all part here
Your father has bereft you. O sweet kiss!
O grateful breath and soft skin of my boys!
Go, go; I can no longer look on you,
But by my sufferings am overborne.
Oh, I do know what sorrows I shall make;
But anger keeps the mastery of my thoughts,
Which is the chiefest cause of human woes.

Mrs. Webster.

The *Hippolytus*, crowned with the first prize in 428 B. C., is not only one of the best tragedies of Euripides, considered as a work of art, but is of unique interest as the first extant Greek play in which the passion of love is the chief motive. The hero, Hippolytus, was the son of Theseus, the legendary

founder of Athens, by his union with the Amazon queen Hippolyta. He grew up to manhood in purity, paying worship to the chaste goddess Artemis, the huntress, and disdaining Aphrodite. Aphrodite is resolved to punish him. She therefore puts into the heart of Phædra, the wife of Theseus, a love for her step-son. Phædra struggles against the sinful passion until brought to death's door, when it is revealed unto Hippolytus by her nurse. Hippolytus is filled with horror by the disclosure. Phædra hangs herself for shame, accusing Hippolytus in a letter which Theseus finds. The father invokes upon his son a curse, which Poseidon fulfills before the innocence of Hippolytus is established by Artemis. I quote first a choral ode on the power of love, personified as Eros, son of Aphrodite:

Love, O Love, whose eyes with longing
Overflow, who sweet delight
Bringest to the soul thou stormest,
Come not, prithee, sorrow-laden,
Nor too mighty, unto me!
Neither flaming fire is stronger,
Nor the splendor of the stars,
Than the shaft of Aphrodite,
Darting from the hand of Eros,
Who is child of Zeus supreme.

Vainly, vainly, by Alpheios,
Or in Phoibos' Pythian fane,
Hellas heaps the slaughtered oxen!
Eros, of mankind the tyrant,
Holder of the key that locks
Aphrodite's dearest chambers,
Is not honored in our prayers,
Though he comes as the destroyer,
Bringing uttermost disaster,
Unto mortals, when he comes.

Lawton.

In the following passage Hippolytus protests his innocence to his father in language that is at once respectful and forceful:

Father, thy rage and strong-strained fury of soul
Are fearful: yet fair-seeming though the charge,
If one unfold it, all unfair it is.
I have no skill to speak before a throng:
My tongue is loosed with equals, and those few.
And reason: they that are among the wise
Of none account, to mobs are eloquent.
Yet needs I must, now this mischance hath lighted,
Unrein my tongue. And first will I begin
Where thou didst first assail, as thou wouldst crush me,
And I find no reply. See'st thou yon sun
And earth?—within their compass is no man—
Though thou deny it—chaster-souled than I.
For I have learned, first, to revere the gods,
Then, to have friends which seek to do no wrong,
Friends who think shame to proffer aught of base,
Yea, or to render others shameful service.
No mocker am I, father, at my friends,
But to the absent even as to the present:
In one thing flawless,—where thou think'st me trapped,—
For to this day my body is clean of lust.

. . . . . .

God grant I perish nameless, fameless all,
Cityless, homeless, exile, vagabond
On earth,—may sea nor land receive my corpse
When I am dead, if I be this vile thing!

Way.

Fully one-half of the extant plays of Euripides are based on legends of the Trojan war, and four of these treat of tragic events in the history of Agamemnon's family. The *Iphigeneia at Aulis*, which won the first prize (with the *Bacchanals*) after the poet's death, tells of the sacrifice of Agamemnon's daughter to bring favoring winds for the Greek fleet. Clytemnestra is induced

to bring Iphigeneia to the camp at Aulis on the pretext of her marriage with Achilles. When the true reason is known, Iphigeneia at first pleads piteously with her father to spare her life, but when she knows that her death is required by the army and that her father is helpless to save her, she faces her doom with marvelous heroism. When the fatal blow is given, lo! a hind is found lying slain upon the altar in the place of the maiden. I quote Iphigeneia's entreaty:

> Had I the tongue of Orpheus, O my sire,
> To charm with song the rocks to follow me,
> And witch with eloquence whomsoe'er I would,
> I had essayed it. Now — mine only cunning —
> Tears will I bring, for this is all I can.
> And suppliant will I twine about thy knees
> My body, which this mother bare to thee.
> Ah, slay me not untimely! Sweet is light:
> Constrain me not to see the nether gloom!
> 'Twas I first called thee father, thou me child.
> 'Twas I first throned my body on thy knees,
> And gave thee sweet caresses and received.
> And this thy word was: "Ah, my little maid,
> Blest shall I see thee in a husband's halls
> Living and blooming worthily of me?"
> And, as I twined my fingers in thy beard,
> Whereto I now cling, thus I answered thee:
> "And what of thee? Shall I greet thy gray hairs,
> Father, with loving welcome in my halls,
> Repaying all thy fostering toil for me?"
> I keep remembrance of that converse yet:
> Thou hast forgotten, thou wouldst murder me.
> Ah no! — by Pelops, by thy father Atreus,
> And by this mother, whose first travail-pangs
> Now in this second anguish are renewed!
> What part have I in Paris' rape of Helen?
> Why, father, should he for my ruin have come?
> Look on me — give me one glance — oh, one kiss,

That I may keep in death from thee but this
Memorial, if thou heed my pleading not.
[*To her infant brother, Orestes.*
Brother, small help canst thou be to thy friends;
Yet weep with me, yet supplicate thy sire
To slay thy sister not! — some sense of ill
Even in wordless infants is inborn.
Lo, by his silence he implores thee, father—
Have mercy, have compassion on my youth!
Yea, by thy beard we pray thee, loved ones twain,
A nestling one, and one a daughter grown.
In one cry summing all, I *must* prevail!
Sweet, passing sweet, is light for men to see,
The grave's life nothingness! Who prays to die
Is mad. Ill life o'erpasseth glorious death.

Way.

A few years before, Euripides had brought out the sequel to this story, the *Iphigeneia among the Taurians*, one of his finest plays. The scene is laid in the land of the Taurians, north of the Black Sea, whither Iphigeneia was borne by Artemis from the altar at Aulis. There she serves in the temple as priestess of the goddess, to whom she must sacrifice all strangers who come to the land. Orestes and Pylades are brought before her. Orestes gains his friend's life through the desire of Iphigeneia to send a message to her home in Argos. Through this message the recognition of brother and sister is effected. They plan a way of escape from the land, and succeed by the intervention of Athene. The recognition scene is here given:

IPH. All that is written in the letter's folds
My tongue shall say, that thou mayst tell my friends.
So all is safe: if thou lose not the script,
Itself shall voiceless tell its written tale:

But if this writing in the sea be lost,
Then thy life saved shall save my words for me.

PYL. Well hast thou said, both for thy need and me.
Now say to whom this letter I must bear
To Argos, and from thee that message speak.

IPH. Say to Orestes, Agamemnon's son —
"*This Iphigeneia, slain in Aulis, sends,*
Who liveth, yet for those at home lives not—"

OR. Where is she? Hath she risen from the dead?

IPH. She whom thou seest — confuse me not with speech —
"*Bear me to Argos, brother, ere I die:*
From this wild land, these sacrifices save,
Wherein mine office is to slay the stranger;"—

OR. What shall I say? — Now dream we, Pylades?

IPH. "*Else to thine house will I become a curse,*
Orestes" — so, twice heard, hold fast the name.

OR. Gods!

IPH. Why in *mine* affairs invoke the gods?

OR. 'Tis naught: say on: my thoughts had wandered far.
[*Aside.*] This marvel may I yet by question fathom.

IPH. Say—"*Artemis in my place laid a hind,*
And saved me,— this my father sacrificed,
Deeming he plunged the keen blade into me,—
And made me dwell here." This the letter is,
And in the tablets this is what is writ.

PYL. O thou who hast bound me by an easy oath —
Hast fairly sworn! — I will not tarry long
To ratify the oath that I have sworn.
This tablet, lo, to thee I bear, and give,
Orestes, from thy sister, yonder maid.

OR. This I receive: — I let its folds abide —
First will I seize a rapture not in words: —
Dear sister mine, albeit wonder-struck,
With scarce-believing arm I fold thee round,
And taste delight, who hear things marvellous!

Way.

The *Orestes* (408 B. C.) is rather a melodrama than a tragedy, full of intrigue and flashy scenes, and

closing with an imposing tableau. It is said to have been very popular on the stage, but has received no commendation from critics. The *Electra* (about 413 B. C.) is the best illustration of Euripides' manner in revising the myths used by the older poets and in reducing the characters to the level of everyday life. Dealing with precisely the same theme as the *Libation-Bearers* of Æschylus and the *Electra* of Sophocles, it serves well to show the difference between Euripides and the other two poets in their conception of tragedy; although the comparison is not quite fair to Euripides, since the *Electra* is by no means his best play. In Æschylus our interest is less in the characters than in the process by which divine justice is visited upon Clytemnestra and Ægisthus. Orestes acts in accordance with a divine command, but even so he becomes guilty of a horrible crime which must be expiated. The plot is simple, and the action moves steadily toward the goal. In Sophocles the plot is more complicated, and the possibilities of dramatic situations are more fully grasped. Electra becomes the leading character instead of Orestes. Our interest for her is aroused by her courage and confidence in the face of indignity and insult, and our sympathies are drawn to her still more by the pathetic contrast between her calm hope at the beginning, when she believes that Orestes is alive, and her despair when she hears the false message of his death. Orestes now has two motives for slaying the guilty pair—vengeance for his father's murder and his moral obligation to rescue his sister from her cruel position. The characters are as noble as in Æschylus, but their human interest is greater and the play of motives more subtle.

The *Electra* of Euripides is a totally different conception from either of these plays. The scene is a peasant's cottage. Electra lives there with a peasant for her husband, to whom Ægisthus and Clytemnestra married her that they might have nothing to fear from her children. But she is wife only in name, for the peasant reverences her royal blood. Orestes, returning to Argos, finds her, and is at length recognized by a scar upon his forehead.[1] They entice Clytemnestra to the hut by a message that Electra is about to be delivered of a child. She comes in a chariot, with a train of servants, her splendor contrasting with the squalor of Electra's home. Before she enters and is slain, Electra rehearses all her sins to her. Meanwhile Ægisthus has been slain by Orestes and Pylades while performing a sacrifice. At the close of the play the Dioscuri, Castor and Pollux, appear from on high, arrange the marriage of Electra and Pylades, with a reward for her present husband, and foretell to Orestes his pursuit by the Furies and his trial in Athens. During the action we are scarcely conscious of the resistless power of the divine will driving Orestes and Electra forward, so prominent in Æsychlus, nor are the principal persons the strong, unflinching characters that we find in Sophocles, accomplishing their vengeance without scruple. They

[1]The recognition scene is characteristic. In Æschylus Electra knows Orestes by a lock of hair, in color like her own, and by a footprint in the sand into which her own foot fits. In Euripides this mode of recognition is suggested to Electra, but is criticised by her. "Many men have hair like in color, even when not kin. Besides, Orestes' hair would be as becomes one trained in the wrestling-school, while mine is combed like a woman's. As for the footprint, how should the prints of the foot of brother and sister be alike, seeing that the man's is larger?" In Sophocles Orestes is known by a piece of embroidery which Electra had made. But the Electra of Euripides says: "How could he now wear the robes he wore as a child, unless the garment grew with his growth?" Such covert criticisms of his predecessors are found elsewhere in Euripides.

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The *Trojan Women* (415 B. C.) and the *Hecabe* (about 424 B. C.) both depict scenes ensuing upon the fall of Troy. In fact the former play is rather a series of loosely connected scenes from this story than a connected plot. The Greek chieftains have cast lots for the captive Trojan women. Cassandra, the prophetess, falls to Agamemnon; Andromache, Hector's wife, to Neoptolemus, son of Achilles; Hecabe, Priam's aged queen, to Odysseus; and Polyxena, the beautiful daughter of Hecabe and Priam, is to be offered in sacrifice to the spirit of Achilles. The Greeks decree that Astyanax, the child of Hector and Andromache, shall be thrown from the battlements of Troy. Hecabe parts with one after another of her daughters, some to die, others to be slaves. The mangled body of Astyanax is laid before her, and she herself is led away a slave, overwhelmed by her crushing sorrows. The *Hecabe* sets forth the vengeance of the aged queen upon Polymnestor, the murderer of her son Polydorus. Enticing him and his children into her tent, she kills his children and puts out his eyes. In this play the sacrifice of Polyxena on Achilles' tomb is powerfully described. I quote first, from the *Trojan Women*, the wedding-song of the frenzied Cassandra:

> Up with the torch!—give it me—let me render
> Worship to Phœbus!—lo, lo how I fling
> Wide through his temple the flash of its splendour:—
> Hymen! O Marriage-god, Hymen, my king!
> Happy the bridegroom who waiteth to meet me;
> Happy am I for the couch that shall greet me;

Royal espousals to Argos I bring:—
Bridal-king, Hymen, thy glory I sing.

Mother, thou lingerest long at thy weeping,
Aye makest moan for my sire who hath died,
Mourn'st our dear country with sorrow unsleeping;
Therefore myself for my own marriage-tide
Kindle the firebrands, a glory outstreaming,
Toss up the torches, a radiance far-gleaming:—
Hymen, to thee is their brightness upleaping;
Hekatê, flash thou thy star-glitter wide,
After thy wont when a maid is a bride.

Float, flying feet of the dancers, forth-leading
Revel of bridals: ring, bacchanal strain,
Ring in thanksgiving for fortune exceeding
Happy, that fell to my father to gain.
Holy the dance is, my duty, my glory:
Lead thou it, Phœbus; midst bay-trees before thee
Aye have I ministered, there in thy fane:—
Marriage-king, Hymen! sing loud the refrain.

Up, mother, join thou the revel:—with paces
Woven with mine through the sweet measure flee;
Hitherward, thitherward, thrid the dance-mazes:
Sing ever "Marriage-king!—Hymen!" sing ye.
Bliss ever chime through the notes of your singing,
Hail ye the bride with glad voices outringing.
Daughters of Phrygia, arrayed like the Graces,
Hymn ye my bridal, the bridegroom for me
Destined by fate's everlasting decree.

Way.

The following description by the Herald of the death of Polyxena is taken from the *Hecabe:*

The whole vast concourse of the Achaian host
Stood round the tomb to see your daughter die.
Achilleus' son, taking her by the hand,
Placed her upon the mound, and I stayed near;
And youths, the flower of Greece, a chosen few,
With hands to check thy heifer, should she bound,

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> Hymen! O Marriage-god, Hymen, my king!
> Happy the bridegroom who waiteth to meet me;
> Happy am I for the couch that shall greet me;

And she, though dying, still had thought to fall
In seemly wise, hiding what eyes should see not.
And when she breathed her life out from the blow,
Then was the Argive host in divers way
Of service parted ; for some, bringing leaves,
Strewed them upon the corpse ; some piled a pyre,
Dragging pine trunks and boughs ; and he who bore none
Heard from the bearers many a bitter word :
" Standest thou, villain ? Hast thou then no robe,
No funeral honours for the maid to bring ?
Wilt thou not go and get for her who died
Most nobly, bravest-souled, some gift ? " Thus they
Spake of thy child in death, O thou most blest
Of women in thy daughter, most undone !

Symonds.

The later fortunes of Hector's wife are followed in the *Andromache*, written in the early years of the Peloponnesian war, but not exhibited at Athens. Though carelessly constructed the play is interesting. The fortunes of war have made Andromache, the once happy wife of Hector, the slave and concubine of Achilles's son, Neoptolemus, to whom she has borne a son. Neoptolemus has married Hermione, daughter of Menelaus and Helen, who, childless herself, is jealous of Andromache and seeks to slay her and the child. In this plot Menelaus abets her, but the aged Peleus intervenes. Hermione, chagrined and desperate, attempts suicide. Orestes meanwhile has slain Neoptolemus and comes to claim the hand of his cousin, Hermione, promised him long before but afterwards basely given by Menelaus to Neoptolemus instead. The play has a strong political coloring, shown especially in the characters of Hermione and Menelaus, which furnish a pretext for bitter satire against the Spartans. The following passages, both addressed to Menelaus, will serve as illustrations :

ANDR. O ye in all folks's eyes most loathed of men,
Dwellers in Sparta, senates of treachery,
Princes of lies, weavers of webs of guile,
Thoughts crooked, wholesome never, devious all,—
A crime is your supremacy in Greece!
What vileness lives not with you? — swarming murders?
Covetousness?—O ye convict of saying
This with your tongue, while still your hearts mean [that!
Now ruin seize ye!

PELEUS. Thou, thou a man? Coward, of cowards bred!
What part or lot hast thou amongst true men?
Thou, by a Phrygian from thy wife divorced,
Who leftest hearth and home unbarred, unwarded,
As who kept in his halls a virtuous wife,—
And she the vilest! Though one should essay,
Virtuous could daughter of Sparta never be.
They gad abroad with young men from their homes,
And with bare thighs and loose disgirdled vesture
Race, wrestle with them,—things intolerable
To me! And is it wonder-worthy then
That ye train not your women to be chaste?
This well might Helen have asked thee, who forsook
Thy love, and from thine halls went revelling forth
With a young gallant to an alien land.
Thou shouldst have spued her forth, have stirred no spear,
Who hadst found her vile, but let her there abide,
Yea, paid a price to take her never back.
But nowise thus the wind of thine heart blew.
Nay, many a gallant life hast thou destroyed,
And childless made grey mothers in their halls,
And white-haired sires hast robbed of noble sons;—
My wretched self am one, who sees in thee,
Like some foul fiend, Achilles' murderer;—
Thou who alone unwounded cam'st from Troy,
And daintiest arms in dainty sheaths unstained,
Borne thither, hither back didst bring again!
I warned my bridegroom-grandson not to make

Affinity with thee, nor to receive
In his halls a wanton's child : such bear abroad
Their mother's shame. Give heed to this my rede,
Wooers,—a virtuous mother's daughter choose.
And, when Troy fell,—ay, thither too I trace thee,—
Thy wife thou slew'st not when thou hadst her trapped.
Thou saw'st her bosom, didst let fall the sword,
Didst kiss her, that bold traitress, fondling her,
By Kypris overborne, O recreant wretch!
And to my son's house com'st thou, he afar,
And ravagest, wouldst slay a hapless woman
Unjustly, and her boy?—this boy shall make
Thee, and that daughter in thine halls, yet rue,
Though he were thrice a bastard. Oft the yield
Of barren ground o'erpasseth deep rich soil;
And better are bastards oft than sons true-born.
Take hence thy daughter! Better 'tis to have
The poor and upright, or for marriage kin,
Or friend, than the vile rich :—thou, thou art naught!
Way.

The *Helen* (412) takes up the legend that Paris did not carry off the real Helen to Troy, but only a phantom resembling her (see page 169).[1] The real Helen was taken by Hermes to Egypt, where she remained true to her husband, in spite of the ardent wooing of the king of the land. Menelaus, after many wanderings, comes to Egypt with the phantom Helen, discovers his true wife, and escapes with her by a stratagem, the phantom having meanwhile flown away.

Two of the extant plays of Euripides are on subjects connected with the house of Labdacus (see page 209)—the *Phœnician Woman* (about 410 B. C.) and the *Suppliants* (about 420 B. C.). The former covers

[1] The reason assigned by the poet for this deception was that Hera, angry at the decision rendered by Paris, desired "to turn his joy in Helen into air." This version of the story was in the first instance invented, of course, to clear the reputation of Helen.

in general the same ground as the *Seven against Thebes* of Æschylus, but Euripides adds many details to the story, filling the drama with many moving scenes and complicating the plot. The chorus is formed of Phœnician maidens on their way to Delphi. Instead of the somewhat monotonous catalogue of the twice seven champions given by Æschylus, Euripides achieves the same result by having Antigone view the opposing army from the roof of the palace and by a description of the battle. An entirely new feature is added: the voluntary sacrifice of Menœceus, son of Creon, that the forces of Thebes may be victorious. In one important respect the poet deviates from the myth as given by Sophocles: Jocasta is represented as still alive. She tries to reconcile her two sons, but in vain; and finally, rushing to the field of battle, kills herself over the bodies of Eteocles and Polyneices, locked in the fatal embrace. Creon banishes Œdipus from Thebes. Antigone renounces her marriage with Hæmon, to whom she is betrothed, resolving to attend her father in exile after burying Polyneices in violation of the edict of Creon. In spite of the complicated plot the drama is well constructed, and is one of the most attractive of the extant plays of the poet. In the following passage Jocasta pleads with Eteocles to share the kingdom with his brother:

> My son Eteokles, evil unalloyed
> Cleaves not to old age: nay, experience
> Can plead more wisely than the lips of youth.
> Why at Ambition, worst of deities,
> Son, graspest thou? Do not: she is Queen of Wrong.
> Homes many and happy cities enters she
> And leaves for ruin of her votaries.
> Thou art mad for her! — better to honour, son,

Equality, which knitteth friends to friends,
Cities to cities, allies unto allies.
Man's law of nature is equality,
And the less, ever marshalled foe against
The greater, ushers in the dawn of hate.
Measures for men Equality ordained,
Meting of weights and number she assigned.
The sightless face of night and the sun's beam
Equally pace along their yearly round,
Nor either envieth that it must give place.
Sun, then, and night are servants unto men.
Shalt thou not brook to halve your heritage
And share with him? . . . Ah, where is justice then?
Wherefore dost thou prize lordship overmuch,—
A prosperous wrong,—and count it some great thing?
Is worship precious? Nay, 't is vanity.
Wouldst have, with great wealth in thy halls, great travail?
What is thy profit?—profit but in name;
Seeing enough sufficeth for the wise.
Mortals hold their possessions not in fee:
We are but the stewards of the gifts of God:
Whene'er he will, he claims his own again.
And wealth abides not, 't is but for a day.

Way.

The choral ode to Ares is spirited:

Ares the troublous, O whence is thy passion
For blood and for death, unattuned to the feasts
of the Revelry-king?
Not for the dances, the circlings of beauty,
in virginal fashion
Tossed are thy tresses abroad, nor to the breathings
of flutes dost thou sing
A strain to whose witchery dances are wreathing:
But with clangour of harness to fight through the Argive
array art thou breathing
War-lust for the blood of our Thebes athirst,
As thou leadest the dance of a revel accurst
Where no flutes ring.

Thou art found not where fawnskin and thyrsus
in mad reel mingle and sunder,
But with chariots and clashing of bits and with
war-horses' footfall of thunder
By Ismenus' brimming marge
With the rushing of steeds dost thou charge,
Into Argives breathing the battle-hate
Against the sons of the Dragon-state;
And with harness of brass and with targe,
Fronting our ramparts of stone, dost array
A host for the fray.
A fearful Goddess in sooth is Strife,
Of whose devising the troublous life
Of the Labdakid kings of the land is anguish-rife.
Way.

The *Suppliants* is an encomium of Athens, whose king, Theseus, in response to the supplications of the wives of the Argive heroes fallen at Thebes, compels Creon by battle to give up the bodies for burial. When the bodies of the dead are brought in, funeral pyres are lighted, and Evadne throws herself from a height upon the pyre of her husband, Capaneus—a stirring spectacle, unparalleled in the Greek drama.

Of the two plays which deal with the legends of Heracles, the older, the *Children of Heracles* (about 428 B. C.) resembles the *Suppliants*. Athens receives and protects Heracles' children and his mother Alcmene, who have been driven out of Argos by Eurystheus. A battle ensues. The oracles demand as the price of victory for Athens the sacrifice of a virgin, and Macaria, eldest daughter of Heracles, heroically offers herself as the victim—a dramatic motive employed again by the poet in the *Phœnician Women*.

The *Heracles* (about 422 B. C.) is one of the most tragic of the plays of Euripides. The last of the

twelve labors which the hero was to perform for Eurystheus, through the hatred of Hera, was to fetch the three-headed dog, Cerberus, from the lower world. Ere he departed he committed to Creon, king of Thebes and father of his wife, his aged father, Amphitryon, his wife, Megara, and his sons. Now during his long absence Creon was deposed and slain by Lycus, who assumed the throne. This Lycus, fearing lest Creon's murder should be avenged if any of the family of Heracles survived, plots against them. They take refuge at the altar, but Lycus respects not the sanctuary. When they are on the point of being slain, Heracles suddenly appears and kills Lycus. But a madness sent by Hera comes upon him, and he slays his own wife and children. His agony on awakening is terrible. Theseus takes him to Athens to be purified and to spend the rest of his days, closing his glorious career ruined, heartbroken, and bereft of his loved ones.

The chorus in Euripides often voices the thoughts of the poet himself. The best illustration of this tendency is found in the following ode from the *Heracles*, which is connected with the action of the tragedy by the last verses alone:

Youth is a pleasant burthen to me;
But age on my head, more heavily
Than the crags of Aitna, weighs and weighs,
And darkening cloaks the lids and intercepts the rays.
Never be mine the preference
Of an Asian empire's wealth, nor yet
Of a house all gold, to youth, to youth
That's beauty, whatever the gods dispense!
Whether in wealth we joy, or fret
Paupers—of all god's gifts most beautiful in truth!

But miserable murderous age I hate!
Let it go to wreck the waves adown,
Nor ever by rights plague tower or town
Where mortals bide, but still elate
With wings, on ether, precipitate,
Wander them round — nor wait!

But if the gods to man's degree
Had wit and wisdom, they would bring
Mankind a twofold youth to be
Their virtue's sign-mark, all should see,
In those with whom life's winter thus grew spring.
For when they died, into the sun once more
Would they have traversed twice life's race-course o'er;
While ignobility had simply run
Existence through, nor second life begun.
And so might we discern both bad and good
As surely as the starry multitude
Is numbered by the sailors, one and one.
But now the gods by no apparent line
Limit the worthy and the base define;
Only a certain period rounds, and so
Brings man more wealth,— but youthful vigour, no!

Well! I am not to pause
Mingling together — wine and wine in cup —
The Graces with the Muses up —
Most dulcet marriage: loosed from music's laws,
No life for me!
But where the wreaths abound there ever may I be!
And still, an aged bard, I shout Mnemosune —
Still chant of Herakles the triumph-chant,
Companioned by the seven-stringed tortoise-shell
And Libuan flute, and Bromios' self as well,
God of the grape, with man participant!
Nor yet will we arrest their glad advance —
The Muses who so long have led me forth to dance!
A paian — hymn the Delian girls indeed,
Weaving a beauteous measure in and out
His temple-gates, Latona's goodly seed;

And paians—I too, these thy domes about,
From these gray cheeks, my king, will swan-like shout.
Old songster! Ay, in songs it starts off brave—
"Zeus's son is he!" and yet, such grace of birth
Surpassing far, to man his labours gave
Existence, one calm flow without a wave,
Having destroyed the beasts, the terrors of the earth.
Robert Browning.

Omitting at present the *Rhesus*, wrongly attributed to Euripides, two plays remain to be considered, both of them tragedies of the romantic type: *Ion* (about 420 B. C.) and the *Bacchanals* (soon after 405). The former is notable for the beautiful character of Ion, son of Apollo and the Athenian princess, Creusa. Exposed by his mother by reason of her fear and shame, he is borne to Delphi by the god, where he grows up in the service of the sanctuary. Creusa marries Xuthus, king of Athens, but no child is born to them. After many years they journey to Delphi to ask Apollo to bless their union with children, Creusa secretly hoping that Apollo will reveal her son. By the god's command Xuthus finds a son in the first person he meets as he leaves the temple, Ion. The queen, believing that Ion is the issue of her husband by some lawless connection, thinks that Apollo has forgotten her, and attempts to slay the boy. But the plan is frustrated. Apollo saves the queen from the anger of the people and reveals Ion to his mother. I quote the song of Ion as he comes from the temple of Apollo in the early morning:

Lo, yonder the Sun-god is turning to earthward his splendour-[blazing
Chariot of light; [chasing,
And the stars from the firmament flee from the fiery arrows
To the sacred night:

[as with yearning
And the crests of Parnassus untrodden are flaming and flushed,
[returning
Of welcome to far-flashing wheels with the glory of daylight
To mortal sight. [burning
To the roof-ridge of Phœbus the fume of the incense of Araby
As a bird taketh flight.

On the tripod most holy is seated the Delphian Maiden
Chanting to children of Hellas the wild cries, laden
With doom, from the lips of Apollo that ring.
Delphians, Phœbus's priesthood-train,
Unto Castaly's silvery-swirling spring
Pass ye, and cleanse with the pure spray-rain
Your bodies, or ever ye enter his fane.
Set a watch on the door of your lips; be there heard
Nothing but good in the secret word
That ye murmur to them whose hearts be stirrred
To seek to his shrine, that they seek not in vain.
And I in the toil that is mine—mine now,
And from childhood up,—with the bay's young bough,
And with wreathèd garlands holy, will cleanse
The portals of Phœbus; with dews from the spring
Will I sprinkle his pavement and chase far thence
With the shaft from the string
The flocks of the birds: the defilers shall flee
From his offerings holy. Nor mother is mine
Neither father: his temple hath nurtured me,
And I serve his shrine.

Come, branch in thy freshness yet blowing,
God's minister, loveliest bay,
Over the altar-steps glide.
In the gardens immortal, beside
His temple, hath burgeoned thy pride
Where the sacred waters are flowing
Through a veil of the myrtle spray,
A fountain that leapeth aye
O'er thy tresses divine to pour.
I wave thee o'er Phœbus' floor
As the sun's wing soars sudden-glowing.

Such service is mine each day.
O Healer, O Healer-king,
Let blessing on blessing upring
Unto Leto's son as I sing.

'Tis my glory, the service I render
In thy portals, O Phœbus, to thee!
I honour thy prophet-shrine.
Proud labour is mine—it is thine!
I am thrall to the Gods divine:
Not to men, but Immortals, I tender
My bondage; 'tis glorious and free:
Never faintness shall fall upon me.
For my father thee, Phœbus, I praise,
Who hast nurtured me all my days:
My begetter, my help, my defender
This temple's Phœbus shall be.
O Healer, O Healer-king,
Let blessing on blessing upring
Unto Leto's son as I sing.

But—for now from the toil I refrain
Of the bay-boughs softly trailing,—
From the pitchers of gold shall I rain
The drops from the breast unfailing
Of the earth that spring
Where the foambell-ring
Round Castaly's fount goeth sailing.
It rains, it rains from my fingers fast,
From the hands of the undefiled wide-cast.
O that to Phœbus for ever so
I might render service, nor respite know,
Except unto happier lot I go!
[*Flights of birds are seen approaching.*
Ho there, ho there!
Even now are they flocking, the fowl of the air,
On Parnassus forsaking each crag-hung lair.
Touch not, I warn ye, the temple's coping,
Nor the roofs with the glistering gold slant-sloping.
Ha, my bow shall o'ertake thee again from afar,

Zeus' herald, whose talons victorious war
On the birds that strongest are.

Way.

While the King seeks Apollo's answer in the temple and the Queen prays at the altar for the gift of a child, the chorus, composed of Creusa's Athenian maids, sing thus of the blessings of children :

Victorious queen, armed with resistless might,
O'er Pythian fanes thy plumage spread,
Forsake awhile Olympus' golden bed,
O wing thy rapid flight
To this blest land where Phœbus reigns,
This centre of the world, his chosen seat,
Where from his tripod in harmonious strains
Doth he th' unerring prophecy repeat :
With Latona's daughter join,
For thou like her art spotless and divine ;
Sisters of Phœbus, with persuasive grace,
Ye virgins, sue, nor sue in vain,
That, from his oracles, Erectheus' race
To the Athenian throne a noble heir may gain.

Object of Heaven's peculiar care
Is he whose children, vigorous from their birth,
Nursed on the foodful lap of earth,
Adorn his mansion and his transports share :
No patrimonial treasures can exceed
Theirs who by each heroic deed
Augment the fame of an illustrious sire,
And to their children's children leave
The invaluable heritage entire.
In troubles we receive
From duteous sons a timely aid,
And social pleasure in our prosperous hours.
The daring youth, in brazen arms arrayed,
Guards with protended lance his native towers.
To lure these eyes though gold were spread,
Though Hymen wantoned on a regal bed,

Such virtuous offspring would my soul prefer
The lonely childless life I hate,
And deem that they who choose it greatly err;
Blest with a teeming couch, I ask no kingly state.
Wodhull.

The *Bacchanals* is the only extant play based upon the legends of Dionysus, or Bacchus, in whose worship the drama originated It was written while the poet was sojourning in Macedonia, and was produced in Athens after his death by his grandson, together with the *Taurian Iphigeneia* and two lost plays. It seems to have won the first prize. It is one of the strongest of the tragedies which survive—an enthusiastic tribute to the wine-god. Dionysus enters Thebes, his native city, after a victorious march through all the earth, accompanied by a band of Bacchanalian women who form the chorus. Pentheus, the king of Thebes, denies his godhead, seeing in him but the son of a mortal woman[1]; but the aged Cadmus, the prophet Teiresias, and the women of Thebes accept his worship and join the Bacchic revelers. Pentheus forbids the worship, and decrees that the youth Dionysus shall die. Soon the god himself, disguised as a Lydian, is led in a captive, and is cast into a cell, whence he suddenly appears, freed by his own power. Pentheus is induced to go forth in woman's garb to the mountains, where the reveling women are celebrating in honor of Dionysus the rites which no man may look upon and live. They discover Pentheus and tear him asunder, limb by limb, his own mother, Agave, and her sisters, in their madness not knowing him, taking the lead. Finally Dionysus appears before them in all his divine

[1]Dionysus was the son of Zeus by the Princess Semele, daughter of Cadmus, the founder of Thebes and grandsire of Pentheus.

glory and reveals their future. The following choral ode is much admired:

O when, through the long night,
With fleet foot glancing white,
Shall I go dancing in my revelry,
My neck cast back, and bare
Unto the dewy air,
Like sportive fawn in the green meadow's glee?
Lo, in her fear she springs
Over th' encircling rings,
Over the well-worn nets far off and fast;
While swift along her track
The huntsman cheers his pack,
With panting toil, and fiery storm-wind haste.
Where down the river-bank spreads the wide meadow,
Rejoices she in the untrod solitude.
Couches at length beneath the silent shadow
Of the old hospitable wood.

What is wisest? what is fairest,
Of God's boons to man the rarest?
With the conscious conquering hand
Above the foeman's head to stand.
What is fairest still is dearest.

Slow come, but come at length,
In their majestic strength,
Faithful and true, the avenging deities:
And chastening human folly,
And the mad pride unholy,
Of those who to the gods bow not their knees.
For hidden still and mute,
As glides their printless foot,
The impious on their winding path they hound.
For it is ill to know,
And it is ill to do,
Beyond the law's inexorable bound.
'Tis but light cost in his own power sublime
To array the godhead, whoso'er he be;

And law is old, even as the oldest time,
Nature's own unrepealed decree.

What is wisest? what is fairest,
Of God's boons to man the rarest?
With the conscious conquering hand
Above the foeman's head to stand.
What is fairest still is rarest.

Who hath 'scaped the turbulent sea,
And reached the haven, happy he!
Happy he whose toils are o'er,
In the race of wealth and power!
This one here, and that one there,
Passes by, and everywhere
Still expectant thousands over
Thousand hopes are seen to hover.
Some to mortals end in bliss;
Some have already fled away:
Happiness alone is his
That happy is to-day.

Milman.

The following description of the revels of the Theban women on the mountain side is addressed to Pentheus by a herdsman:

All sleeping lay, with bodies restful-strown;
Some backward leaned on leafy sprays of pine,
Some, with oak-leaves for pillows, on the ground
Flung careless;—modestly, not, as thou say'st,
Drunken with wine, amid the sighing of flutes
Hunting desire through woodland shades alone.
Then to her feet sprang in the Bacchanals' midst
Thy mother, crying aloud, "Shake from you sleep!"—
When fell our horned kine's lowing on her ear.
They, dashing from their eyelids rosy sleep,
Sprang to their feet, a marvel of grace to see,
Young girls, old matrons, maidens yet unwed.
First down their shoulders let they stream their hair:
Then looped they up their fawnskins,—they whose bands
Had fallen loose,—and girt the dappled fells
Round them with snakes that licked their cheeks the while.

Some, cradling fawns or wolf-cubs in their arms,
Gave to the wild things of their breasts, white milk,—
Young mothers they, who had left their babes, that still
Their breasts were full. Then did they wreath their heads
With ivy, oak, and flower-starred briony.
One grasped her thyrsus-staff, and smote the rock,
And forth upleapt a fountain's showering spray:
One in earth's bosom planted her reed-wand,
And up therethrough the God a wine-fount sent:
And whoso fain would drink white-foaming draughts,
Scarred with their finger-tips the breast of earth,
And milk gushed forth unstinted: dripped the while
Sweet streams of honey from their ivy-staves.
Hadst thou been there, thou hadst, beholding this,
With prayer approached the God whom now thou spurnest.
Way.

Our account of Euripides may be concluded with a scene from the Cyclops, the only extant specimen of the satyr-drama—a rollicking travesty on the adventure of Odysseus with Polyphemus.

ODYSSEUS. Receive us shipwrecked suppliants, and provide
Food, clothes, and fire, and hospitable gifts;
Nor, fixing upon oxen-piercing spits
Our limbs, so fill your belly and your jaws.
Priam's wide land has widowed Greece enough,
And weapon-winged murder heaped together
Enough of dead; and wives are husbandless,
And ancient women and gray fathers wail
Their childless age. If you should roast the rest
(And 'tis a bitter feast that you prepare),
Where then would any turn? Yet be persuaded;
Forego the lust of your jawbone; prefer
Pious humanity to wicked will.
Many have bought too dear their evil joys.

CYCLOPS. Wealth, my good fellow, is the wise man's god;
All other things are a pretence and boast.
The wise man's only Jupiter is this,—
To eat and drink during his little day,
And give himself no care. And as for those

Who complicate with laws the life of man,
I freely give them tears for their reward.
I will not cheat my soul of its delight,
Or hesitate in dining upon you.
And, that I may be quit of all demands,
These are my hospitable gifts ;—fierce fire,
And yon ancestral caldron, which o'erbubbling
Shall finely cook your miserable flesh.
Creep in!

ODYSSEUS. Ai, ai! I have escaped the Trojan toils,
I have escaped the sea,—and now I fall
Under the cruel grasp of one impious man!
O Pallas, mistress, Goddess, sprung from Jove,
Now, now, assist me! Mightier toils than Troy
Are these ;—I totter on the chasms of peril!—
And thou who inhabitest the thrones
Of the bright stars, look, hospitable Jove,
Upon this outrage of thy deity,—
Otherwise be considered as no God!

(*exit with the Cyclops*).

CHORUS. For your gaping gulf and your gullet wide
The raven is ready on every side.
The limbs of the strangers are cooked and done;
There is boiled meat, and roast meat, and meat
from the coal.
You may chop it, and tear it, and gnash it for fun;
An hairy goat's skin contains the whole.
Let me but escape, and ferry me o'er
The stream of your wrath to a safer shore.
The Cyclops Ætnaean is cruel and bold ;
He murders the strangers
That sit on his hearth,
And dreads no avengers
To rise from the earth.
He roasts the men before they are cold ;
He snatches them broiling from the coal,
And from the caldron pulls them whole ;
And minces their flesh and gnaws their bone
With his cursèd teeth till all be gone.

Shelley

CHAPTER XI

COMIC POETRY. ARISTOPHANES

The Origin of Comedy — Susarion — Epicharmus — Recognition of Comedy in Attica — The Subjects of Comedy — The Poets of the Old Comedy: Cratinus, Eupolis, Aristophanes — The Structure of Comedy, illustrated by the *Birds* of Aristophanes — The *Acharnians* — The *Peace* — The *Lysistrata* — The *Thesmophoriazusæ* — The *Parliament of Women* — The *Plutus* — The *Knights* — The *Clouds* — The *Wasps* — The *Frogs*.

Comedy was born about the same time as tragedy, toward the middle of the sixth century, but it was long in taking its place beside tragedy as a recognized branch of literature. Like tragedy, it was from its origin connected with the worship of Dionysus, and had its beginnings among the Dorian peoples of the Peloponnesus. From early times the worship of the wine-god was celebrated by mirthful revelers, who sang at the festivals impromptu songs, accompanied by lively dancing. Such a band of Bacchic revelers was called a *comus*, and their song or performance was later given the name "comedy" (*comus* and *odê*, "comus-song"), formed after the pattern of tragedy.

This rude performance seems to have received some sort of development at the hands of Susarion of Megara. We cannot make out precisely the changes which he introduced, but it is probable that he substituted verses of his own composition for the impromptu songs and speeches of the earlier time. It seems, also,

that he enlarged the license in scurrility and indecency which these sportive bands always enjoyed on festival days, by adding the element of abusiveness toward individuals, especially those prominent in public life. Such freedom could, of course, have developed under a popular government, such as Megara seems to have enjoyed in the sixth century. Susarion introduced his comus performances into Attica, tradition says, first at Icaria, the birthplace of tragedy. Out of the comus the comic chorus developed, the boisterous procession taking shape as a chorus gradually under the influence of the tragic chorus.

The real founder of comedy was Epicharmus of Sicily, a contemporary of Pindar and Æschylus. A poet of great creative power, he took the decisive step of introducing the plot. Before his time comic performances had not advanced beyond the stage of a series of episodes, each giving a fantastic or humorous situation, but on subjects unconnected with each other. There now was a more or less orderly progression from one episode to another, so that the comic subject received varied illustration in successive scenes. This simple unity of subject was far from constituting a plot in the strict sense of the term, for there was not necessarily a complication and a solution; but the innovation of Epicharmus transformed a rude and unliterary series of burlesques into a composition which had at least the elements of literary and artistic form. The comedy of Epicharmus did not grow out of the comus, as did that of Attica, but was the product of the imitative genius which has always characterized the people of southern Italy. There never was a chorus in this branch of comedy. The

importance of Epicharmus for the history of Attic comedy is that he gave the impulse to the leaders of the Attic comus in the direction of literary unity—though by what channels this influence was communicated we do not know.

For a long time the comic performances in Attica were given at the festivals of Dionysus in an entirely unofficial manner. Soon after the Persian wars, however, they had assumed such importance and had reached such a stage of literary excellence that they were admitted to the official programme of the great festival in March, the City Dionysia. At this time the principal comic poets, to whom this recognition was largely due, were Chionides and Magnes. From now on comedy steadily increased in importance and improved in technique, conforming itself, so far as its nature would allow, to the type of drama already established by tragedy. The number of actors who might be together on the scene was restricted to three (in the earlier days, it is believed, the number was larger, not smaller, as in tragedy), and the number of the chorus was fixed at twenty-four—just double the number employed in tragedy down to Sophocles' time. In form and manner comedy underwent a gradual but constant change from the time of the Persian wars. We distinguish three great periods: Old Comedy, down to about 390 B. C.; Middle Comedy, from 390 to about 320 B. C., and the New Comedy, from 320 on.

Attic comedy was not restricted to subjects drawn from mythology, as was tragedy. Any situation in politics or society, any tendency in literature or religion or ethics, the foibles of the people or the idiosyncrasies of individuals—in short, any subject which the

exuberant fantasy of the poet could summon up and turn to account for purposes of burlesque, parody, or satire, made an acceptable theme for the laughter-loving Athenians. There was the mythological travesty, in which the heroes of mythology, and even the gods, were turned to ridicule. Epicharmus first developed this field, which became the favorite of the poets of the fourth century. A never-failing source of amusement were the parodies of the tragic poets. The extant plays are sprinkled with pathetic lines and touching situations from tragedy, so distorted as to be irresistibly funny. Imitations of animal life were much in vogue in the Old Comedy. We hear of choruses of snakes, ants, nightingales, goats, birds, wasps, and fishes, and in one extant play even the actors are dressed up as birds. Again we are transported to some Utopia, where everybody is rich and happy, or down to Hades, to witness the society of the illustrious dead. In the last quarter of the fifth century political subjects were most frequently chosen, and the utmost license was tolerated in lampooning leading statesmen and officials and in exposing faults in public policy and administration. The comedy of manners, characterized by good-natured satire upon the institutions of society and the weaknesses of mankind in general, came in with the New Comedy.

The three great poets of the Old Comedy were Cratinus, Eupolis, and Aristophanes. The services of Cratinus in establishing the type of the comedy of this period were of the first importance. He was considered the most fearless exponent of the tendency to criticise and abuse individuals. He never wearied of ridiculing the "onion-headed" Pericles and his policy.

A CHORUS OF BIRDS.

It became necessary, in fact, for the state to restrict by law for a time the comic privilege of lampooning officials by name. Eupolis, a full generation younger than Cratinus, followed in the latter's footsteps but was more graceful and finished in style. Alcibiades was a favorite object of attack with him. By far the greatest of this trio was Aristophanes, who was born about 448 B. C. and died soon after 388 B. C. Little is known about his personality, except as the information is derived from his works. Eleven comedies of the fifty-four which he wrote are preserved to us—the only specimens of Greek comedy which we possess. Fortunately these plays are sufficiently representative in character to furnish a good idea both of the Old Comedy as a whole and of the fertility of the genius and marvelous poetic power of the great burlesque critic of Athenian life, whose dominating influence on the comic stage was felt for more than forty years.

Before taking up the several plays of Aristophanes, a few words are necessary on the structure of an Attic comedy of this period. In a general way, as has been said, comedy imitated tragedy in form. But the similarity of structure is found upon examination to be superficial, the more lusty and exuberant younger sister tending always to break over the bounds of literary art laid down for it. This tendency is observed in two general directions. In the first place, the chorus often drops its rôle and speaks directly to the audience as the mouthpiece of the poet. Such interludes are found in almost every extant comedy, sometimes twice in one play, occurring at some suitable pause in the action. This portion of a comedy is called the *parabasis*, or "coming forward"; for the

members of the chorus stripped off a part of their costume, "came forward" toward the audience, and sang and recited to lively dance movements their rollicking verses. It is in this portion of a play that the poet gives freest expression to his own opinions on topics of the day, explains his own ideals, and attacks his rivals or appeals to the judges for a favorable verdict. In the second place, after the plot has been fully developed and the solution reached, we often find a succession of short episodes, not at all necessary to the plot, which illustrate in fantastic, burlesque scenes the policy or condition which the main argument has developed. Such episodes are to be considered survivals of the early form of comedy of which we have already spoken. A third feature of comic structure may also be mentioned. The plot is unfolded generally by two conflicting elements, which oppose each other by vehement debate and often by physical encounter. One side or the other wins—the solution of the plot—and then the illustrative burlesque episodes follow—the application of the victorious policy. This element of antagonism is carried out in the management of the chorus also. It is generally conceived of as two choruses of twelve persons each, the speech or song of one chorus calling forth a response of the same length and in the same manner from the other.

Taking a concrete case for illustration, let us analyze the *Birds*, the most brilliant creation of the poet. It was produced at the City Dionysia of 414 B. C., and won only the second prize. The scene is laid in a wild, uninhabited country, with a bunch of shrubbery in the background. Enter two Athenians, Peithetærus (Plausible) and Euelpides (Hopeful).

They carry birds on their hands to guide them to a region where they will be free from the troubles of Athenian life. "For we," they say,

> Have deemed it fitting to betake ourselves
> To these our legs, and make our person scarce.
> Not through disgust or hatred or disdain
> Of our illustrious birthplace, which we deem
> Glorious and free; with equal laws ordained
> For fine and forfeiture and confiscation,
> With taxes universally diffused;
> And suits and pleas abounding in the Courts.
> For grasshoppers sit only for a month
> Chirping upon the twigs; but our Athenians
> Sit chirping and discussing all the year,
> Perched upon points of evidence and law.
> Therefore we trudge upon our present travels,
> With these our sacrificial implements,
> To seek some easier unlitigious place,
> Meaning to settle there and colonize.[1]

They reach the home of Hoopoe (represented in the scenery), who answers their summons. The make-up of the actor who represents the Hoopoe was, of course, as grotesque as possible, and was frankly ridiculed by the visitors: "Heracles, what plumage! Are you a bird or a peacock?" The scarcity of feathers upon his body is explained by Hoopoe as due to the moulting season. The life of the birds, as depicted by Hoopoe—no need of money, field sports, nothing to do but banquet in the gardens—seems so attractive to Peithetærus, the inventive genius, that he proposes a scheme for the aggrandizement of the birds: "Build a city in the air, between earth and heaven; intercept the savor of the sacrifices which

[1] The selections from Aristophanes are all taken from the translation of John Hookham Frere when not credited to others.

men make to the gods, and thus starve out the latter until they turn over the sovereignty to the birds." "Odds nets and bird-lime," says Hoopoe, "that's a clever notion! I'm with you if the other birds agree." So he calls to his wife, Nightingale:

Awake! awake!
Sleep no more, my gentle mate!
With your tiny tawny bill,
Wake the tuneful echo shrill,
On vale or hill;
Or in her airy, rocky seat,
Let her listen and repeat
The tender ditty that you tell,
The sad lament,
The dire event,
To luckless Itys that befell.
Thence the strain
Shall rise again,
And soar amain,
Up to the lofty palace gate;
Where mighty Apollo sits in state;
In Jove's abode, with his ivory lyre,
Hymning aloud to the heavenly choir,
While all the gods shall join with thee
In a celestial symphony.

While the nightingale trills, Hoopoe calls the birds together:

Hoop! hoop!
Come in a troop,
Come at a call,
One and all,
Birds of a feather,
All together.
Birds of a humble, gentle bill,
Smooth and shrill,

Dieted on seeds and grain,
Rioting on the furrowed plain,
Pecking, hopping,
Picking, popping,
Among the barley newly sown.
Birds of a bolder, louder tone,
Lodging in the shrubs and bushes,
Mavises and thrushes,
On the summer berries brousing,
On the garden fruits carousing,
All the grubs and vermin smousing.

Four stately birds first make their appearance, followed by a troop of twenty-four—the chorus. When they learn that the two envoys are men, they are wild with rage and propose to tear them to pieces at once:

Form in rank, form in rank;
Then move forward and outflank:
Let me see them overpowered,
Hacked, demolished, and devoured;
Neither earth, nor sea, nor sky,
Nor woody fastnesses on high,
Shall protect them if they fly.

Peithetærus and Euelpides hastily erect a barricade of pots and pans, and propose to defend themselves; but Hoopoe arranges a truce. The chorus retire to listen to the envoys:

Back to the rear! resume your station,
Ground your wrath and indignation!
Sheathe your fury! stand at ease,
While I proceed to question these:
What design has brought them here?

Peithetærus first proves by comic instances that the birds, and not the gods, were originally sovereign over all. He then develops his plan:

Then I move, that the birds shall in common repair
To a centrical point, and encamp in the air;
And intrench and enclose it, and fortify there:
And build up a rampart, impregnably strong,
Enormous in thickness, enormously long,
Bigger than Babylon; solid and tall,
With bricks and bitumen, a wonderful wall.
As soon as the fabric is brought to an end,
A herald or envoy to Jove we shall send,
To require his immediate prompt abdication;
And if he refuses, or shows hesitation,
Or evades the demand; we shall further proceed,
With legitimate warfare avowed and decreed:
With a warning and notices, formally given,
To Jove, and all others residing in heaven,
Forbidding them ever to venture again
To trespass on our atmospheric domain,
With scandalous journeys, to visit a list
Of Alcmenas and Semeles; if they persist,
We warn them that means will be taken moreover
To stop their gallanting and acting the lover.

The birds enthusiastically adopt the scheme. The Athenians enter Hoopoe's nest in order to provide themselves with plumage. While the scene is vacant, the chorus sings the parabasis, the first part of which consists of a parody on the cosmogony current in the philosophic speculations of the day, beginning:

Come on then, ye dwellers by nature in darkness, and like to the leaves' generations,
That are little of might, that are moulded of mire, unenduring and shadow-like nations,
Poor plumeless ephemerals, comfortless mortals, as visions of shadows fast fleeing,
Lift up your mind unto us that are deathless, and dateless the date of our being:

Us, children of heaven, ageless for aye, us, all of whose thoughts are eternal;
That ye may from henceforth, having heard of us all things aright as to matters supernal,
Of the being of birds, and beginning of gods, and of streams, and the dark beyond reaching,
Truthfully knowing aright, in my name bid Prodicus pack with his preaching.
It was Chaos and Night at the first, and the blackness of darkness, and Hell's broad border,
Earth was not, nor air, neither heaven; when in the depths of the womb of the dark without order
First thing first-born of the black-plumed night was a wind-egg hatched in her bosom,
Whence timely with seasons revolving again sweet Love burst out as a blossom,
Gold wings gleaming forth of his back, like whirlwinds gustily turning.
He, after his wedlock with Chaos, whose wings are of darkness, in Hell broad-burning,
For his nestlings begat him the race of us first, and upraised us to light new-lighted,
And before this was not the race of the gods, until all things by Love were united:
And of kind united with kind by communion of nature the sky and the sea are
Brought forth, and the earth and the race of the gods everlasting and blest. So that we are
Far away the most ancient of all things blest.

Swinburne.

The second part of the parabasis recounts various advantages in the possession of wings—for example:

Nothing can be more delightful than the having of wings to wear!
A spectator sitting here, accommodated with a pair,
Might for instance (if he found a tragic chorus dull and heavy)

Take his flight, and dine at home; and if he did not choose
to leave ye,
Might return in better humour, when the weary drawl was ended.

Peithetærus and Euelpides come out in their new feathers and decide to call the new town by the imposing name of Cloudcuckootown. Then follows a series of short episodes, unnecessary to the plot, but illustrating at least the annoyances of colonizing. A priest comes to perform the religious rites of dedication. A poet produces samples of his skill in dedication odes. A soothsayer peddling oracles is followed by a surveyor with a load of mathematical instruments, the surveyor by a consul from Athens, the consul by a hawker of laws for colonies. These are driven out by Peithetærus, one after the other. A second parabasis follows, in which the chorus gives its opinion about certain people in Athens and promises the judges endless wealth if they give the poet the prize.

The episodes that follow resume the plot. Short odes by the chorus serve to break the monotony. Word is brought that the new town is finished. A messenger reports that some god has eluded the sentinels. It proves to be Iris, a saucy, frightened soubrette, on her way to tell men to pay up their sacrifices long due. But Peithetærus sends her back to Zeus with an ultimatum, after poking fun at her dress and her manners. Then come people from the earth, eager to join the bird-colony — a parricide, Cinesias (a well-known but despised poet of the day), and an informer—all of whom Peithetærus unceremoniously bustles out of his city. Prometheus sneaks down from Olympus, all muffled up and carrying an umbrella, looking about him with fear and trembling:

PRO. Oh dear! If Jupiter should chance to see me!
Where 's Peithetærus? Where? PEITH. Why, what 's all this?
This fellow muffled up? PRO. Do look behind me;
Is anybody watching? any gods
Following and spying after me? PEITH. No, none,
None that I can see, there 's nobody. But you!
What are ye? PRO. Tell me, what 's the time of day?
PEITH. Why, noon, past noon; but tell me, who are ye? Speak.
PRO. Much past? How much? PEITH. Confound the fool, I say,
The insufferable blockhead! PRO. How 's the sky?
Open or overcast? Are there any clouds?
PEITH. Be hanged! PRO. Then I 'll disguise myself no longer.
PEITH. My dear Prometheus! PRO. Hold your tongue, I beg;
Don't mention my name! If Jupiter should see me,
Or overhear me, I 'm ruined and undone.
But now, to give you a full, complete account
Of everything that 's passing there in heaven —
The present state of things. . . . . But first I 'll trouble you
To take the umbrella, and hold it overhead,
Lest they should overlook us. PEITH. What a thought!
Just like yourself! A true Promethean thought!
Stand under it, here! Speak boldly; never fear.

He then relates that the gods are about ready to make terms, and advises him not to consent to any agreement until Zeus shall formally acknowledge the supremacy of the birds by giving him the hand of Sovereignty, "a most delightful, charming girl, Jove's housekeeper, that manages his matters, serves out his thunderbolts, arranges everything." Soon three pompous peace commissioners from Olympus arrive—Poseidon, Heracles, and a barbarian god. Peithetærus bribes Heracles by cooking savory dainties under his nose, promising a dinner for his vote. The barbarian

god's language cannot be understood; so his vote is counted with that of Heracles. Poseidon protests in vain. The commissioners have agreed to give the princess Sovereignty to Peithetærus in marriage. The play closes with a wedding-song by the chorus in celebration of the nuptials, while Peithetærus leads out his bride at the head of the procession, brandishing in his hand the thunderbolt of the ex-king, Zeus, and singing:

> Birds of ocean and of air,
> Hither in a troop repair,
> To the royal ceremony,
> Our triumphant matrimony!
> Come for us to feast and feed ye!
> Come to revel, dance, and sing!—
> Lovely creature! Let me lead ye
> Hand in hand, and wing to wing.

The earliest extant play of Aristophanes is the *Acharnians*, which won the first prize at the Lenæan festival in 425 B. C. Its subject is purely political—peace with the Spartans, with whom the Athenians had been at war for seven years. The leading character, Dicæopolis, ardently desires peace, that he may enjoy again the delights of country life; for all this while the people of Attica have been cooped up within the walls of the city. Failing to persuade the assembly, he makes peace with the Spartans on his own account. But the chorus of men of Acharnæ, whose vineyards have been laid waste by the Spartans, are hot for the continuance of the war. They seize Dicæopolis to put him to death, but he obtains a cast-off, ragged, tragic costume from Euripides, and clothed in this makes a speech in which he wins one-half of the chorus to his views about the war. The blessings of

peace are then illustrated in a succession of humorous scenes.

After Dicaeopolis has disguised himself in the tattered garments of one of Euripides' most pitiful characters, he comes before his judges and makes the following speech in defence of his policy of "peace at any price." The passage is at once a satire on Pericles' statesmanship and a parody of the style of Euripides:

Be not surprised, most excellent spectators,
If I that am a beggar have presumed
To claim an audience upon public matters,
Even in a comedy; for comedy
Is conversant in all the rules of justice,
And can distinguish betwixt right and wrong.
. . . . . .
First, I detest the Spartans most extremely;
And wish that Neptune, the Tænarian deity,
Would bury them in their houses with his earthquakes.
For I've had losses—losses, let me tell ye,
Like other people; vines cut down and injured.
But, among friends (for only friends are here),
Why should we blame the Spartans for all this?
For people of ours, some people of our own,
For people from amongst us here, I mean;
But not the people (pray remember that),
I never said the people,—but a pack
Of paltry people, mere pretended citizens,
Base counterfeits, went laying informations,
And making a confiscation of the jerkins
Imported here from Megara; pigs moreover,
Pumpkins, and pecks of salt, and ropes of onions,
Were voted to be merchandize from Megara,
Denounced and sold upon the spot.
Well, these might pass, as petty local matters.
But now, behold, some doughty drunken youths
Kidnap, and carry away from Megara,
The courtezan Simætha. Those of Megara,
In hot retaliation, seize a brace
Of equal strumpets, hurried forth perforce

From Dame Aspasia's house of recreation.
So this was the beginning of the war,
All over Greece, owing to these three strumpets.
For Pericles, like an Olympian Jove,
With all his thunder and his thunderbolts,
Began to storm and lighten dreadfully,
Alarming all the neighbourhood of Greece;
And made decrees, drawn up like drinking songs,
In which it was enacted and concluded,
That the Megarians should remain excluded
From every place where commerce was transacted,
With all their ware—like "old care" in the ballad:
And this decree, by land and sea, was valid.
Then the Megarians, being all half starved,
Desired the Spartans to desire of us
Just to repeal those laws; the laws I mention'd,
Occasion'd by the stealing of those strumpets.
And so they begg'd and pray'd us several times;
And we refused; and so they went to war.
You'll say, "They should not." Why, what should they have done?
Just make it your own case; suppose the Spartans
Had mann'd a boat, and landed on your islands,
And stolen a pug puppy from Seriphos;
Would you then have remain'd at home inglorious?
Not so, by no means; at the first report,
You would have launch'd at once three hundred galleys,
And fill'd the city with the noise of troops;
And crews of ships, crowding and clamouring
About the muster-masters and pay-masters;
With measuring corn out at the magazine,
And all the porch choked with the multitude;
With figures of Minerva, newly furbish'd,
Painted and gilt, parading in the streets;
With wineskins, kegs, and firkins, leeks and onions;
With garlic cramm'd in pouches, nets, and pokes;
With garlands, singing girls, and bloody noses.
Our arsenal would have sounded and resounded
With bangs and thwacks of driving bolts and nails,
With shaping oars, and holes to put the oar in;

With hacking, hammering, clattering and boring ;
Words of command, whistles and pipes and fifes.

The same theme received an entirely different treatment in the *Peace* (421 B. C.). Trygæus, a countryman, distressed by the war, conceives the plan of ascending to heaven to fetch down Peace. The happy thought occurs to him of riding upon the back of a huge dung-beetle, as Bellerophon rode on Pegasus in a play of Euripides. Finding the gods not at home, he succeeds in pulling the goddess Peace out of a pit in which she has been imprisoned and in restoring her again to men. The following charming picture of the harvest-time is taken from one of the choral odes:

Oh 'tis sweet, when fields are ringing
With the merry cicade's singing,
Oft to mark with curious eye
If the vine-trees time be nigh :
Hers it not the fruit whose birth
Costs a throe to mother Earth.
Sweet it is, too, to be telling,
How the luscious figs are swelling :
Then to riot without measure
In the rich, nectareous treasure,
While our grateful voices chime,—
" Happy season ! blessed time ! "

Mitchell.

At a later period in the war the poet reverts to the same theme in the *Lysistrata* (411 B. C.), but this time he aims his shafts mainly at the women of Athens. Under the leadership of a strong-minded woman, Lysistrata, the women of Greece seize the acropolis of Athens, and make proclamation that they will have nothing to do with their husbands until peace is restored between Athens and Sparta. The men soon

come to terms. The play contains two choruses, one of men and the other of women, who oppose each other until the reconciliation is effected. Another satire against women, the *Thesmophoriazusæ*, was produced in the same year, Euripides coming in for a large share of the ridicule. The women of Athens are represented as celebrating the Thesmophoria, a festival in honor of Demeter, to which no men were admitted. Euripides, hearing that they intend to take action against him as an inveterate calumniator of the sex, contrives to smuggle his father-in-law into the meeting in woman's clothes. He defends Euripides by proving that women are in reality much worse than Euripides depicts them. The argument bids fair to carry the day when the speaker's sex is discovered, and he is rescued with difficulty by the help of Euripides. The play is crowded with side-splitting parodies of verses and scenes from the tragic poet. Here is a song by the chorus of women:

They're always abusing the women,
As a terrible plague to men:
They say we're the root of all evil,
And repeat it again and again;
Of war, and quarrels, and bloodshed,
All mischief, be what it may:
And pray, then, why do you marry us,
If we're all the plagues you say?
And why do you take such care of us,
And keep us so safe at home,
And are never easy a moment,
If ever we chance to roam?
When you ought to be thanking heaven
That your Plague is out of the way—
You all keep fussing and fretting—
"Where *is* my Plague to-day?"

If a Plague peeps out of the window,
Up go the eyes of the men;
If she hides, then they all keep staring
Until she looks out again.

Collins.

While on the subject of Aristophanes' comedies on women, we may mention the *Parliament of Women* (392 B. C.), one of his latest productions. The woman's-rights women dress up as men and pack the assembly. They propose and carry a motion placing the government entirely in the hands of the fair sex—"the only change that has not yet been tried at Athens." The principal reform which they enact is that the ugly women shall have the first choice of husbands. The last play of our poet was the *Plutus* (*Wealth*), which received the first prize in 388 B. C. The blind god of wealth has his eyesight restored, and proceeds to undo the wrong which he has formerly committed, now making the good rich and the wicked poor.

Returning now to the earlier plays of Aristophanes, let us consider the *Knights*, with which he was victorious in 424 B. C.—a violent and bitter attack upon the popular demagogue Cleon, who succeeded Pericles as the leader of the people's party. The Athenian populace is represented as a testy, selfish, and suspicious old man, but easily cajoled if the proper means are employed. Cleon is his servant, obsequious to him, but insolent and overbearing to every one else. A sausage-seller, a low, vulgar fellow, bred in the slums, succeeds, with the help of the chorus of Athenian knights, in winning Cleon's place in the old man's favor, outbidding his rival in the latter's own

shameless methods. The chorus of knights attack Cleon as soon as they enter the orchestra, suiting their actions to the following vigorous words:

Close around him, and confound him, the confounder of us all.
Pelt him, pummel him, and maul him; rummage, ransack, overhaul him,
Overbear him and out-bawl him; bear him down and bring him under.
Bellow like a burst of thunder, robber! harpy! sink of plunder!
Rogue and villain! rogue and cheat! rogue and villain, I repeat!
Oftener than I can repeat it, has the rogue and villain cheated.
Close around him left and right; spit upon him; spurn and smite:
Spit upon him as you see; spurn and spit at him like me.
But beware, or he 'll evade ye, for he knows the private track,
Where Eucrates was seen escaping with the mill dust on his back.

The *Knights* was the first play which Aristophanes brought out in his own name; the earlier plays he had put into the hands of older and more experienced managers. The chorus explains the matter in the parabasis, which begins thus:

If a veteran author had wished to engage
Our assistance to-day, for a speech from the stage,
We scarce should have granted so bold a request;
But this author of ours, as the bravest and best,
Deserves an indulgence denied to the rest,
For the courage and vigour, the scorn and the hate,
With which he encounters the pests of the State;
A thorough-bred seaman, intrepid and warm,
Steering outright, in the face of the storm.

But now for the gentle reproaches he bore
On the part of his friends, for refraining before
To embrace the profession, embarking for life
In theatrical storms and poetical strife.
He begs us to state, that for reasons of weight,
He has lingered so long, and determined so late.
For he deemed the achievements of comedy hard,
The boldest attempt of a desperate bard!
The Muse he perceived was capricious and coy,
Though many were courting her, few could enjoy.
And he saw without reason, from season to season,
Your humour would shift and turn poets adrift,
Requiting old friends with unkindness and treason,
Discarded in scorn as exhausted and worn.

In the *Clouds* (423 B. C.) the poet attacks the new school of sophists which had arisen in Athens—the clever rhetorical teachers who undertook to show how a man by using their method might prove anything whatever. The play is a sharp protest against these free-thinkers, who were undermining, as the poet would have us believe, the old-fashioned morals of the Athenians. Socrates, who was just coming into prominence as an intellectual leader, is made the representative of the class — with gross injustice, for his aims and ideals, if not his methods, were totally opposed to those of the sophists, who were a strictly professional class. But it served the poet's purpose to make Socrates the butt of his satire. An old man who is heavily loaded with his son's debts applies to the thinking-shop of Socrates for lessons in argument, that he may clear off the debts without paying a cent. Socrates is found suspended in a basket in midair, engaged in speculation. He introduces the new student to the new goddess of philosophers, the Clouds, who come floating into the orchestra at his

summons. But the old man is soon dismissed for his stupidity, and sends his son to the school instead. The young man proves an apt pupil. When he has finished the course, he abuses his father to such an extent that the latter, enraged at the outcome of his experiment in the new education, sets fire to the thinking-shop, while Socrates within is "walking in air and contemplating the sun." I quote the beautiful entrance song of the chorus of Clouds, who come in response to Socrates' invitation:

Immortal Clouds from the echoing shore
  Of the father of streams from the sounding sea
Dewy and fleet let us rise and roar;
  Dewy and gleaming and fleet are we!
Let us look on the tree-clad mountain-crest,
  On the sacred earth where the fruits rejoice,
On the waters that murmur east and west,
  On the tumbling sea with his moaning voice.
For unwearied glitters the Eye of the Air,
    And the bright rays gleam;
Then cast we our shadows of mist, and fare
In our deathless shapes to glance everywhere
From the height of the heavens, on the land and air
    And the Ocean Stream.
Let us on, ye Maidens that bring the Rain,
  Let us gaze on Pallas' citadel,
In the country of Cecrops fair and dear,
  The mystic hand of the holy cell,
  Where the Rites unspoken securely dwell,
And the gifts of the gods that know not stain,
  And a people of mortals that know not fear.
For the temples tall and the statues fair,
And the feasts of the gods are holiest there;
The feasts of Immortals, the chaplet of flowers,
  And the Bromian mirth at the coming of spring,
And the musical voices that fill the hours,
  And the dancing feet of the maids that sing!

Lang.

The *Wasps* (422 B. C.) is a satire directed against the passion of the Athenians for the law-courts. Six thousand citizens are said to have presented themselves daily at the courts for service upon the juries,[1] for which they received a fee. The pay was the object with the majority of them, but the love of litigious scenes was probably the motive with many. The chorus is composed of men costumed as wasps, an allusion to the acrimonious temper induced by the jury-habit.

To those who are familiar with the works of the Greek tragic poets, the *Frogs*, which received the first prize in 405, is one of the most delightful of the plays of our poet. It is a witty but discriminating piece of literary criticism directed against Euripides, who had died in the preceding year, a few months before Sophocles. Dionysus, the patron of the drama, is represented as disgusted with the tragic poets of the day. He conceives the plan of fetching one of the old poets from Hades. He prefers Sophocles, but Euripides, always fertile with schemes, is more likely to be able to find a way of escape from the lower world. So he fits himself out with the club and lion's skin of Heracles, and starts out on his voyage to the lower world, first receiving instructions from Heracles, who has been there. On the way he meets a dead man borne on a bier, with whom his slave tries to strike a bargain for the conveyance of the luggage. But the dead man "would sooner come to life again" than to accept the pittance offered. While Charon is rowing them across the Styx, the chorus of frogs

[1] This large number is partly explained by the size of the Athenian jury, which ranged from 201 to 2,501 members.

chant their song, with the famous refrain, brékkekekéx, koáx, koáx. On the other side the singing of the chorus of the Initiated[1] greets the travelers. After a number of amusing adventures, Dionysus reaches the house of Pluto, and learns of a tremendous contention among the dead. Euripides has gathered a party of rogues and vagabonds together, and is trying to oust Æschylus from the seat of honor assigned to the best tragic poet. Sophocles does not press his claim; in fact, when he first came down, he had kissed Æschylus, who gratefully offered him a part of the seat. Pluto proposes to hold a public trial to decide between Æschylus and Euripides. Dionysus is installed as judge, Pluto agreeing to let him take back to earth the poet whom he places first. Æschylus at first demurs to the plan as unfair to him, "because," he says, "my poems live on earth above, while his died with him and are here as witnesses for him." After a heated debate between the two poets, and a test by weighing their verses, Dionysus decides in favor of Æschylus. Dionysus then leads Æschylus away, the latter giving his chair to Sophocles.

This song of the chorus of Initiated illustrates the poet's facility in dropping from the sublime to the ridiculous:

Raise the fiery torches high!
Bacchus is approaching nigh,
Like the planet of the morn
Breaking with the hoary dawn
On the dark solemnity—
There they flash upon the sight;
All the plain is blazing bright,

[1] Those who had been initiated into the mysteries at Eleusis, who enjoyed special privileges in the world below.

Flushed and overflown with light;
Age has cast his years away,
And the cares of many a day,
Sporting to the lively lay—
Mighty Bacchus! march and lead
(Torch in hand toward the mead)
Thy devoted humble chorus;
Mighty Bacchus—move before us!
Keep silence,—keep peace—and let all the profane
From our holy solemnity duly refrain;
Whose souls, unenlightened by taste, are obscure;
Whose poetical notions are dark and impure;
Whose theatrical conscience
Is sullied by nonsense;
Who never were trained by the mighty Cratinus
In mystical orgies, poetic and vinous;
Who delight in buffooning, and jests out of season;
Who promote the designs of oppression and treason
Who foster sedition, and strife and debate;
All traitors, in short, to the Stage and the State:
Who surrender a fort, or in private export
To places and harbours of hostile resort
Clandestine consignments of cables and pitch,—
In the way Thorycion grew to be rich
From a scoundrelly dirty collector of tribute:
All such we reject and severely prohibit;
All statesmen retrenching the fees and the salaries
Of theatrical bards, in revenge for the railleries
And jests and lampoons of this holy solemnity,
Profanely pursuing their personal enmity,
For having been flouted and scoffed and scorned—
All such are admonished and heartily warned·
We warn them once,
We warn them twice,
We warn and admonish—we warn them thrice,
To conform to the law,
To retire and withdraw
While the chorus again, with the formal saw,
(Fixt and assigned to the festive day)
Move to the measure and march away.

The various tests which Dionysus has applied to assist him in determining which of the two poets, Æschylus or Euripides, is to return with him to the upper world, have failed. Their angry discussion of the true aims and ideals of the tragic poet, and their exposal of one another's weaknesses in diction, plot-construction, style, metres, and in lyrical composition, has left the patron god of the drama more uncertain than ever. He is only too glad to fall in with Æschylus' suggestion that they try their verses in the balances. As it turns out, even this test is insufficient, and Dionysus finally "chooses the one his soul desires"—Æschylus. The weighing scene is here reproduced :

DION. Come, no more songs!
ÆS. I've had enough of 'em;
For my part, I shall bring him to the balance,
As a true test of our poetic merit,
To prove the weight of our respective verses.
DION. Well then, so be it—if it must be so,
That I'm to stand here like a cheesemonger
Retailing poetry with a pair of scales.

CHORUS—Curious eager wits pursue
Strange devices quaint and new,
Like the scene you witness here,
Unaccountable and queer;
I myself, if merely told it,
If I did not here behold it,
Should have deem'd it utter folly,
Craziness and nonsense wholly.

DION. Move up; stand close to the balance!
EUR. Here are we—
DION. Take hold now, and each of you repeat a verse,
And don't leave go before I call to you!
EUR. We're ready.
DION. Now, then, each repeat a verse.
EUR. "I wish that Argo with her woven wings."

ÆS. "O streams of Sperchius, and ye pastured plains."
DION. Let go!—See now—this scale outweighs that other
Very considerably.
EUR. How did it happen?
DION. He slip'd a river in, like the wool-jobbers,
To moisten his metre—but your line was light,
A thing with wings—ready to fly away.
EUR. Let him try once again then, and take hold.
DION. Take hold once more.
EUR. We're ready.
DION. Now repeat.
EUR. "Speech is the temple and altar of persuasion."
ÆS. "Death is a god that loves no sacrifice."
DION. Let go!—See there again! This scale sinks down;
No wonder that it should, with Death put into it,
The heaviest of all calamities.
EUR. But I put in persuasion finely expressed
In the best terms.
DION. Perhaps so; but persuasion
Is soft and light and silly—Think of something
That's heavy and huge, to outweigh him, something
solid.
EUR. Let's see—Where have I got it? Something solid?
DION. "Achilles has thrown twice—Twice a deuce ace!"
Come now, one trial more; this is the last.
EUR. "He grasp'd a mighty mace of massy weight."
ÆS. "Cars upon cars, and corpses heap'd pell mell."
DION. He has nick'd you again.
EUR. Why so? What has he done?
DION. He has heap'd ye up cars and corpses, such a load
As twenty Egyptian labourers could not carry—
ÆS. Come, no more single lines—let him bring all,
His wife, his children, his Cephisophon,
His books and everything, himself to boot—
I'll counterpoise them with a couple of lines.
DION. Well, they're both friends of mine—I shan't decide
To get myself ill-will from either party;
One of them seems extraordinary clever,
And the other suits my taste particularly.

PLUTO. Won't you decide then, and conclude the business?
DION. Suppose then I decide; what then?
PLUT. Then take him
Away with you, whichever you prefer,
As a present for your pains in coming down here.
DION. Heaven bless ye—Well—let's see now—Can't ye advise me?
This is the case—I'm come in search of a poet—
PLUT. With what design?
DION. With this design; to see
The City again restored to peace and wealth,
Exhibiting tragedies in proper style.
—Therefore whichever gives the best advice
On public matters I shall take with me.

CHAPTER XII

THE HISTORIANS. HERODOTUS.

The Late Development of Prose Writing—The Causes—The Earliest Prose—Hecatæus—Herodotus—His Life—The Perfection of his Style—The Character of his History—Its Theme—Its National Feeling—Religious Interpretation of History—The Division into Books—Analysis—Herodotus' Fondness for Digressions—*Selections:* The Customs of Various Peoples—Psamemtichus' Experiment—Polycrates' Ring—The Dancing Suitor—Athens.

It is a remarkable fact in the history of Greek literature that literary prose was not developed until after the great branches of poetry which we have considered had reached maturity. While the drama, the most perfect and highly finished form of poetry, was being perfected in Attica, the Greeks of Asia Minor were but just turning their attention to narrative in prose. The first work of real literature in prose, the history of Herodotus, was not published until after Sophocles had reached the zenith of his powers. The explanation of this phenomenon lies not in the absence of adequate materials for writing, nor in the fact that there was no reading public, properly so called, until about the age of Pericles. The earliest prose writings were intended for oral publication no less than the poetry, and long before the earliest prose writer of whom we know, the art of writing was freely practiced throughout the Greek world—a fact that implies the existence of suitable materials for writing other than

stone, metal, and wood. The late rise of prose was due rather to the perfection which narrative verse had early attained, and to the dominating influence which composition in verse, such as the narratives of Homer and the practical philosophy of Hesiod and the elegiac poets, had acquired among cultivated Greeks. Before the sixth century it did not occur to any one who desired to address the public to use any other form of expression than verse.

Naturally prose was employed for certain purposes long before it was used in literature. Codes of law, treaties, the annals of cities and sanctuaries, lists of officials and victors at the games, were certainly written down as early as the seventh century. The maxims of the Seven Sages, such as "Know thyself" and "Nothing in excess," may be regarded as the beginnings of a prose literature. The animal fables that passed under the name of Æsop seem to have been about as early and in prose form. But the impulse to extended composition in prose was first felt by the Ionians of Asia Minor about the middle of the sixth century, first by writers on speculative theology and natural philosophy, and a little later by writers on travel and geography. The style of these writers was crabbed and jerky, and often obscure. The first important name with which we meet is that of Hecatæus of Miletus (flourished about 500 B. C.), who wrote a work entitled *Genealogies* and a *Description of the World.*

Passing over the minor writers whose works are lost, we come to the "Father of History," Herodotus. He was born about 490 B. C., at Halicarnassus in Caria, a Dorian city with a large Ionian element in its

population. He came of a noble family of literary traditions, and seems to have inherited a taste for the antiquities of history. When a little more than thirty years of age, he was obliged to leave his native city on account of political dissensions there, and for more than ten years lived the life of a wanderer. His travels carried him north as far as Byzantium and the Black Sea, as far east as Babylon, and into Egypt and the northern portions of Africa to the south. He also visited the principal cities of the continent of Greece, and seems to have been often in Athens, where on one occasion he received a gift of ten talents for a recitation from his works. He read portions of his history also at the great national festival at Olympia, and also at Sparta, Argos, and Corinth. He made his home at last in the Athenian colony at Thurii, in southern Italy, where he died about 428 B. C.

We are fortunate in possessing in its entirety the one great work which Herodotus produced, the History. It is written in the Ionic dialect, and in a style so simple, and withal so graphic and entertaining, that the reader is forced to marvel at the degree of literary merit attained in the first artistic work in prose which Greek literature produced. Certainly no subsequent Greek historian ever attained to the perfection of style which Herodotus, the first great writer of prose and the first historian, seems so easily to have reached. And yet the work is rather to be regarded as a piece of pure literature than as a history. "Rich as it is in the materials of history," to use the words of Professor Wheeler, "it cannot be history for the people of to-day. It is better than that, for it is a picture of what history was to people then" The Greeks had not yet reached

the conception of what a history should be. Herodotus was not a trained observer, nor did he make the use of such documents as existed which our modern historical critics would demand. He had traveled far and wide, keen to observe the customs of the different peoples whom he visited, and ever ready to listen to the anecdotes of his guides and acquaintances. Knowing no language but Greek, he was at the mercy of the dragomans, who were not more scrupulous then than they are to-day. But he at least is careful to distinguish between what he had seen with his own eyes and what he had heard from others. As a story-teller Herodotus stands without a peer, but his earnest purpose was to be more than a story-teller.

The subject which Herodotus chose for his history was the conflict of the Greeks and the Barbarians which culminated in the great struggle known as the Persian wars. Thus the first European history was a presentation of the earliest phase of the eternal Eastern Question. Herodotus introduces his subject in these words:

> These are the researches of Herodotus of Halicarnassus, which he publishes, in the hope of thereby preserving from decay the remembrance of what men have done, and of preventing the great and wonderful actions of the Greeks and the Barbarians from losing their due meed of glory; and withal to put on record what were their grounds of feud.

His own native city was one of the early victims of this feud, and his youthful imagination must have been deeply stirred by the glorious conflict for freedom through which his people had passed. While his extensive travels gave him a cosmopolitan view, they did not diminish the strong national feeling which the

events of his youth had enkindled in him, as in all other Greeks. He approached his subject, also, with something of the religious feeling with which Æschylus interpreted the heroic legends of Greece: the hand of divine providence alone will explain the miraculous overthrow of the enormous power of Persia by a handful of Greeks; the successful become insolent and overweening, are infatuated, and God brings them low. This thought recurs again and again, and is applied to Persia in a speech put into the mouth of a Persian nobleman, Artabanus, who thus addresses Xerxes:

> Seest thou how God with his lightning smites alway the bigger animals, and will not suffer them to wax insolent, while those of lesser bulk chafe him not? How likewise his bolts fall ever on the highest houses and the tallest trees? So plainly does he love to bring down everything that exalts itself. Thus ofttimes a mighty host is discomfited by a few men, when God in his jealousy sends fear or storm from heaven, and they perish in a way unworthy of them. For God allows no one to have high thoughts but himself.

This old doctrine, which constitutes Herodotus' philosophy of history, gives a dramatic unity to his story, which thus becomes the Tragedy of Xerxes.

The History of Herodotus was divided into books by the scholars of Alexandria, who assigned to them the names of the nine Muses. In spite of the countless digressions which occupy the larger portion of the first six books, the thread of the main narrative is never lost from view. In the first book, after presenting the mythical conflicts of the Greeks and the Barbarians which culminated in the Trojan war, he finds the first historical cause of offense in the subjugation

of the Ionian cities by Crœsus, king of Lydia. This leads to an account of the kings of Lydia, the country, and its wonderful sights. Crœsus is overthrown by Cyrus the Great, king of Persia. An account of the foundation of the empire of the Medes and the Persians follows, and the charming story of Cyrus himself. The growth of the Persian Empire until it came into conflict with Greece may be considered the main subject of the first six books. The overthrow of the Babylonian kingdom and the death of Cyrus fall within the first book. Cambyses succeeded Cyrus on the throne and invaded Egypt. This leads to the wonderful description of Egypt which occupies the second book. The third book tells of the conquest of Egypt, the death of Cambyses, and the upbuilding of the empire of Darius, his successor. The fourth book is taken up by the campaigns of Darius, with long accounts of the Scythians and Libyans. In the fifth book, after a description of the Thracians, we come to the beginning of the conflict between the Persians and Greeks, which occupies the sixth book. The revolt of the Ionian cities from Persia, their successful appeal to Athens for aid, the two campaigns of Darius against Athens, the second of which resulted in the glorious victory of Marathon, prepare us for the life-and-death struggle depicted in the last three books. In these Herodotus rises fully to the grandeur of his imposing theme. After describing the stupendous preparations of Xerxes and the march of his army of five millions across the Hellespont and down into Greece, he depicts the dismay of the Greeks, the resistance of the few brave Spartans at Thermopylæ, then the crushing defeat of the Persian fleet at Salamis

and the flight of Xerxes, and finally the battle of Platæa and the rout of the Persian army in the west, and on the same day the defeat of the Persian army in the east, at Mycale.

Herodotus distinctly states that he makes a specialty of digressions from his main theme. For example, whenever his narrative brings him to a new people, he invariably turns aside to describe the monuments of their country, their dress, customs, institutions, history, or whatever he has seen or heard about them that may be of interest. And he never fails to be interesting. These descriptions are delightful reading to us because of their charming naïveté; by the Greeks of his time, almost entirely unacquainted with the world beyond the coasts of the Mediterranean, they must have been listened to with open-mouthed wonder. In selecting specimen passages from the History, I have passed over the strictly historical portions in favor of these digressions, which show Herodotus in his best rôle, that of story-teller. First a few passages on the strange customs of various peoples. I use Rawlinson's translation:

The Lydians have very nearly the same customs as the Greeks, with the exception that these last do not bring up their girls in the same way. So far as we have any knowledge, they were the first nation to introduce the use of gold and silver coin, and the first who sold goods by retail. They claim also the invention of all the games which are common to them with all the Greeks. These they declare that they invented about the time when they colonized Tyrrhenia, an event of which they give the following account: In the days of Atys, the son of Manes, there was great scarcity throughout the whole land of Lydia. For some time the Lydians bore the affliction patiently, but finding that it did not pass away, they set to work

to devise remedies for the evil. Various expedients were discovered by various persons; dice and huckle-bones and ball, and all such games were invented, except tables, the invention of which they do not claim as theirs. The plan adopted against the famine was to engage in games one day so entirely as not to feel any craving for food, and the next day to eat and abstain from games. In this way they passed eighteen years.—I, 94.

It is also their (i. e., the Persians') general practice to deliberate upon affairs of weight when they are drunk; and then, on the morrow, when they are sober, the decision to which they came the night before is put before them by the master of the house in which it was made, and if it is then approved of they act on it; if not, they set it aside. Sometimes, however, they are sober at their first deliberation, but in this case they always reconsider the matter under the influence of wine. . . . .

Next to prowess in arms, it is regarded as the greatest proof of manly excellence to be the father of many sons. Every year the king sends rich gifts to the man who can show the largest number; for they hold that number is strength. Their sons are carefully instructed, from their fifth to their twentieth year, in three things alone, to ride, to draw the bow, and to speak the truth. Until their fifth year they are not allowed to come into the sight of their father, but pass their lives with the women. This is done that, if the child die young, the father may not be afflicted by its loss. To my mind it is a wise rule. —I, 133, 136.

Of their (i. e., the Babylonians') customs, whereof I shall now proceed to give an account, the following (which I understand belongs to them in common with the Illyrian tribe of the Eneti) is the wisest in my judgment. Once a year in each village the maidens of age to marry were collected all together into one place; while the men stood round them in a circle. Then the herald called up the damsels one by one, and offered them for sale. He began with the most beautiful. When she was sold for no small sum of money, he offered for sale the one who came next to her in beauty. All of them were sold to be wives. The richest of the Babylonians who wished to wed bid against each other for the loveliest maidens, while the humbler wife-

seekers, who were indifferent about beauty, took the more homely damsels with marriage-portions. For the custom was that when the herald had gone through the whole number of the beautiful damsels, he should then call up the ugliest—a cripple, if there chanced to be one—and offer her to the men, asking who would agree to take her with the smallest marriage-portion. And the man who offered to take the smallest sum had her assigned to him. The marriage-portions were furnished by the money paid for the beautiful damsels, and thus the fairer maidens portioned out the uglier. No one was allowed to give his daughter in marriage to the man of his choice, nor might any one carry away the damsel whom he had purchased without finding bail really and truly to make her his wife; if, however, it turned out that they did not agree, the money might be paid back. All who liked might come, even from distant villages, and bid for the women. This was the best of all their customs, but it has now fallen into disuse.—I, 196.

Concerning Egypt itself I shall extend my remarks to a great length, because there is no country that possesses so many wonders, nor any that has such a number of works which defy description. Not only is the climate different from that of the rest of the world, and the rivers unlike any other rivers, but the people also, in most of their manners and customs, exactly reverse the common practice of mankind. The women attend the markets and trade, while the men sit at home at the loom; and here, while the rest of the world works the woof up the warp, the Egyptians work it down; the women likewise carry burthens upon their shoulders, while the men carry them upon their heads. They eat their food out of doors in the streets, but retire for private purposes to their houses, giving as a reason that what is unseemly, but necessary, ought to be done in secret, but what has nothing unseemly about it, should be done openly. A woman cannot serve the priestly office, either for god or goddess, but men are priests to both; sons need not support their parents unless they choose, but daughters must, whether they choose or no.

They are the only people in the world—they at least, and such as have learnt the practice from them—who use circum-

cision. Their men wear two garments apiece, their women but one. They put on the rings and fasten the ropes to sails inside, others put them outside. When they write or calculate, instead of going, like the Greeks, from left to right, they move their hand from right to left; and they insist, notwithstanding, that it is they who go to the right, and the Greeks who go to the left. They have two quite different kinds of writing, one of which is called sacred, the other common.

Medicine is practiced among them on a plan of separation; each physician treats a single disorder, and no more: thus the country swarms with medical practitioners, some undertaking to cure diseases of the eye, others of the head, others again of the teeth, others of the intestines, and some those which are not local.—II, 35, 36, 84.

Before entering upon his famous account of the Egyptians and their country, Herodotus gives a description of a curious experiment of King Psammetichus, which reads almost like a report from a modern laboratory:

Now the Egyptians, before the reign of their king Psammetichus, believed themselves to be the most ancient of mankind. Since Psammetichus, however, made an attempt to discover who were actually the primitive race, they have been of opinion that while they surpass all other nations, the Phrygians surpass them, in antiquity. This king, finding it impossible to make out by dint of inquiry what men were the most ancient, contrived the following method of discovery: He took two children of the common sort, and gave them over to a herdsman to bring up at his folds, strictly charging him to let no one utter a word in their presence, but to keep them in a sequestered cottage, and from time to time introduce goats to their apartment, see that they got their fill of milk, and in all other respects look after them. His object herein was to know, after the indistinct babblings of infancy were over, what word they would first articulate. It happened as he had anticipated. The herdsman obeyed his orders for two years, and at the end of that time, on his one day opening the door of their

room and going in, the children both ran up to him with outstretched arms, and distictly said "becos." When this first happened the herdsman took no notice; but afterwards when he observed, on coming often to see after them, that the word was constantly in their mouths, he informed his lord, and by his command brought the children into his presence. Psammetichus then himself heard them say the word, upon which he proceeded to make inquiry what people there was who called anything "becos," and hereupon he learnt that "becos" was the Phrygian name for bread. In consideration of this circumstance the Egyptians yielded their claims, and admitted the greater antiquity of the Phrygians. That these were the real facts I learnt at Memphis from the priests of Vulcan. The Greeks, among other foolish tales, relate that Psammetichus had the children brought up by women whose tongues he had previously cut out; but the priests said their bringing up was such as I have stated above.—II, 2-3.

The following story of the Ring of Polycrates is one of the most famous, and illustrates well the current superstition, in which Herodotus evidently shared, concerning the jealousy of the gods:

The exceeding good fortune of Polycrates did not escape the notice of Amasis, who was much disturbed thereat. When therefore his successes continued increasing, Amasis wrote him the following letter, and sent it to Samos: "Amasis to Polycrates thus sayeth: It is a pleasure to hear of a friend and ally prospering, but thy exceeding prosperity does not cause me joy, forasmuch as I know that the gods are envious. My wish for myself, and for those whom I love, is, to be now successful, and now to meet with a check; thus passing through life amid alternate good and ill, rather than with perpetual good fortune. For never yet did I hear tell of any one succeeding in all his undertakings, who did not meet with calamity at last, and come to utter ruin. Now, therefore, give ear to my words, and meet thy good luck in this way. Bethink thee which of all thy treasures thou valuest most and canst least bear to part with; take it, whatsoever it be, and throw it away,

so that it may be sure never to come any more into the sight of man. Then, if thy good fortune be not thenceforth chequered with ill, save thyself from harm by again doing as I have counselled."

When Polycrates read this letter, and perceived that the advice of Amasis was good, he considered carefully with himself which of the treasures he had in store it would grieve him most to lose. After much thought he made up his mind that it was a signet-ring which he was wont to wear, an emerald set in gold, the workmanship of Theodore, son of Telecles, a Samian. So he determined to throw this away; and, manning a penteconter, he went on board, and bade the sailors put out into the open sea. When he was now a long way from the island, he took the ring from his finger, and, in sight of all those who were on board, flung it into the deep. This done, he returned home and gave vent to his sorrow.

Now it happened five or six days afterwards that a fisherman caught a fish so large and beautiful that he thought it well deserved to be made a present to the king. So he took it with him to the gate of the palace, and said he wanted to see Polycrates. Then Polycrates allowed him to come in, and the fisherman gave him the fish with these words following: "Sir king, when I took this prize, I thought I would not carry it to market, though I am a poor man who live by my trade. I said to myself, it is worthy of Polycrates and his greatness; and so I brought it here to give it to you." The speech pleased the king, who thus spoke in reply: "Thou didst right well, friend, and I am doubly indebted, both for the gift and for the speech. Come, now, and sup with me." So the fisherman went home, esteeming it a high honour that he had been asked to sup with the king. Meanwhile the servants, on cutting open the fish, found the signet of their master in its belly. No sooner did they see it than they seized upon it, and, hastening to Polycrates with great joy, restored it to him, and told him in what way it had been found. The king, who saw something providential in the matter, forthwith wrote a letter to Amasis, telling him all that had happened, what he had himself done, and what had been the upshot—and despatched the letter to Egypt.

When Amasis read the letter of Polycrates, he perceived

that it does not belong to man to save his fellow-man from the fate which is in store for him; likewise he felt certain that Polycrates would end ill, as he prospered in everything, even finding what he had thrown away. So he sent a herald to Samos, and dissolved the contract of friendship. This he did, that when the great and heavy misfortune came, he might escape the grief which he would have felt if the sufferer had been his bond-friend.—III, 40–43.

Herodotus gives this explanation of the popular Greek proverb, "It doesn't matter to Hippocleides":

Afterwards, in the generation which followed, Cleisthenes, king of Sicyon, raised the family to still greater eminence among the Greeks than even that to which it had attained before. For this Cleisthenes, who was the son of Aristonymus, the grandson of Myron, and the great-grandson of Andreas, had a daughter, called Agarista, whom he wished to marry to the best husband that he could find in the whole of Greece. At the Olympic games, therefore, having gained the prize in the chariot-race, he caused public proclamation to be made to the following effect:—"Whoever among the Greeks deems himself worthy to become the son-in-law of Cleisthenes, let him come, sixty days hence, or, if he will, sooner, to Sicyon; for within a year's time, counting from the end of the sixty days, Cleisthenes will decide on the man to whom he shall contract his daughter." So all the Greeks who were proud of their own merit or of their country flocked to Sicyon as suitors; and Cleisthenes had a foot-course and a wrestling-ground made ready, to try their powers. . . .

Now when they were all come, and the day appointed had arrived, Cleisthenes first of all inquired of each concerning his country and his family; after which he kept them with him a year, and made trial of their manly bearing, their temper, their accomplishments, and their disposition, sometimes drawing them apart for converse, sometimes bringing them all together. Such as were still youths he took with him from time to time to the gymnasia; but the greatest trial of all was at the banquet-table. During the whole period of their stay

he lived with them, as I have said, and, further, from first to last he entertained them sumptuously. Somehow or other the suitors who came from Athens pleased him the best of all; and of these, Hippocleides, Tisander's son, was especially in favour, partly on account of his manly bearing, and partly also because his ancestors were of kin to the Corinthian Cypselids.

When at length the day arrived which had been fixed for the espousals, and Cleisthenes had to speak out and declare his choice, he first of all made a sacrifice of a hundred oxen, and held a banquet whereat he entertained all the suitors and the whole people of Sicyon. After the feast was ended, the suitors vied with each other in music and in speaking on a given subject. Presently, as the drinking advanced, Hippocleides, who quite dumb-founded the rest, called aloud to the flute-player and bade him strike up a dance; which the man did, and Hippocleides danced to it. And he fancied that he was dancing excellently well; but Cleisthenes, who was observing him, began to misdoubt the whole business. Then Hippocleides, after a pause, told an attendant to bring in a table; and when it was brought he mounted upon it and danced first of all some Laconian figures, then some Attic ones; after which he stood on his head on the table, and began to toss his legs about. Cleisthenes, notwithstanding that he now loathed Hippocleides for a son-in-law, by reason of his dancing and his shamelessness, still, as he wished to avoid an outbreak, had restrained himself during the first and likewise during the second dance; when, however, he saw him tossing his legs in the air, he could no longer contain himself, but cried out, "Son of Tisander, thou hast danced thy wife away!" "What does Hippocleides care?" was the other's answer. And hence the proverb arose.—VI, 126; 128-9.

Herodotus does not view the events of the Persian wars with eye of a partisan of either Athens or Sparta. He has praise for both alike when praise is deserved. It is gratifying, therefore, to hear from an impartial witness the following frank, and, as it seems, unpopular

judgment as to the claims of Athens, confirming as it does the proud boasts unceasingly reiterated in the Athenian orators:

To return, however, to my main subject,—the expedition of the Persian king, though it was in name directed against Athens, threatened really the whole of Greece. And of this the Greeks were aware some time before, but they did not all view the matter in the same light. Some of them had given the Persian earth and water, and were bold on this account, deeming themselves thereby secured against suffering hurt from the barbarian army; while others, who had refused compliance, were thrown into extreme alarm. For whereas they considered all the ships in Greece too few to engage the enemy, it was plain that the greater number of states would take no part in the war, but warmly favoured the Medes.

And here I feel constrained to deliver an opinion, which most men, I know, will mislike, but which, as it seems to me to be true, I am determined not to withhold. Had the Athenians, from fear of the approaching danger, quitted their country, or had they without quitting it submitted to the power of Xerxes, there would certainly have been no attempt to resist the Persians by sea; in which case, the course of events by land would have been the following. Though the Peloponnesians might have carried ever so many breastworks across the Isthmus, yet their allies would have fallen off from the Lacedaemonians, not by voluntary desertion, but because town after town must have been taken by the fleet of the barbarians; and so the Lacedaemonians would at last have stood alone, and, standing alone, would have displayed prodigies of valour, and died nobly. Either they would have done thus, or else, before it came to that extremity, seeing one Greek state after another embrace the cause of the Medes, they would have come to terms with King Xerxes;—and thus, either way Greece would have been brought under Persia. For I cannot understand of what possible use the walls across the Isthmus could have been, if the King had had the mastery of the sea.

If, then, a man should now say that the Athenians were

the saviours of Greece, he would not exceed the truth. For they truly held the scales, and whichever side they espoused must have carried the day. They too it was who, when they had determined to maintain the freedom of Greece, roused up that portion of the Greek nation which had not gone over to the Medes, and so, next to the gods, *they* repulsed the invader. Even the terrible oracles which reached them from Delphi, and struck fear into their hearts, failed to persuade them to fly from Greece. They had the courage to remain faithful to their land, and await the coming of the foe.—VII, 138–9.

CHAPTER XIII

THUCYDIDES AND XENOPHON

The Earliest Attic Prose—Thucydides—His Life—The *History of the Peloponnesian War*—The Plan and Purpose of the Historian—Contrast with Herodotus—Style—The Reported Speeches—The Divisions of the History—*Selections:* Contrast of the Athenian and Spartan Characters—Pericles' Funeral Oration—The Plague at Athens—Alcibiades—The Naval Battle at Syracuse—Xenophon—His Life—His Historical Writings, the *Anabasis* and the *Hellenica*—The Essays and Minor Writings—Xenophon's Position in Greek Literature—*Selections:* The First Glimpse of the Sea—Xenophon's Tact—Epaminondas at Sparta.

The Ionians produced no great writer of prose literature after Herodotus. After his death, the masters in prose were Athenians, either by birth or by adoption, so long as Greece was free, or rather until the literary centre of the Greek-speaking world was transferred from Athens to Alexandria. The earliest extant specimen of Attic literary prose is a small treatise on the *Constitution of Athens*, written about 420 B. C., and formerly attributed to Xenophon. Next come the early orators, and then the great historian, Thucydides.

The little that we know about Thucydides is furnished by himself. At the outbreak of the Peloponnesian war, in 431 B. C., he was a man of maturity; we may therefore place the date of his birth about 470 B. C. An Athenian by birth, his father's family were originally Thracians, closely related to the wife of Miltiades, the hero of Marathon. We can only con-

jecture what were the influences which surrounded his youth and early manhood; but since his family was wealthy and influential, and he himself exceptionally endowed by nature, we may believe that he participated fully in the marvelous and many-sided culture for which the age of Pericles was distinguished. For a time after the outbreak of the war he was one of the Athenian generals. In 424 B. C. an event occurred, however, which doubtless seemed a heavy misfortune to him, though in reality it was the turning-point of his life and opened to him the career for which his talents best fitted him. While he was in command of an Athenian fleet off the Thracian coast, the Spartan general Brasidas surprised and captured Amphipolis, the principal Athenian possession in northern Greece. Thucydides was near enough to have prevented the capture of the stronghold, but he lingered in the neighborhood of some gold mines which belonged to him and arrived too late. Whatever the reason was for his delay, the Athenians promptly deprived him of his command, and he lived in exile for twenty years, until the end of the war in 404 B. C. During this time he followed the war closely, gathered facts from the Spartan as well as from the Athenian side, visited many important sites, probably including Sicily, and thus laboriously and conscientiously got together the materials for his history. He died about 398 B. C.

The *History of the Peloponnesian War* was the life-work of Thucydides. He himself, in the opening paragraph, tells us how he came to write it:

Thucydides, an Athenian, wrote the history of the war in which the Peloponnesians and the Athenians fought against one another. He began to write when they first took up arms,

believing that it would be great and memorable above any previous war. For he argued that both states were then at the full height of their military power, and he saw the rest of the Hellenes either siding or intending to side with one or other of them. No movement ever stirred Hellas more deeply than this; it was shared by many of the Barbarians, and might be said even to affect the world at large.

Thucydides did not underestimate the magnitude of the task to which he applied himself, nor did he approach it in the uncritical spirit of Herodotus. These are his own memorable words, which sound the keynote both to the form and style in which he composed his history, and to his high ideal of the scope and method of historical inquiry:

Of the events of the war I have not ventured to speak from any chance information, nor according to any notion of my own; I have described nothing but what I either saw myself or learned from others of whom I made the most careful and particular inquiry. The task was a laborious one, because eye-witnesses of the same occurrences gave different accounts of them, as they remembered or were interested in the actions of one side or the other. And very likely the strictly historical character of my narrative may be disappointing to the ear. But if he who desires to have before his eyes a true picture of the events which have happened, and of the like events which may be expected to happen hereafter in the order of human things, shall pronounce what I have written to be useful, then I shall be satisfied. My history is an everlasting possession, not a prize composition which is heard and forgotten.

In these last words we may detect a covert criticism of Herodotus, who delighted in anecdotes and narrations "pleasing to the ear." Thucydides sedulously avoids digressions from his theme, though he goes aside two or three times to set right a false popular tradition. We should gladly have learned from him

something about the great literary, artistic, and social movements in Athens, or about the personality of the great men of the day; but he confines himself strictly to the facts of political history. In interpreting these facts he has no theory of his own to expound. Destiny and the gods play no part with him. He deals with the actions of men and the motives which actuate them. Nor is he deceived by the false motives which partisans assign to their own side. The Spartans professed to desire to free Greece from the tyranny of the Athenian Empire. "The real, though unavowed, cause," says Thucydides, "I believe to have been the growth of the Athenian power, which terrified the Lacedæmonians and forced them into war." Again, with reference to the Sicilian expedition, he says that the Athenians "virtuously professed that they were going to assist their own kinsmen and their newly acquired allies, but the simple truth was that they aspired to the empire of Sicily." Unincumbered, therefore, by preconceived theories of his own, and remarkably free from partisan bias, with the sole purpose of setting forth the facts concerning a war of momentous importance to the Greeks, not as an entertainment, but as a "possession forever," Thucydides tells the tragic story of the downfall of Athens with a calm but vigorous eloquence, a sincerity of purpose, and a moral elevation of tone that place him at once upon the level of the world's greatest minds. He is justly entitled to be called the first critical historian, the first philosopher of history, whom Greece and Europe have produced.

The history of Thucydides was the first serious attempt in Attic prose. We cannot expect, and we

do not find, the perfection of style reached by Isocrates or Plato in the next generation. Rhetoric was just beginning to be cultivated; neither the diction nor the style suitable to prose discourse had as yet been developed. We can see that Thucydides struggled with the language to make it the appropriate and adequate vehicle of his thought. He succeeds best in the simple narration of events, but when he begins to generalize and to indulge in philosophical reflections he often becomes obscure. Such reflections and generalizations he usually embodies in the speeches which he attributes to the actors in his story. This is a peculiar feature of his history, in which the later historians of Greece and Rome imitated him. It would seem that he felt obliged, in giving a faithful recital of events, to relate what generals and statesmen said, as well as what they did. Public speaking was so important a part of the political life of the day that it could not be overlooked in an historical narrative. Thucydides explains his position in this matter: "As to the speeches which were made either before or during the war, it was hard for me, and for others who reported them to me, to recollect the exact words. I have therefore put into the mouth of each speaker the sentiments proper to the occasion, expressed as I thought he would be likely to express them, while at the same time I endeavored, as nearly as I could, to give the general purport of what was actually said." The result of this practice was to make the speeches a sort of rhetorical exercise, in which the writer tried to represent the character and motives, if not the exact language, of each speaker. In the speeches, accordingly, we are

apt to find the writer's own judgments of men and events, his diagnosis of situations, and his critical estimate of causes and effects.

The History of the Peloponnesian War was left incomplete at the author's death. It was his intention to give a complete account of the war from its beginning, in 431 B. C., to the fall of Athens, in 404 B. C.; but the story breaks off abruptly at the end of the twenty-first year. The work has come down to us divided into eight books, but the divisions were not made by Thucydides. After the introductory chapters, in which he compares the magnitude of this war with the other great wars which have stirred Hellas, "magnified by the exaggerated fancies of the poets," he takes up the causes which led to the terrific struggle between Athens and Sparta, and then proceeds to give the events of the war in chronological order by campaigns. The work falls into three main divisions. The first four books and a part of the fifth bring the story down to the peace of Nicias, in 421 B. C. The next three books cover the eight years of the doubtful truce, in which Athens and Sparta were not engaged in open hostilities, but war raged in the Peloponnesus between Argos and Sparta, while Athens was active in fostering the quarrel and in strengthening her empire on the sea. Finally, from 415 to 413, Athens engaged in the disastrous expedition against Sicily. The account of this expedition which Thucydides gives is a marvelous piece of writing. The eighth book begins the third part of the war, the renewal of fighting between Athens and Sparta.

From the following selections from the history, in the admirable translation of Jowett, some idea of the

qualities of Thucydides' style in narrative, description, analysis of character, and in speech-writing, may be gained. The first selection, on the contrast of the Athenian and Spartan characters, is taken from a speech put in the mouth of the Corinthian envoys to Sparta, who urge an alliance against Athens.

And you have never considered what manner of men are these Athenians with whom you will have to fight, and how utterly unlike yourselves. They are revolutionary, equally quick in the conception and in the execution of every new plan; while you are conservative—careful only to keep what you have, originating nothing, and not acting even when action is most urgent. They are bold beyond their strength; they run risks which prudence would condemn; and in the midst of misfortune they are full of hope. Whereas it is your nature, though strong, to act feebly; when your plans are most prudent, to distrust them; and when calamities come upon you, to think that you will never be delivered from them. They are impetuous, and you are dilatory; they are always abroad, and you are always at home. For they hope to gain something by leaving their homes; but you are afraid that any new enterprise may imperil what you have already. When conquerors they pursue their victories to the utmost; when defeated, they fall back the least. Their bodies they devote to their country as though they belonged to other men; their true self is their mind, which is most truly their own when employed in her service. When they do not carry out an intention which they have formed, they seem to themselves to have sustained a personal bereavement; when an enterprise succeeds, they have gained a mere instalment of what is to come; but if they fail, they at once conceive new hopes, and so fill up the void. With them alone to hope is to have, for they lose not a moment in the execution of an idea. This is the life-long task, full of danger and toil, which they are always imposing upon themselves. None enjoy their good things less, because they are always seeking for more. To do their duty is their only holiday, and they deem the quiet of inaction to be as disagreeable as the most tiresome

business. If a man should say of them, in a word, that they were born neither to have peace themselves nor to allow peace to other men, he would simply speak the truth.—I, 70.

I quote next two extracts from the magnificent funeral oration of Pericles, delivered over the bodies of the Athenian soldiers who fell in the first campaign of the war:

To sum up: I say that Athens is the school of Hellas, and that the individual Athenian in his own person seems to have the power of adapting himself to the most varied forms of action with the utmost versatility and grace. This is no passing and idle word, but truth and fact; and the assertion is verified by the position to which these qualities have raised the state. For in the hour of trial Athens alone among her contemporaries is superior to the report of her. No enemy who comes against her is indignant at the reverses which he sustains at the hands of such a city; no subject complains that his masters are unworthy of him. And we shall assuredly not be without witnesses; there are mighty monuments of our power which will make us the wonder of this and of succeeding ages; we shall not need the praises of Homer or of any other panegyrist whose poetry may please for the moment, although his representation of the facts will not bear the light of day. For we have compelled every land and every sea to open a path for our valour, and have everywhere planted eternal memorials of our friendship and of our enmity. Such is the city for whose sake these men nobly fought and died; they could not bear the thought that she might be taken from them; and every one of us who survive should gladly toil on her behalf. . . . .

I would have you day by day fix your eyes upon the greatness of Athens, until you become filled with the love of her; and when you are impressed by the spectacle of her glory, reflect that this empire has been acquired by men who knew their duty and had the courage to do it, who in the hour of conflict had the fear of dishonour always present to them, and who, if ever they failed in an enterprise, would not allow their virtues to be lost to their country, but freely gave their lives to

her as the fairest offering which they could present at her feast. The sacrifice which they collectively made was individually repaid to them; for they received again, each one for himself, a praise which grows not old, and the noblest of all sepulchres—I speak not of that in which their remains are laid, but of that in which their glory survives, and is proclaimed always and on every fitting occasion both in word and deed. For the whole earth is the sepulchre of famous men; not only are they commemorated by columns and inscriptions in their own country, but in foreign lands there dwells also an unwritten memorial of them, graven not on stone but in the hearts of men.—II, 41–43.

Thucydides thus describes the terrible plague which devastated Athens in the second year of the war:

Many who were in perfect health, all in a moment, and without any apparent reason, were seized with violent heats in the head and with redness and inflammation of the eyes. Internally, the throat and the tongue were quickly suffused with blood, and the breath became unnatural and fetid. There followed sneezing and hoarseness; in a short time the disorder, accompanied by a violent cough, reached the chest; then fastening lower down, it would move the stomach and bring on all the vomits of bile to which physicians have ever given names; and they were very distressing. An ineffectual retching, producing violent convulsions, attacked most of the sufferers; some as soon as the previous symptoms had abated, others not until long afterwards. The body externally was not so very hot to the touch, nor yet pale; it was of a livid colour inclining to red, and breaking out in pustules and ulcers. But the internal fever was intense; the sufferers could not bear to have on them even the finest linen garment; they insisted on being naked, and there was nothing which they longed for more eagerly than to throw themselves into cold water. And many of those who had no one to look after them actually plunged into the cisterns, for they were tormented by unceasing thirst, which was not in the least assuaged whether they drank little or much. They could not sleep; a restlessness which was intolerable never left them. While

the disease was at its height the body, instead of wasting away, held out amidst these sufferings in a marvellous manner, and either they died on the seventh or ninth day, not of weakness, for their strength was not exhausted, but of internal fever, which was the end of most; or, if they survived, then the disease descended into the bowels and there produced violent ulceration; severe diarrhœa at the same time set in, and at a later stage caused exhaustion, which finally with few exceptions carried them off. For the disorder which had originally settled in the head passed gradually through the whole body, and if a person got over the worst, would often seize the extremities and leave its mark, attacking the privy parts and the fingers and the toes; and some escaped with the loss of these, some with the loss of their eyes. Some again had no sooner recovered than they were seized with a forgetfulness of all things and knew neither themselves nor their friends. The general character of the malady no words can describe and the fury with which it fastened upon each sufferer was too much for human nature to endure. . . . . .

Appalling too was the rapidity with which men caught the infection; dying like sheep if they attended on one another; and this was the principal cause of mortality. When they were afraid to visit one another, the sufferers died in their solitude, so that many houses were empty because there had been no one left to take care of the sick; or if they ventured they perished, especially those who aspired to heroism. For they went to see their friends without thought of themselves and were ashamed to leave them, at a time when the very relations of the dying were at last growing weary and ceased even to make lamentations, overwhelmed by the vastness of the calamity. But whatever instances there may have been of such devotion, more often the sick and the dying were tended by the pitying care of those who had recovered, because they knew the course of the disease and were themselves free from apprehension. For no one was ever attacked a second time, or not with a fatal result. All men congratulated them, and they themselves, in the excess of their joy at the moment, had an innocent fancy that they could not die of any other sickness.

The crowding of the people out of the country into the city

aggravated the misery; and the newly-arrived suffered most. For, having no houses of their own, but inhabiting in the height of summer stifling huts, the mortality among them was dreadful, and they perished in wild disorder. The dead lay as they had died, one upon another, while others hardly alive wallowed in the streets and crawled about every fountain craving for water. The temples in which they lodged were full of the corpses of those who died in them; for the violence of the calamity was such that men, not knowing where to turn, grew reckless of all law, human and divine. The customs which had hitherto been observed at funerals were universally violated, and they buried their dead each one as best he could. Many, having no proper appliances, because the deaths in their household had been so numerous already, lost all shame in the burial of the dead. When one man had raised a funeral pile, others would come, and throwing on their dead first, set fire to it; or when some other corpse was already burning, before they could be stopped, would throw their own dead upon it and depart.—II, 49–53.

The following narrative illustrates both the cleverness and the unscrupulousness of Alcibiades, the leading figure in the latter part of the Peloponnesian war:

When the difference between the Lacedaemonians and Athenians had gone thus far, the war party at Athens in their turn lost no time in pressing their views. Foremost among them was Alcibiades, the son of Cleinias, a man who would have been thought young in any other city, but was influential by reason of his high descent: he sincerely preferred the Argive alliance, but at the same time he took part against the Lacedaemonians from temper, and because his pride was touched. For they had not consulted with him, but had negotiated the peace through Nicias and Laches, despising his youth, and disregarding an ancient connexion with his family, who had been their proxeni; a connexion which his grandfather had renounced, and he, by the attention which he had paid to the captives from Sphacteria, had hoped to have renewed. Piqued at the small respect which was shown to all his claims, he had originally opposed the negotiations; declar-

ing that the Lacedaemonians were not to be trusted, and that their only object in making terms was that they might by Athenian help crush the Argives, and afterwards attack the Athenians themselves when they had no friends. As soon as the rupture occurred he promptly despatched a private message to the Argives, bidding them send an embassy as quickly as they could, together with representatives of Mantinea and Elis, and invite the Athenians to enter the alliance; now was the time, and he would do his utmost to assist them.

The Argives received his message, and thus became aware that the alliance with the Boeotians had been made without the consent of the Athenians, and that a violent quarrel had broken out between Athens and Lacedaemon. So they thought no more about their ambassadors, who were at that very moment negotiating the peace with Lacedaemon, but turned their thoughts toward Athens. They reflected that Athens was a city which had been their friend of old; like their own it was governed by a democracy, and would be a powerful ally to them at sea, if they were involved in war. They at once sent envoys to negotiate an alliance with the Athenians; the Eleans and Mantineans joined in the embassy. Thither also came in haste three envoys from Lacedaemon, who were thought likely to be acceptable at Athens—Philocharidas, Leon, and Endius. They were sent because the Lacedaemonians were afraid that the Athenians in their anger would join the Argive alliance. The envoys, while they demanded the restoration of Pylos in return for Panactum, were to apologise for the alliance with the Boeotians, and to explain that it was not made with any view to the injury of Athens.

They delivered their message to the council, adding that they came with full power to treat about all differences. Alcibiades took alarm; he feared that if the envoys made a similar statement to the people they would win them over to their side, and that the Argive alliance would be rejected. Whereupon he devised the following trick: he solemnly assured the Lacedaemonians that if they would not communicate to the people the extent of their powers, he would restore Pylos to them, for he would use his influence in their favour instead of against them, and would arrange their other differences. But his real aim was to alienate them from Nicias, and to

bring about an alliance with Argos, Elis, and Mantinea, which he hoped to effect, if he could only discredit them in the assembly, and create the impression that their intentions were not honest, and that they never told the same tale twice. And he succeeded; for when the envoys appeared before the assembly, and in answer to the question whether they had full powers replied, "No," in direct contradiction to what they had said in the council, the patience of the Athenians was exhausted, and Alcibiades declaimed against the Lacedaemonians more violently than ever. The people were carried away and were ready to have the Argives come in and make an alliance with them and their confederates on the spot. But an earthquake occurred before the final vote was taken, and the assembly was adjourned.—V, 43–46.

In the year 413 B. C. the Athenian fleet, in the harbor of Syracuse, engaged in a final battle with the Syracusan fleet and was defeated. The men on shore watched the conflict with fearful anxiety:

While the naval engagement hung in the balance the two armies on shore had great trial and conflict of souls. The Sicilian soldier was animated by the hope of increasing the glory which he had already won, while the invader was tormented by the fear that his fortunes might sink lower still. The last chance of the Athenians lay in their ships, and their anxiety was dreadful. The fortune of the battle varied; and it was not possible that the spectators on the shore should all receive the same impression of it. Being quite close and having different points of view, they would some of them see their own ships victorious; their courage would then revive, and they would earnestly call upon the gods not to take from them their hope of deliverance. But others, who saw their ships worsted, cried and shrieked aloud, and were by the sight alone more utterly unnerved than the defeated combatants themselves. Others again, who had fixed their gaze on some part of the struggle which was undecided, were in a state of excitement still more terrible; they kept swaying their bodies to and fro in an agony of hope and fear as the stubborn conflict went on and on; for at every instant they were all but saved or all but lost. And while the strife hung in the balance you might

hear in the Athenian army at once lamentation, shouting, cries of victory or defeat, and all the various sounds which are wrung from a great host in extremity of danger. Not less agonizing were the feelings of those on board. At length the Syracusans and their allies, after a protracted struggle, put the Athenians to flight, and triumphantly bearing down upon them, and encouraging one another with loud cries and exhortations, drove them to land. Then that part of the navy which had not been taken in the deep water fell back in confusion to the shore, and the crews rushed out of the ships into the camp. And the land forces, no longer now divided in feeling, but uttering one universal groan of intolerable anguish, ran, some of them to save the ships, others to defend what remained of the wall; but the greater number began to look to themselves and to their own safety.—VII, 71.

Xenophon, the only other historian of the classical period whose works are extant, was born near Athens about 431 B. C. In his youth he came under the influence of Socrates, who inspired in him feelings of profound admiration and affection. A few years after the fall of Athens, Xenophon received an invitation from a friend to take service under Cyrus, a Persian prince, who was gathering a force of Greek mercenaries to aid him in an attempt to wrest the throne from his brother Artaxerxes. After consulting with Socrates and the oracle at Delphi, Xenophon joined the expedition, an account of which he afterward gave in the *Anabasis*. This adventure occupied him from 401 to 399, the year in which Socrates was put to death. On his return to Asia Minor he served under the Spartan king, Agesilaus, for whose character and military ability he conceived a great admiration. He not only wrote an encomium upon him, the *Agesilaus*, but even fought under him with the Spartan forces against his own country at the battle of Coronea in 394 B. C. For

this act of treason he was formally banished from Athens. He had long been unfriendly to the extreme democracy of Athens and an enthusiastic admirer of the Spartan character and government, on which he wrote the laudatory essay entitled the *Polity of the Lacedæmonians*. The unjust condemnation and death of Socrates still further alienated him from his native city. Retiring to an estate near Olympia, granted him by the Spartans for his services to their cause, he devoted himself to the pleasures of country life and to literary work. After some years the turn of political events deprived him of his estate, and he took up his residence in Corinth, where he died soon after 357 B. C. Although the decree of banishment from Athens was revoked, he seems not to have cared to make it his home again.

The chief historical works of Xenophon are the *Hellenica* and the *Anabasis*. In the former he takes up the narrative of Thucydides, and brings the account of the Peloponnesian war to a close at the end of the second book. In the other five books he gives the history of Greece down to the battle of Mantinea, in 362 B. C. The work is valuable as our principal source of information on the history of this period, but in many respects falls short of what a history should be, the prejudice of its author in favor of Sparta constantly cropping out. Many important facts are omitted, and the story is not told in an attractive manner. Xenophon was far from being a worthy successor to Thucydides as an historian. The *Anabasis*, on the other hand, though dealing with an episode of minor interest in itself, gives us a much better idea of Xenophon's ability as a writer. The author's own participation in

the expedition of Cyrus lends the narrative the charm of a personal experience. The title, which means "*The March Inland*," strictly applies only to the first part of the work. After Cyrus had been slain in battle near Babylon, the Greek troops, numbering ten thousand, began their retreat. The story of the retreat occupies the larger part of the book, and is by far the more interesting. When most of the Greek leaders had been slain by treachery, Xenophon, who had not been attached to the expedition in an official capacity hitherto, rallied the surviving officers and virtually assumed command. It was mainly due to his ability as a general, his resourcefulness in critical situations, his imperturbable coolness and cheerfulness, and his Athenian readiness in persuasive oratory, that the ten thousand made their way through Kurdistan, Armenia, and Georgia to the Black Sea. After further adventures in Byzantium and Thrace, the remnant of the army, now reduced to six thousand, was incorporated in a Spartan army operating in the Troad, while Xenophon attached himself to the staff of the Spartan king Agesilaus.

Besides these two historical works, Xenophon wrote a number of essays, two of which, the *Agesilaus* and the *Polity of the Lacedæmonians*, have already been mentioned. In the *Memorabilia* or *Recollections of Socrates*, he vindicates the character and teachings of his master. Defending him first against the charges brought against Socrates at the trial, he exhibits what kind of a man he was by reporting his conversations with various men on many subjects. This work is valuable for the information which it gives about the daily life of Socrates and the character of his teach-

ings, but is not a great piece of literature. Socrates figures in two other essays, the *Symposium* and the treatise on *Domestic Economy*. In the former Socrates is represented as the principal guest at a typical Athenian banquet, which is enlivened by his conversation and the performances of jugglers and dancers—a charming picture. In the latter Socrates discourses on domestic affairs, and relates an interesting conversation with a newly married Athenian, who explains the method by which he broke in and trained in housewifely virtues his girl-wife of fifteen. The *Education of Cyrus* (Cyrus the Great, not the young prince for whom Xenophon had fought) is an idealized picture, not a biography, of a perfect prince and ruler, with enough of local color to lend verisimilitude to the account. It is the earliest attempt at an historical romance, and contains the first love-story in European prose literature. We have, besides the above, a few minor essays, the more interesting of which are the treatises *On Horsemanship* and *On Hunting*.

Xenophon does not hold an exalted position in the history of Greek literature, although there is much to admire in his character and in his writings. He had neither the critical ability nor the intellectual and moral force to be a great historian, although he was a careful observer and a fair judge of character. An Athenian by birth and education, he became alienated from his own country and people and adopted Spartan views. The events of contemporary history and the character of the leading men of the time were judged by him with a frankly avowed Spartan bias. His writings seem to have been generally admired in antiquity, not for purity of Attic style, but for their straightfor-

ward simplicity and grace—the words of a man of letters who was also a man of action. The story told in the *Anabasis* awakened the Greeks to the essential weakness of the great Persian Empire, and taught them that the terrible power with which they had once fought, and to which the several states had since become accustomed to look for protection, might crumble before the attack of a well-organized, though numerically inferior, foe. A later Greek writer coined the saying: "Alexander the Great would not have been great had not Xenophon been." Xenophon's greatest merit is that he was an entertaining writer on a variety of subjects, furnishing useful information and standing for all that was esteemed noble and manly in character and conduct. He was the earliest essayist of Greece, and the first writer who employed the dialogue form in literature.

No passage in the *Anabasis* is more famous than the description of the excitement and joy of the Greek troops when, after their long and perilous march through an unknown and hostile country, after the severe privations and sufferings to which many of their number had succumbed, they at last caught a glimpse of the sea. Dakyns' translation is used:

> On the fifth day they reached the mountain, the name of which was Theches. No sooner had the men in front ascended it and caught sight of the sea than a great cry arose, and Xenophon, with the rearguard, catching the sound of it, conjectured that another set of enemies must surely be attacking in front; for they were followed by the inhabitants of the country, which was all aflame; indeed the rearguard killed some and captured others alive by laying an ambuscade; they had taken also about twenty wicker shields, covered with the raw hides of shaggy oxen. But as the shout became louder and

nearer, and those who from time to time came up began racing at the top of their speed towards the shouters, and the shouting continually recommenced with yet greater volume as the numbers increased, Xenophon settled in his mind that something extraordinary must have happened, so he mounted his horse, and taking with him Lycius and the cavalry, he galloped to the rescue. Presently they could hear the soldiers shouting and passing on the joyful word, "The sea, the sea!" Thereupon they began running, rearguard and all, and the baggage animals and horses came galloping up. But when they had reached the summit, then indeed they fell to embracing one another — generals and officers and all—and the tears trickled down their cheeks.

Anabasis, IV, 7.

Xenophon's tact in dealing with men is illustrated in the following selection. The Greek army, after it had been safely brought out of Asia, was filled with mutinous murmurings against its leaders. A trial was instituted against them, and some of them were fined. It will be observed that Xenophon always refers to himself in the third person, and that quite without affectation.

Against Xenophon a charge was brought by certain people, who asserted that they had been beaten by him, and framed the indictment as one of personal outrage with violence. Xenophon got up and demanded that the first speaker should state "where and when it was he had received these blows." The other, so challenged, answered, "When we were perishing of cold and there was a great depth of snow." Xenophon said: "Upon my word, with weather such as you describe, when our provisions had run out, when the wine could not even be smelt, when numbers were dropping down dead beat, so acute was the suffering, with the enemy close on our heels; certainly, if at such a season as that I was guilty of outrage, I plead guilty to being a more outrageous brute than the ass, which is too wanton, they say, to feel fatigue. Still, I wish you would tell us," said he, "what led to my striking you? Did I ask

you for something, and, on your refusing it to me, did I proceed to beat you? Was it a debt, for which I demanded payment? or a quarrel about some boy or other? Was I the worse for liquor, and behaving like a drunkard?" When the man met each of these questions with a negative, he questioned him further: "Are you a heavy infantry soldier?" "No," said he. "A peltast, then?" "No, nor yet a peltast;" but he had been ordered by his messmates to drive a mule, although he was a free man. Then at last he recognized him, and inquired: "Are you the fellow who carried home the sick man?" "Yes, I am," said he, "thanks to your driving; and you made havoc of my messmates' kit." "Havoc!" said Xenophon. "Nay," I distributed it: some to one man, some to another to carry, and bade them bring the things safely to me; and when I got them back I delivered them all safely to you, when you, on your side, had rendered an account to me of the man. Let me tell you," he continued, turning to the court, "what the circumstances were; it is worth hearing:—A man was left behind from inability to proceed farther; I recognized the poor fellow sufficiently to see that he was one of ours, and I forced you, sir, to carry him to save his life. For, if I am not much mistaken, the enemy were close at our heels?" The fellow assented to this. "Well, then," said Xenophon, "after I had sent you forward, I overtook you again, as I came up with the rearguard; you were digging a trench with intent to bury the man; I pulled up and said something in commendation; as we stood by the poor fellow twitched his leg, and the bystanders all cried out: 'Why, the man's alive!' Your remark was: 'Alive or not as he likes, I am not going to carry him.' Then I struck you. Yes! you are right, for it looked very much as if you knew him to be alive." "Well," said he, "was he any the less dead when I reported him to you?" "Nay," retorted Xenophon, "by the same token we shall all one day be dead, but that is no reason why meantime we should all be buried alive!" Then there was a general shout: "If Xenophon had given the fellow a few more blows, it might have been better."

Anabasis, V, 8.

It is disappointing that Xenophon has so little to say about the splendid military genius and the noble character of the Theban general, Epameinondas. In the following passage he does justice to his strategy on one occasion, when he almost succeeded in capturing Sparta. It is characteristic of our author that he resorts to the theory of providential intervention to explain what seems to him otherwise unaccountable.

That the strategy of the Theban general was fortunate I will not pretend to assert, but in the particular combination of prudence and daring which stamps these exploits, I look upon him as consummate. In the first place, I cannot but admire the sagacity which led him to form his camp within the walls of Tegea, where he was in greater security than he would have been if entrenched outside, and where his future movements were more completely concealed from the enemy. Again, the means to collect materials and furnish himself with other necessaries were readier to his hand inside the city; while, thirdly, he was able to keep an eye on the movements of his opponents marching outside, and to watch their successful dispositions as well as their mistakes. More than this: in spite of his sense of superiority to his antagonists, over and over again, when he saw them gaining some advantage in position, he refused to be drawn out to attack them. It was only when he saw plainly that no city was going to give him its adhesion, and that time was slipping by, that he made up his mind that a blow must be struck, failing which, he had nothing to expect save a vast ingloriousness, in place of his former fame. He had ascertained that his antagonists held a strong position round Mantinea, and that they had sent to fetch Agesilaus and the whole Lacedaemonian army. He was further aware that Agesilaus had commenced his advance and was already at Pellene. Accordingly he passed the word of command to his troops to take their evening meal, put himself at their head and advanced straight upon Sparta. Had it not been for the arrival (by some providential chance) of a Cretan, who brought the news to Agesilaus of the enemy's advance, he

would have captured the city of Sparta like a nest of young birds absolutely bereft of its natural defenders. As it was, Agesilaus, being forewarned, had time to return to the city before the Thebans came, and here the Spartans made distribution of their scanty force and maintained watch and ward, albeit few in numbers, since the whole of their cavalry were away in Arcadia, and so was their foreign brigade, and so were three out of their twelve regiments.

Arrived within the city of Sparta, Epameinondas abstained from gaining an entry at a point where his troops would have to fight on level ground and under attack from the houses above; where also their large numbers would give them no superiority over the small numbers of the foemen. But, singling out a position which he conceived would give him the advantage, he occupied it and began his advance against the city upon a downward instead of an upward incline.

With regard to what subsequently took place, two possible explanations suggest themselves: either it was miraculous, or it may be maintained that there is no resisting the fury of desperation. Archidamus, advancing at the head of but a hundred men, and crossing the one thing which might have been expected to form an obstacle to the enemy, began marching uphill against his antagonists. At this crisis these fire-breathing warriors, these victorious heroes of Leuctra, with their superiority at every point, aided, moreover, by the advantage of their position, did not withstand the attack of Archidamus and those with him, but swerved in flight. The vanguard of Epameinondas' troops was cut down; when, however, flushed with the glory of their victory, the citizens followed up their pursuit beyond the right point, they in turn were cut down,—so plainly was the demarking line of victory drawn by the finger of God.—*Hellenica*, VII, 8–14.

CHAPTER XIV

THE ORATORS. DEMOSTHENES

Eloquence among the Early Greeks — The Conditions under which Oratory became an Art — The Sophists and the Rhetoricians — The Influence of Sicily — The Professional Speech-writers — The Ten Attic Orators: Antiphon — Andocides — Lysias — Isocrates — Isæus — Æschines — Hyperides — Lycurgus — Deinarchus — Demosthenes — His early Training — The Prosecution of his Guardians — The Private Orations — The Public Prosecutions — The First Orations before the People — The Orations against Philip — After the Battle of Chæronea — The Oration *On the Crown* — The Harpalus Affair — His Death — Demosthenes the Consummation of Greek Oratory — Selections from the *Third Olynthiac*, the *Third Philippic*, the Oration *On the Crown*, and from Æschines' *Against Ctesiphon*.

The gift of persuasive speech was always highly prized among the Greeks. In the Homeric poems it was a rarer possession than valor, and was esteemed no less highly. Peleus sent Phœnix to the wars with his son Achilles to teach him to be "both a speaker of words and a doer of deeds." Odysseus was preëminent among the heroes as an orator. "When he uttered his great voice from his chest, and words like unto the snowflakes of winter, then no mortal man could contend with Odysseus." Into the mouth of Odysseus Homer puts this estimate of the value of eloquence: "The gods do not give every gracious gift to all, neither shapeliness, nor wisdom, nor skilled speech. For one man is feebler than another in presence, yet the gods crown his words with beauty, and men behold

him and rejoice, and his speech runs surely on his way with sweet modesty, and he shines forth among the gathering of the people, and as he passes through the town men gaze on him as a god." In later times it was the impassioned appeal of Solon that stirred the Athenians to renew the struggle for the possession of Salamis. The influence of Themistocles is expressly attributed to his ready oratory; and without his remarkable gift of persuasion, to which his contemporaries bear ample witness, Pericles could not have swayed to his will for over thirty years the fickle Athenian democracy.

But during all this time eloquence was considered an unusual gift, and its triumphs were due to the imposing personality of the speaker, an impressive manner of delivery, and the force of the facts presented, rather than to the arts of rhetoric. Oratory had not yet come to be regarded as an art, nor were the effects of speech upon an audience studied with the conscious purpose of enhancing them by improving the style and composition. But with the growth of democratic institutions and the spread of education among the masses, the importance of a skilful arrangement of the thoughts to be presented before the popular assemblies and the courts of law and of a perspicuous and vigorous style was more clearly recognized. The cultivation of oratory as an art and the rise of rhetoric was the result. In communities where absolute freedom of speech was allowed and where the populace had been accustomed for generations to hear and criticise the works of the greatest poets, as at Athens, the demands made upon the public speaker grew apace. The quick-witted audience reacted promptly

and powerfully upon the speaker. A neatly-phrased maxim, a novel turn of expression, a clever parry of an objection, striking collocations of words, figures of thought and of speech—such things delighted the ear and won applause and success. In the last quarter of the fifth century the tendency toward a highly developed rhetoric set in strongly. It exercised a marked influence upon tragedy, as is seen especially in the dialogue portions of the plays of Euripides, and is clearly observed in the speeches in Thucydides.

Oratory as a branch of literature was developed under the influence of two classes of teachers, the sophists and the rhetoricians, although the former term was often applied to the latter class also. The sophists ("wise men," "teachers of wisdom") were professional teachers of all the branches which tended to fit the youth for a successful public life. Public speaking was naturally included. The principal sophists who taught in Athens were all aliens—i. e., non-Attic Greeks: Protagoras of Abdera, Prodicus of Ceos, Thrasymachus of Calcedon, and Hippias of Elis. They were clever rather than profound, and the "art of speech" which they taught rested upon a superficial and often disingenuous method of argumentation by which they professed to be able "to make the worse argument appear the better." By their ostentatious dress and manner, the high fees which they charged, their subtlety and shallowness, and also because they were innovators from abroad, great prejudice was aroused against them on the part of the old-fashioned and the more thoughtful Athenians. Men like Socrates, who employed similar methods to some extent, but who was in no sense a professional teacher, shared in the

reproach which came to attach to the name of "sophist," although the name itself was honorable enough.

It was in Sicily, however, and not in Athens, that the theory of rhetoric was first developed. The social and political conditions there were in many points similar to those in Athens in the latter half of the fifth century. For the practical purpose of meeting the needs of people who had to plead cases before the law courts, Corax wrote a manual, developed later by a pupil, Tisias, through whom it came to Athens. Besides some hints on arguments, this manual gave little but elementary instruction as to the parts into which a speech should be divided. But the greatest impulse which Athenian oratory received from Sicily came from an accomplished speaker, Gorgias of Leontini, who came on a mission to Athens in 427 B. C. His brilliant style made a deep impression on the Athenians, who, largely through his persuasion, ventured upon the disastrous Sicilian expedition.

The teachings of the sophists and the influence of the Sicilian school of rhetoric brought oratory to the level of a department of literature through the professional speech-writers of Athens. The Athenian who was obliged to prosecute or defend a case before the court could not employ a lawyer to speak for him, but had to speak for himself. If he had no skill in oratory, he employed a professional speech-writer to prepare a speech for him. This he committed to memory and delivered as his own, but the real author, to further his own interests, published the composition under his own name. A large proportion of the extant orations owe their origin and their preservation to this custom. The skill of the speech-writer was shown not only in

the disposition and arrangement of the subjects which his client was to bring before the court, and the style and diction of the speech, but also in his adaptation both of subject-matter and of style to the individuality of the client. Most of the speech-writers were accomplished orators themselves; but qualities of another kind were needed to make the orator a successful pleader by proxy.

The later Greek critics drew up a canon of ten Attic orators, the greatest of whom was Demosthenes. Before considering him, we must pass briefly in review the lesser names, some of which are of great significance in the development of Attic oratory. The earliest was Antiphon, whom Thucydides considered the greatest orator of the day. He was deeply interested in the political movements of Athens, and was tried and executed in 411 B. C. for his participation in the revolution of the Four Hundred. Of the fifteen extant speeches twelve are rhetorical exercises, sketches of speeches which might be delivered in imaginary cases of homicide, two on each side. The other three were written for real causes, the best being *On the Murder of Herodes*, a defense of a young man from Mytilene charged with the murder of Herodes, an Athenian. In Antiphon the art of the speech-writer is not very highly developed. Little is said about the evidence, but a great deal about the improbability of the charge. His style was vigorous and elaborate, but not easy and graceful. No attempt was made to adapt the speeches to the personality of the client who delivered them.

Unlike Antiphon, Andocides was not a professional writer of speeches nor especially trained in the

schools of rhetoric. Our interest in him is largely personal, for he was involved in the scandal of the mutilation of the Hermæ,[1] which so shocked and terrified Athens in 415 B. C. He went into exile, and was restored to citizenship only by the general amnesty of 402 B. C. In 411 he unsuccessfully applied for a pardon, delivering a speech, *On the Return*, which is still extant. The old charges were revived against him in 399 B. C., but he defended himself successfully in the speech *On the Mysteries*, in which his best qualities as an orator are exhibited. A third speech is preserved, *On the Peace with Sparta*, being a report of the results of an embassy on which he was sent in 390 B. C.

Lysias, one of the most perfect of all writers of Attic prose, was born at Athens about 440 B. C. His father was a citizen of Syracuse, so that the son could not become an Athenian citizen except by a special enactment. Political reasons prevented such action in his case. After spending some years in southern Italy, he removed to Athens in 412 B. C., where he continued to live, excepting a brief period of exile in 404 B. C., until his death at the age of eighty. During the reign of terror under the Thirty Tyrants his property and that of his brother was confiscated, and his brother put to death, Lysias barely escaping with his life. On his return, after the restoration of the democracy, he delivered his most famous speech, *Against Eratosthenes*, one of the Thirty who was directly

[1] Statues of Hermes, which stood before the private houses and public buildings. One night, just before the fleet was to sail for Sicily, all these statues were mutilated. It was the sacrilege of this act, and the suspicion that it was the work of conspirators, which caused the consternation of the populace. Stories were then circulated that some of the young men had committed another act of sacrilege — the revealing of the sacred rites connected with the mysteries of Eleusis. Alcibiades, one of the Athenian generals in charge of the Sicilian Expedition, was implicated in these scandals and obliged to go into exile.

responsible for his brother's execution—the only oration which we know to have been delivered at Athens by Lysias himself. One other oration, of which only a fragment is preserved, he delivered at the festival at Olympia in 388 B. C., urging all the Greeks to unite against their common enemies. The rest of the orations still preserved, thirty-two in number, were written for others to deliver. As a speech-writer Lysias won unprecedented success. He probably took up this profession on account of the loss of his property, and must have been constantly employed, for over two hundred speeches by him were known in antiquity. The qualities in which he excelled were his simplicity and lucidity of style, his purity of diction, and especially his skillful adaptation of both style and matter to the character and condition of the speaker. He was a good student of human nature, knowing how to put his client into sympathy with his hearers at the outset, employing all the resources of his art to conciliate and to persuade, yet at the same time concealing his art by indulging in no rhetoric which would betray the speech-writer behind the speaker.

With Isocrates we come to an orator of an altogether different type. While Lysias was eminently practical, Isocrates aimed not at practical results but at a literary reputation. He was also a fashionable teacher, receiving large fees for his services, so that the term "sophist" was correctly applied to him, although he felt that he was far above the common level of the class, for he was a creative artist as well as a teacher. Born at Athens in 436 B. C., he studied under the greatest sophists of the day, and had some

connection with the circle of Socrates. He lacked the courage and physical vigor to enter upon a public career, and devoted himself at first to writing speeches for others. Six orations of this class are preserved. He then became a teacher of rhetoric, numbering among his pupils many of the eminent statesmen, historians, orators, and tragic poets of the next generation. His reputation as a teacher, however, was more than equaled by his fame as a writer of artistic prose. He brought the florid, periodic style to perfection. He was not content with purity of diction, well-rounded, sonorous periods, and the use of the various figures of speech; he gave to his prose the further advantage of rhythms, especially at the close of his periods, and carefully avoided the concurrence of vowels between words, which gave an effect displeasing to the ear. The style perfected by him became the model for later Greek prose, formed the basis of Cicero's style, and, through Cicero, has influenced modern literary prose. But the orations of Isocrates are monuments of style rather than of thought. They were written for display, and suffer from the defects in substance incident to merely epideictic composition. We feel that the political doctrines on which he expends so much skill were but a literary pretense. The most brilliant of his writings is the *Panegyricus*, intended for delivery at the gathering (*panegyris*) of the Greeks at Olympia, on the elaboration of which he is said to have spent ten years. In it he develops the idea which he cherished through life—the necessity of the united action of all the Greeks against the Persian Empire. Of the twenty-one orations extant the majority belong to the same class as the *Panegyricus*,

of which the *Areopagiticus*, a plea for the restoration of its ancient functions to the Court of the Areopagus, may be especially mentioned. Isocrates died, at an advanced age, in 338 B. C., just after the battle of Chæronea.[1]

Isæus was a contemporary of Isocrates, but his orations place him rather in the same class with Lysias. He was a speech-writer by profession, and devoted himself particularly to cases involving the laws of inheritance. Eleven of his orations are preserved. They all deal with abstruse and complex legal questions, and are of the highest importance for our knowledge both of Athenian family life and of the laws of intestate succession. Isæus combined a clear and forceful style with complete technical mastery of his subject, and, as the first great artist of forensic controversy, may be regarded as a forerunner of Demosthenes.

Æschines was born of respectable Attic parents in 389 B. C., being a few years older than his great rival, Demosthenes. His father was obliged by poverty to fit his son for a useful rather than a public career. After the usual military service, in which he acquitted himself honorably, Æschines became a clerk in some government office. The possession of an excellent voice and a good presence, however, directed him to the stage, where he spent a number of years as a tragic actor, taking rôles of minor importance. Returning again to his clerical office, he gradually made his way, by means of influence and of his native ability, to

[1] The story that he committed suicide is probably a fable. Milton refers to it in the lines:

"That dishonest victory
At Chæronea, fatal to liberty,
Killed with report that old man eloquent."

a position of some importance in political life. He was sent on several embassies, twice as a colleague of Demosthenes. He was bitterly attacked for his part in the mission to Philip of Macedon, which resulted in the peace of Philocrates (346), and defended himself first in the oration *Against Timarchus* (345), and again against Demosthenes in the speech *On the Embassy* (343), both of which are still extant. On the latter occasion he narrowly escaped conviction. A bitter feud with Demosthenes was the result. When, in 336 B. C., Ctesiphon proposed that Demosthenes should receive a golden crown from the state in recognition of his public services, Æschines opposed the motion in the oration *Against Ctesiphon*, an elaborate and eloquent attack upon the whole life and public conduct of his rival. The attack failed, and Æschines, who received less than one-fifth of the votes cast, chose to leave Athens rather than submit to the heavy fine which was imposed in such cases. As a representative of the Macedonian party in Athens and an opponent of the patriotic policy of Demosthenes, Æschines fails to win our sympathy and respect; but it cannot be denied that he was an orator of first-rate ability and of brilliant natural gifts, probably the greatest orator of his time after Demosthenes. The three extant orations were published as a vindication of his conduct. He had not received the elaborate training of Demosthenes, nor did he look upon oratory as a profession. He seems generally to have spoken extempore. He excels in brilliant narrative rather than in close argumentation; but there is a lack of the conviction, moral earnestness, and high patriotic motives that distinguish Demosthenes.

The patriotic party at Athens received the support of two other of the ten great orators of the canon, Hypereides and Lycurgus. The former was a man of wealth and influence and an orator of the highest order. His speeches reveal the simplicity and grace of Lysias, but lack the passion and fire of Demosthenes. He cultivated the easy, conversational style in addressing the jury (for the custom had arisen of allowing friends of the parties directly interested in a case to make supplementary speeches), thus adopting the tactics of the modern lawyer. There is a refinement in the tone of his speeches which is often wanting in Demosthenes, especially in referring to his opponents. He became an opponent of Demosthenes after the latter had adopted a conciliatory policy toward Alexander. A considerable portion of the speech *Against Demosthenes* is preserved, in which a serious charge of bribing is brought against the latter. This and five other orations have been discovered on papyrus fragments found in Egypt at various times since 1847, the latest in 1892. Among these is a large portion of the *Funeral Oration* on the soldiers who fell in the Lamian war (322 B. C.), regarded in antiquity as the most perfect oration of its kind. Only one oration of Lycurgus, the remarkable statesman who had charge of the Athenian finances from 338 to 326, is extant. By the force of his character and intellectual attainments he gained a place among the Ten Orators, although he did not cultivate oratory for its own sake. The last of the Ten Orators in the canon was Deinarchus, a Corinthian by birth, a supporter of the party which opposed Demosthenes and favored Philip of Macedon. Three of his speeches are preserved.

We come now to the greatest orator of antiquity. Demosthenes was born in 384 B. C. His father, a wealthy manufacturer of weapons, died when he was seven years old. Discovering at an early age that his inheritance had greatly diminished through either the dishonesty or the mismanagement of his guardians, he determined to become an orator, that he might himself gain redress through the courts of law. He seemed little fitted either by nature or by his education to become a public speaker. His voice was weak and he lisped, and his manner was awkward. He had been allowed to neglect outdoor sports and the training of the gymnasium, which constituted an important part of the education of the Athenian youth. With indomitable determination he applied himself to overcome these defects. We are told that he declaimed with pebbles in his mouth to correct the lisping, spoke against the roar of the breakers to gain voice and presence of mind in the face of a tumult, confined himself for long periods to an underground chamber in study, took lessons in delivery from a famous actor and in legal argumentation from Isæus. At the age of twenty he prosecuted his guardians and obtained a verdict. The four speeches which grew out of these cases, *Against Aphobus* and *Onetor*, are still preserved.

But his patrimony was so impaired that he became a professional speech-writer. His activity in this direction was confined to the next fifteen years. Thirty-two private orations are preserved, of which only about one-third, including the four above mentioned, are considered genuine. The speech *For Phormio* is considered the best of this class. Meanwhile he began to take part in public affairs. Before

DEMOSTHENES.
Portrait Statue, Vatican Museum, Rome.

appearing before the public assembly, however, he came before the courts and the Senate in cases involving public interests. The speeches *On the Naval Crown* (359), *Against Androtion* (355) and *Timocrates* were written for others to deliver. His first appearance in person in a public prosecution was in 354, with the speech *Against Leptines*, a brilliant effort, in which he defends the policy of rewarding by exempting from special taxation citizens who have deserved well of their country. The speech *Against Aristocrates* (352) introduces him to matters of foreign policy. The speech *Against Meidias* (349), who had assaulted Demosthenes in the theatre while the latter was discharging his duties as choregus, was never delivered, but shows at least how the young reformer had already got himself hated.

Meanwhile Demosthenes had steadily pushed forward into active participation in the affairs of the state. In the speeches before the Assembly *On the Navy Boards* (354), *For Megalopolis* (352), and *For the Rhodians* (351) he advocated administrative reforms and a more vigorous foreign policy. But his real strength was not shown until, in a succession of nine speeches, he warned Athens of the great danger that threatened her and all Hellas from the north in the person of Philip, king of Macedon, who had gradually been enlarging his dominions and was now threatening some of the Athenian possessions. The *First Philippic* (351) was followed by the three *Olynthiac* orations (349-8). Olynthus, the most powerful Greek city in the north, the head of a strong confederacy of cities, was threatened by Philip. Demosthenes, realizing that the interests of free Greece were vitally concerned

in its safety, urged the Athenians to send a strong force of troops to its assistance. He failed, however, to convince Athens of the gravity of the situation and to arouse her to put forth all her strength at the critical moment.

Olynthus fell in the year 348. Philip now directed his attention southward. By his admission to the Amphictyonic Council in 346 he became a Greek power, and by his diplomacy and intrigue won a strong party of supporters in Athens itself. Demosthenes at first, in the oration *On the Peace* (346), supported the treaty of peace that was concluded with Philip, he himself, with Æschines, having taken part in the embassy which had arranged the terms. But he soon saw through the designs of Philip, and renewed his attacks upon him in the *Second Philippic* (344), *On the Chersonese*, and the *Third Philippic* (341). The oration *On the Embassy* (343) was directed against Æschines, who was charged with having betrayed the interests of Athens in the mission which resulted in the peace of 346. So step by step Demosthenes, who was now the acknowledged leader of the anti-Macedonian party, opposed the designs of Philip with all the fervor of his oratory. The conflict broke out into open warfare in 340. Demosthenes succeeded in prevailing upon Thebes to join Athens in the field against Philip. The decisive battle was fought at Chæronea in 338. Philip inflicted a crushing defeat upon the allies. Demosthenes took part in the battle and fled with the rest.

After the defeat at Chæronea Demosthenes was chosen to deliver the funeral oration over the fallen. The blow which overthrew the liberties of Athens did not break his spirit. He courageously faced the situ-

ation, and contributed both time and money to improving the affairs of the state. For his services Ctesiphon proposed that the city should crown him with a golden crown at the City Dionysia. Æschines opposed the motion by bringing action against Ctesiphon for making an illegal proposal. For some reason the case was not tried before the people until the year 330. Demosthenes defended Ctesiphon in his masterpiece, the oration *On the Crown*, in which he reviewed his own line of conduct. Æschines was defeated and obliged to leave Athens. In the last period of his life the leadership gradually passed out of the hands of Demosthenes. He was charged with having received money from Harpalus, the treasurer of Alexander, who had absconded to Athens. He claimed that he had used the money for the city, but the Areopagus inflicted a heavy fine upon him, which he could not pay. He accordingly went into exile. In 322 he took poison to escape falling into the hands of the Macedonians, and died on the island of Calauria, off the coast of Argolis.

To one who studies the growth of Athenian eloquence in the century that preceded the maturity of Demosthenes, it seems that Greece had been preparing the way all this time for her greatest and most perfect orator, the champion of her liberty. The natural and unimpeded growth which we have marked in other branches of Gre ː literature is illustrated perhaps nowhere so clearly as in oratory. The ancients found in Antiphon the best representative of the grand style, in Lysias of the simple style, and in Isocrates of the middle style, best suited to rhetorical display. Each had achieved success according to his ideals of art. Furthermore. Isæus had attained the mastery of the

art of legal argumentation. These stages in the growth of oratory were each built upon the foundations laid by the earlier theoretical and practical exponents of forensic rhetoric, and corresponded to the external conditions of legal and public speaking in each period. And finally Demosthenes, having at his command all of the resources which his predecessors had severally learned to employ, united in himself all of the excellences of them all. But there was something more in his oratory than rhetorical excellence, though he surpassed in wealth of vocabulary, variety of expression, and melody of rhythm. He was intellectually and morally the superior of any of his contemporaries. These are the qualities which made Demosthenes the far-sighted and loyal statesman. His public speeches are penetrated with a lofty morality and a fervent patriotism, which, in spite of the bitter and sometimes coarse invective which he too often discharges against his adversaries, lift them to a higher plane than that reached by any other orator in antiquity. In tardy recognition of his self-sacrificing patriotism, his fellow-citizens a generation after his death set up a statue of him, bearing this inscription: "If thou hadst had strength equal to thy wisdom, Demosthenes, never would the Ares of Macedon have ruled over Hellenes."

It is impossible to gain an adequate idea of Demosthenes' style through the medium of any existing English translation. A few selections will serve at least to show his earnestness and some of the broader features of his manner in the public orations. For the other orations Kennedy's translation is used; for the oration *On the Crown* that of Sir Robert Collier.

THE DANGER OF TRUSTING PHILIP

They who advise for the best cannot always gratify their audience, though they would; for the safety of the state must be attended to; their opponents, by the very counsel which is agreeable, advance Philip's interest. One party required contribution; the other said there was no necessity; one was for war and mistrust; the other for peace, until they were ensnared. And so on for everything else; not to dwell on particulars, the one made speeches to please for the moment, and gave no annoyance; the other offered salutary counsel that was offensive. Many rights did the people surrender at last, not from any such motive of indulgence or ignorance, but submitting in the belief that all was lost. Which, by Zeus and Apollo, I fear will be your case, when on calculation you see that nothing can be done. I pray, men of Athens, it may never come to this! Better die a thousand deaths than render homage to Philip, or sacrifice any of your faithful counsellors. A fine recompense have the people of Oreus got for trusting themselves to Philip's friends and spurning Euphræus! Finely are the Eretrian commons rewarded for having driven away your ambassadors and yielded to Clitarchus! Yes; they are slaves, exposed to the lash and the torture. Finely he spared the Olynthians, who appointed Lasthenes to command their horse and expelled Apollonides! It is folly and cowardice to cherish such hopes, and, while you take evil counsel and shirk every duty, and even listen to those who plead for your enemies, to think you inhabit a city of such magnitude that you cannot suffer any serious misfortune. Yea, and it is disgraceful to exclaim on any occurrence, when it is too late: "Who would have expected it? However, this or that should have been done, the other left undone." Many things could the Olynthians mention now, which, if foreseen at the time, would have prevented their destruction. Many could the Orites mention, many the Phocians, and each of the ruined states. But what would it avail them? As long as the vessel is safe, whether it be great or small, the mariner, the pilot, every man in turn should exert himself, and prevent its being overturned either by accident or design; but when the sea hath rolled over it,

their efforts are vain. And we likewise, O Athenians, whilst we are safe, with a magnificent city, plentiful resources, lofty reputation — what must we do? many of you, I dare say, have been longing to ask. Well, then, I will tell you: I will move a resolution; pass it if you please.

Third Philippic, 63–71.

THE ORATIONS ON THE CROWN

Demosthenes begins the oration *On the Crown* by an appeal to the gods for a fair and impartial hearing. Then, after briefly indicating the issues of the trial, of vast importance to himself but involving no serious consequences for Æschines, he introduces his answer to the charges brought against his conduct by the following impressive adjuration:

As I am, it appears, to render an account to-day both of the whole of my private life and of my public conduct, I desire once more to invoke the gods; and in your presence I here implore them, in the first place, that whatever measure of good will I have entertained to the state and to you all, the same may be meted to me upon this trial; and next, that you may be guided to such a determination of this cause as may consist with our country's honour and with the sacred duty of every juror.

The concluding words of the oration are no less impressive. I use Lord Brougham's rendering:

Let not, O gracious God, let not such conduct receive any measure of sanction from thee! Rather plant even in these men a better spirit and better feelings! But if they are wholly incurable, then pursue them, yea, themselves by themselves, to utter and untimely perdition, by land and by sea; and to us who are spared vouchsafe to grant the speediest rescue from our impending alarms, and an unshaken security.

For the sake of comparison, one of the most effective passages in the oration of Æschines, in which he holds Demosthenes up to scorn, is introduced here

side by side with a passage from the speech of Demosthenes, in which the latter pays his respects to Æschines:

O thou, who on every occasion of great and important action hast proved of all mankind the most worthless, in the insolence of language the most astonishing, canst thou attempt, in the face of these thy fellow-citizens, to claim the honor of a crown for the misfortunes into which thou hast plunged thy city? Or, should he claim it, can you restrain your indignation, and has the memory of your slaughtered countrymen perished with them? Indulge me for a moment, and imagine that you are now not in this tribunal, but in the theatre, imagine that you see the herald approaching and the proclamation prescribed in this decree on the point of being delivered, and then consider whether the friends of the deceased will shed more tears at the tragedies, at the pathetic stories of the great characters to be presented on the stage, or at the insensibility of their country? What inhabitant of Greece, what human creature, who has imbibed the least share of liberal sentiments, must not feel the deepest sorrow when he reflects on one transaction which he must have seen in the theatre, when he remembers, if he remembers nothing else, that on festivals like these, when the tragedies were to be presented (in those times when the state was well governed and directed by faithful ministers), a herald appeared, and introducing those orphans whose fathers had died in battle, now arrived at maturity, and dressed in complete armor, made a proclamation the most noble and the most effectual to excite the mind to glorious actions; that these youths, whose fathers lost their lives in fighting bravely for their country, the people had maintained to this their age of maturity; that now, having furnished them with complete suits of armor, they dismiss them, with prayers for their prosperity, to attend to their respective affairs, and invite them to aspire to the highest offices of the state. Such were the proclamations in old times, but such are not now heard. And were the herald to introduce the person who had made these children orphans, what could he say or what could he proclaim? Should he speak in the form prescribed in this decree, yet the odious truth would still force itself upon you; it would seem to strike your ears

with a language different from that of the herald. It would tell you that the Athenian people crowned this man, who scarcely deserves the name of a man, on account of his virtue, though a wretch the most abandoned, and on account of his magnanimity, though a coward and a deserter of his post. Do not, Athenians, I conjure you by all the powers of heaven, do not erect a trophy in your theatre to perpetuate your own disgrace. Do not expose the weak conduct of your country in the presence of the Greeks, do not recall all their grievous and desperate misfortunes to the minds of the wretched Thebans, who, when driven from their habitations by this man, were received within these walls, whose temples, whose children, whose sepulchral monuments were destroyed by the corruption of Demosthenes and the Macedonian gold.

Æschines, *Against Ctesiphon*, 152–157.

Compare this passage from Demosthenes:

Contrast then, Æschines, calmly and dispassionately, the principal incidents of our respective lives, and put it to the audience, whose fortune would each of them take for a choice. You were a schoolmaster, I a scholar; you performed initiations, I was initiated; you danced in the chorus, I paid the dancers; you sat as clerk, I spoke in the assemblies; you acted third parts, I was a spectator; you broke down, I hissed. All your public conduct has been in the interest of our enemies; mine of my country. Omitting other subjects of comparison, let us come to this very day: my merits are being considered, and it is admitted by general consent that I have done no wrong. You have come to be regarded as a calumniator; nay, more, you run a serious risk of failing to obtain one-fifth of the votes, and being incapacitated from calumniating again. Such is the brilliant fortune, observe you, which has attended your life, and which inspires you with such contempt of mine! Come, now, let me read to you all the public testimonials relating to the office which I have filled; and by way of counterblast do you recite to us the quotations which you murdered:

"I come from darkness and the gates of Hell."

And—

"Unwillingly I bring the news of ill."

Ill betide you, say I — may you be confounded for a vile citizen and bad actor by gods above and men below! [*To the clerk.*] Read the testimonies.

On the Crown, 265–268.

In the following noble appeal Demosthenes maintains that the course of wisdom is always the course of honor, whatever the outcome may be:

What is past and gone is, by general consent, thrown aside; there is little use in even discussing it; the future it is or the present which calls for the action of the statesman. At that time some calamity seemed impending; others had already befallen us. By the existing circumstances judge my policy, instead of reproaching me with the event. The issue of all things is in the hands of Providence; the choice of measures it is which indicates the sagacity of the statesman. Impute it not as a crime to me if it was Philip's fortune to conquer in battle; the event of the battle was not in my hands, but in the hands of God. That I did not conceive all the expedients which human foresight could suggest, that I did not put them into practice honestly, diligently, and with exertions beyond my strength, or that I did not adopt an honorable policy, worthy of the State and necessary to its preservation—show me this, and accuse me if you will. But if the tempest that has swept over us has been too strong, not only for ourselves but for all the other states of Greece—what then? You might as well hold the ship-owner, who has taken all precautions and furnished every necessary equipment, answerable for the wreck of his vessel if her tackle were broken or torn in pieces by a storm! "But I did not pilot the vessel," he might say; no more did I lead your troops to battle. I was not the disposer of Fortune. Fortune is the disposer of all things. . . . .

Why, if right were done, the man who has made the calamities of Greece the capital on which to found his reputation ought to perish, instead of being an accuser; that man can be no friend to his country who has profited by the same conjunctures as his enemies. That this is so you make manifest by your life, by your actions, by the part which you take in public affairs, and, what is more, by the part which you do not

take. Is anything on foot which promises public advantage? Æschines is mute. Has anything gone wrong and taken a turn adverse to your interests? Æschines is ready for action; as old fractures and sprains become painful afresh when the body is attacked by disease.

But as he bases his invective so much on the event, I will venture on an assertion which may appear somewhat paradoxical. By all the Heavenly Powers be not amazed at my audacity, but give me your favorable attention. I affirm, then, that if the future had been apparent to us all; if all men had foreseen it; if you, Æschines, had foretold it and proclaimed it at the top of your voice instead of preserving total silence, nevertheless the State ought not to have deviated from her course, if she had regard to her own honor, the traditions of the past, or the judgment of posterity. As it is, she is looked upon as having been unsuccessful in her policy—the lot of all mankind when such is the will of Heaven; but if, claiming to be the foremost state in Greece, she had deserted her post, she would have incurred the reproach of betraying all Greece to Philip. . . . . But counsels such as these were intolerable to the Athenians of those former days—opposed to their traditions, alien to their nature—nor in all time has any man ever succeeded in persuading this country to side with powerful wrong-doers and to embrace secure slavery; but our whole national existence has been one continual struggle for the foremost place in the career of glory and renown. How sacred you deem these sentiments, how consonant with the genius of your country, you yourselves testify by the veneration in which you hold the memories of your ancestors who have acted upon them. And you are in the right; for who can withhold admiration from the heroism of those men who had the resolution to leave this city and their fatherland, and to embark on shipboard, rather than submit to the dictation of a foreign power, choosing Themistocles, the adviser of the measure, for their commander, and stoning to death Cyrsilus, who counselled submission to the imperial mandates? Stoning him, do I say? why, your very wives stoned his wife! The Athenians of those days went not in quest of an orator or general who could help them to prosperous slavery; but they

scorned life itself, if it were not the life of freedom. Each of them regarded himself as the child, not only of his father and of his mother, but of his country. And what is the difference? He who regards himself as the child of his parents only awaits the approach of death in the ordinary course of nature, but he who regards himself as the child also of his country will be ready to lay down his life rather than see her enslaved, and will deem the insults and indignities to which the citizens of a subjected state must needs submit more terrible than death.

On the Crown, 192–206.

CHAPTER XV

PHILOSOPHICAL PROSE. PLATO

The Separation of Natural Philosophy from Mythology—The Protest of Xenophanes—The Pre-Socratic Speculations and the Sophists—Socrates, his Life and Teachings—Plato—The Foundation of the Academy—The Dialogue as a Branch of Prose Literature—The Personality of Socrates in the Platonic Writings—Sketch of the Principal Dialogues—Plato's Style—*Selections:* Socrates' Views about Death—The Death of Socrates—A Summer Afternoon on the Ilissus—Stories about Socrates.

The mythological system of the early Greeks, first worked out and reduced to a system by the poets, especially by Hesiod, included not only a theology but also a cosmogony. The origin of the universe was explained in accordance with the prevalent conception of the nature and attributes of the gods. In other words, the agencies of nature were personified and the phenomena of the physical world were but the outward manifestations of the activities of the gods, each working in his appropriate sphere. But this system did not long satisfy the more thoughtful minds of Greece. In the sixth century men began to look for a more rational explanation of nature, for some fundamental principles which would account for the origin of the visible world without recourse to the gods. Thus natural philosophy, out of which grew the natural sciences on the one hand and philosophy and ethics on the other, became separated from theology. The first clear protest against the traditional and current anthropomorphic religion,

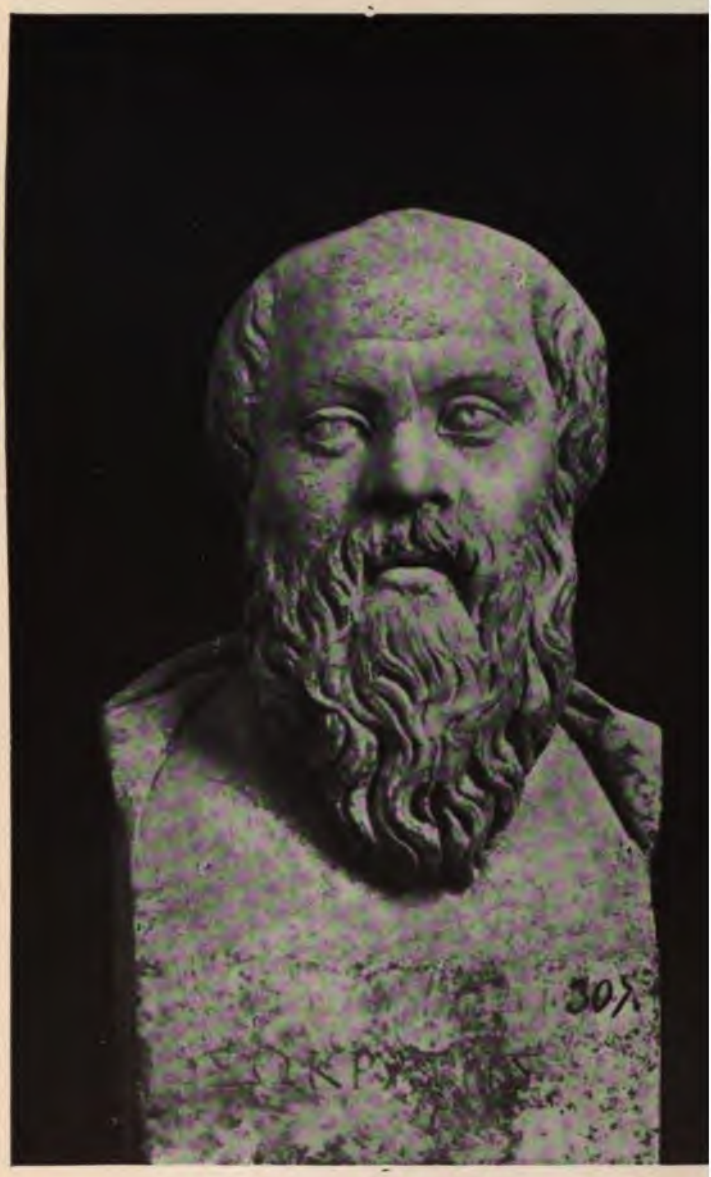
with its low standards of conduct, is found in the verses of the poet Xenophanes, who flourished toward the middle of the sixth century. Lawton has thus translated his memorable hexameters:

> Everything is ascribed to the gods by Hesiod and Homer,
> Whatsoever among mankind is shameful and wicked.
> Numberless lawless deeds of the gods by them are recorded,
> Thievishness, unchastity, ay, and deceit of each other!
> Still men hold the belief that the gods were born and begotten,
> Wear such garb as themselves, and have like bodies and vices. . . . .
> Yet it is certain, if hands were bestowed upon oxen or lions,
> If with their hands they could draw, and the works of men should accomplish, —
> Horses like unto horses, and oxen in likeness of oxen,
> So would they draw their figures of gods, and fashion the bodies,
> Like in every way to their own!

Greek philosophy had its origin not in Greece proper, but in the colonies of Ionia and southern Italy. We cannot attempt here to mention the founders of the various schools, or to outline their theories as to the origin of the universe—matters which belong properly to the history of Greek philosophy rather than to the history of literature. They wrote some in verse and others in prose, but only scanty fragments of their writings have come down to us. The first of the pre-Socratic philosophers who exercised an important influence upon Attic literature was Anaxagoras of Clazomenæ, in Asia Minor, who resided in Athens for many years during the age of Pericles and contributed largely to the intellectual awakening which characterized the end of the fifth century. He was banished

from Athens in 431 for impiety, one of the charges against him being that he declared the sun to be a clod and not a god. Then followed the sophists, of whose influence on the development of artistic prose discourse we have already spoken. They were not interested in the speculations about the origin of things so much as in the practical questions of ethics, politics, and knowledge in general. Their influence on the spirit of the time in breaking up the old faith and in transforming education was enormous.

So the way was paved for Socrates, the greatest figure in the history of Greek thought. Though he contributed nothing to Greek literature directly, yet his influence as a teacher upon the philosophical literature of the ancient world was so profound that we may well pause a moment to review his life and teachings. Born in 469 B. C., he followed at first his father's trade as a sculptor. Soon, however, he devoted himself to ethical speculation. He did not, like the sophists, teach for pay, but mingled freely with all men in the streets, in the market-place, or in the gymnasia—in short, wherever he could find an audience. He conceived that he had a divine call to question men as to their beliefs, and thus to awaken in them first a consciousness of their own ignorance and then a desire for real knowledge. His method was that of question and answer, or dialectic. By this process he sought to obtain clearer notions of virtue and knowledge, framing tentative definitions by comparing a number of specific cases involving the same general term—that is, by the method of inductive reasoning. In this way he proved that no one wittingly does wrong, for right-doing is the only way to happiness,



SOCRATES.
Portrait Bust. Naples Museum.

and every man desires happiness. Therefore virtue is the knowledge of what really conduces to happiness—that is, wisdom. And the various qualities which constitute virtue—for example, courage, piety, and temperance—are determined by reference to what is wise in the particular class of circumstances involved. Thus, bravery depends upon the knowledge of what is really dangerous and what is not, and so on.

Socrates' teachings covered the whole range of practical ethics. He believed that every man should contribute to the welfare of the state, and himself set an example by taking part in several campaigns. His course of life kept him in great poverty, but he had trained himself "to want so little that he was never in want." As to matters of religion he did not expressly discard the old polytheism, but he held that there was one supreme God, who ordered all things for good and to whom men should look for guidance in matters beyond their own range of knowledge. He believed in the immortality of the soul, though he could not prove the doctrine by reasoning. Socrates further thought that he possessed a sort of inward monitor, which he termed a deity, which never, indeed, told him what course of action to follow, but checked him when about to take a wrong step. The views which he held were so original, his method of propagating them so calculated to provoke the personal hostility of the men whom he questioned and refuted, and his own indifference both to the conventionalities of society and to the accepted beliefs so frankly avowed, that he early became an object of dislike to many. As early as 423 he was the object of attack of the *Clouds* of Aristophanes. The fact that some of his followers, as

Alcibiades and Critias, became prominent as disturbing factors in Athenian politics, increased the prejudice against him. After the democratic reaction that followed the revolution of 404, charges were brought against him to the effect that he undermined religion and corrupted the youth. He was tried, condemned, and put to death in 399 B. C.

Our knowledge of Socrates is derived mainly from the writings of his pupils, especially Xenophon and Plato, through whom he comes to have a place in the history of Greek literature. Plato, whose real name was Aristocles, but who was called Plato from the breadth of his shoulders, was probably born in 429, the year of the death of Pericles. He received a liberal education in the three branches, letters, music, and athletics. He made the acquaintance of Socrates and joined his followers when about twenty years of age. After the death of his master he left Athens for a time, spending several years in extensive travel and in study. He visited the court of Dionysius I, tyrant of Syracuse, but offended the monarch, and was sold into slavery by a Spartan to whom Dionysius delivered him. Ransomed by a friend, he returned, about 387 B. C., to Athens, where he purchased an estate northwest of the city, near the precinct of the hero Academus, called the Academeia, or Academy—a grove which contained promenades and a gymnasium. Here he set up his school of philosophy. Men came from all quarters of Greece to hear him. He limited his hearers to a small number, and though he charged no fee, he accepted presents. After ten years he revisited Syracuse, hoping to make a model king out of Dionysius II, who had succeeded to the tyranny

In this hope he was grievously disappointed and was glad to escape to Athens again. Again he visited Syracuse in order to reconcile the king with his friend Dion, at whose invitation he had previously gone to Syracuse but whom the tyrant had exiled. In this plan, too, he failed. He died at Athens about 347 B. C.

Plato is almost the only writer of antiquity whose writings have come down to us complete. We have forty-two dialogues under his name, of which some twenty-five are probably genuine. This is not the place to consider Plato's philosophical system; we can at most give some idea of the subject-matter of his principal works and define his place in the history of literature. In the first place he adopted the dialogue form of composition, and was the first to bring it to perfection. He chose the dialogue, doubtless, in the first instance, because it truthfully reproduced the manner of Socrates' intercourse with his followers, and retained it because the dialectic method suited best his plan of philosophical inquiry and exposition. We are told that in his youth he essayed not only other branches of poetry but also tragedy. The dramatic form of the dialogue undoubtedly appealed to his artistic literary instincts. He graphically indicates the scenery, draws his characters with realism and fidelity, and develops the plot with all of the skill of a dramatic artist. In fact the dialogue, in his hands, takes a place in prose literature beside history and oratory that corresponds closely to the position of tragedy in poetry after the epic and lyric forms. But some exceptions must be made as regards the dramatic form of the Platonic dialogues. Plato pays little attention to chronological consistency in choosing his

characters and fixing the time of action. In one instance he makes Socrates, who died in 399, refer to an event of the year 387. Again, in the later dialogues the dramatic elements are neglected and become a mere frame for the discussion, which tends to become a monologue. Two of Plato's works, the *Apology* and the *Menexenus*, are not dialogues, but speeches.

It is to be observed, in the second place, that the personality and the teachings of Socrates pervade all of Plato's writings. Socrates is always one of the characters in the dialogues, and it is he who is represented as delivering the two speeches. The doctrines that are developed are always put in the mouth of Socrates, and Plato never claims them as his own. He mentions himself but twice. It is therefore a question how far we are to suppose that the Socrates of Plato is the real Socrates. We may believe that he depicts the character and personality of his master with essential fidelity, and truthfully exhibits his methods of inquiry after truth. But the great philosophical ideas[1] which are developed are those of Plato; nor can we determine how largely he was indebted to Socrates for the suggestions which led up to them. Naturally the earlier dialogues contain more of Socrates and less of Plato.

No chronological arrangement of Plato's dialogues that has yet been proposed is entirely satisfactory. Several attempts at a logical classification were made in antiquity, the most valuable of which recognizes

[1] We may mention especially the Theory of Ideas, the Doctrine of Recollection, and the Theory of Love, for the explanation of which we must refer to the manuals of Greek philosophy, or to Professor Shorey's article on Plato in Warner's Library of the World's Best Literature.

two classes—the Dialogues of Search, in which Plato attacks a problem from all sides, with only tentative, or even negative, results; and the Dialogues of Exposition, in which positive results are reached. For literary study, however, a simpler grouping will be convenient. Let us consider first the four pieces which relate to the trial and death of Socrates, the *Euthyphro*, *Apology*, *Crito*, and *Phædo*. In the first-named Socrates, on his way to the trial, is represented as meeting Euthyphro and engaging him in a discussion on piety. The *Apology* is Plato's version of Socrates' noble speech before the jurors. The first part is the defense proper, followed by the proposal by Socrates of the counter-penalty, and ending with an address to the jurors after the rendering of the verdict. In the *Crito* we find Socrates in prison. Crito, one of his followers, visits him and tries to win his consent to a plan of escape, but Socrates proves that he cannot, as a good citizen, violate the laws of his country. The *Phædo* contains an account of the last conversation and of the death of Socrates. The theme of the conversation is the immortality of the soul. This dialogue is the most famous of Plato's writings, not only on account of the sublime picture of Socrates' death, of a pathos unapproached in literature, but also on account of the infinite importance for mankind of the main subject. Five of the shorter dialogues in the more intimate Socratic spirit may be grouped together: the *Lysis*, on friendship; the *Charmides*, on chastity; the *Laches*, on courage; the *Hippias minor*, a comparison of Achilles and Odysseus; and the *Ion*, an interesting discussion with a Homeric rhapsodist.

In four dialogues the attitude of Socrates toward

the sophists is illustrated. These are the *Protagoras*, *Gorgias*, *Euthydemus*, and *Cratylus*, each named after the sophist with whom Socrates holds a discussion. The *Protagoras* is one of Plato's masterpieces as a dramatic dialogue. With fine irony the arrogance and empty pretensions of the sophists as a class, illustrated by their principal representative, are exposed. The subject of the debate is the possibility of teaching virtue. No decision is reached, but the subject is taken up again in the *Meno*, in which the proposition is defended that virtue is knowledge, and that knowledge is but a recollection of what the soul knew in a previous existence—a doctrine familiar to us from Wordsworth's *Ode on Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood*, and used again by Plato in the *Phædo*. The *Gorgias* is directed against the pretensions of the rhetoricians, represented by the great Sicilian, but discusses some of the higher questions of ethics. For example, the Christian doctrine is maintained that it is a greater evil to do than to suffer injustice. Socrates also protests against the theory that good is pleasure and evil is pain, and insists on an absolute standard of morality without regard to consequences. In a similar manner, in the *Phædrus*, Socrates, beginning and ending with a criticism of rhetoric, devotes his attention mainly to another theme. Here the subject is love—philosophic love, "the divine impulse which leads us to long for immortality and to seek after perfection." The opening scene is one of the most beautiful in Greek literature—the meeting of Socrates and his young friend Phædrus on the banks of the Ilissus. The *Symposium* is closely connected with the *Phædrus* in subject, for

a large part of it is devoted to a consideration of love. It is perhaps the most perfect as a work of literature, as it is certainly one of the most charming of the dialogues of Plato. It is an account of a banquet given at the house of Agathon, the tragic poet. Among the guests were Alcibiades, the poet Aristophanes, and Socrates. Toward the close Alcibiades gives a wonderful description of Socrates, extolling his virtues, but not sparing his ugliness.

Passing over the dialogues of more strictly philosophical interest, as the *Theætetus*, *Sophistes*, *Politicus*, *Timæus*, *Critias*, *Parmenides*, and *Philebus*, and the spurious or suspected writings, of which but one is of literary interest—the *Menexenus*, a funeral oration which Socrates pretends to have learned from Aspasia —we come to the greatest constructive work of Plato, the *Republic*. It has come down to us in ten books, but was originally conceived as a smaller work, gradually growing in the author's hands to its present compass. It is thrown into the form of a dialogue held in Peiræus at the house of Cephalus, the father of the orator Lysias. Socrates, Cephalus, and his son Polemarchus, Glaucus and Adeimantus, brothers of Plato, and several others were present. The thread of the dialogue is, however, very slender, since Socrates talks most of the time, with few interruptions. The conversation turns first upon the question as to what justice is, then upon the founding and organization of an ideal city or state based upon justice. This leads to the consideration of the education both of mind and of body which the citizens of such a state should receive, and the virtues—viz., wisdom, courage, self-control, and righteousness—which in such a well-

ordered state must result from such an education. Socrates then develops his theory of the community of wives and children, and of the training of those who are to be the "guardians," or qualified rulers of the state. Returning in the last book to the subject of poetry as a part of education, he lays down the rule that the only poetry allowed in the ideal state will be hymns in honor of the gods and of righteous men. He had already decided against Homer and Hesiod because they attribute wicked actions to the gods and dwell upon the unworthy passions of men. After a few words on the immortality of the soul, the hope of which is to inspire the righteous citizen, he closes with the famous myth of Er the son of Armenius.

We cannot dwell longer upon this book, which has charmed and stimulated the world of letters and philosophy, and has inspired such works as St. Augustine's *City of God* and More's *Utopia*, nor upon Plato's last work, the *Laws*, in which he modifies some of his views about the ideal state, and works out some of the details of its government. After a word about Plato's style we may pass to the selections from his writings. Plato was essentially a poet, though he chose to work in prose. His style "is on the borderland between poetry and prose; it has exquisite conversational ease and grace; it has also bursts of soaring eloquence, when we seem to be listening to the words of one who is actually looking on some glorious vision" (Jebb). A characteristic of his dialogues is his occasional employment of "myths," or parables drawn from the realm of fancy, by which he enlivens the dialogue and illustrates his doctrines. Plato occupies a place in English literature as well as in Greek, thanks to Jow-

ett's incomparable translation, from which the following selections are taken:

SOCRATES' VIEWS ABOUT DEATH

Let us reflect in another way, and we shall see that there is great reason to hope that death is a good; for one of two things — either death is a state of nothingness and utter unconsciousness, or, as men say, there is a change and migration of the soul from this world to another. Now if you suppose that there is no consciousness, but a sleep like the sleep of him who is undisturbed even by dreams, death will be an unspeakable gain. For if a person were to select the night in which his sleep was undisturbed even by dreams, and were to compare with this the other days and nights of his life, and then were to tell us how many days and nights he had passed in the course of his life better and more pleasantly than this one, I think that any man, I will not say a private man, but even the great king, will not find many such days or nights, when compared with the others. Now if death be of such a nature, I say that to die is gain; for eternity is then only a single night. But if death is the journey to another place, and there, as men say, all the dead abide, what good, O my friends and judges, can be greater than this? If indeed when the pilgrim arrives in the world below, he is delivered from the professors of justice in this world, and finds the true judges, who are said to give judgment there, Minos and Rhadamanthus and Æacus and Triptolemus, and other sons of God who were righteous in their own life, that pilgrimage will be worth making. What would not a man give if he might converse with Orpheus and Musæus and Hesiod and Homer? Nay, if this be true, let me die again and again. . . .

Wherefore, O judges, be of good cheer about death, and know of a certainty, that no evil can happen to a good man, either in life or after death. He and his are not neglected by the gods; nor has my own approaching end happened by mere chance. But I see clearly that the time had arrived when it was better for me to die and be released from trouble;

wherefore the oracle gave no sign. For which reason, also, I am not angry with my condemners, or with my accusers; they have done me no harm, although they did not mean to do me any good; and for this I may gently blame them.

Still I have a favour to ask of them. When my sons are grown up, I would ask you, O my friends, to punish them; and I would have you trouble them, as I have troubled you, if they seem to care about riches, or anything, more than about virtue; or if they pretend to be something when they are really nothing,—then reprove them, as I have reproved you, for not caring about that for which they ought to care, and thinking that they are something when they are really nothing. And if you do this, both I and my sons will have received justice at your hands.

The hour of departure has arrived, and we go our ways—I to die, and you to live. Which is better God only knows.

Apology, 32–33.

THE DEATH OF SOCRATES

"Wherefore, Simmias, seeing all these things, what ought not we to do that we may obtain virtue and wisdom in this life? Fair is the prize, and the hope great! A man of sense ought not to say, nor will I be very confident, that the description which I have given of the soul and her mansions is exactly true. But I do say that, inasmuch as the soul is shown to be immortal, he may venture to think, not improperly or unworthily, that something of the kind is true. The venture is a glorious one, and he ought to comfort himself with words like these, which is the reason why I lengthen out the tale. Wherefore, I say, let a man be of good cheer about his soul, who having cast away the pleasures and ornaments of the body as alien to him and working harm rather than good, has sought after the pleasures of knowledge; and has arrayed the soul, not in some foreign attire, but in her own proper jewels, temperance, and justice, and courage, and nobility, and truth — in these adorned she is ready to go on her journey to the world below, when her hour comes." . . . .

Now the hour of sunset was near, for a good deal of time had passed while he was within. When he came out, he sat

down with us again after his bath, but not much was said. Soon the jailer, who was the servant of the Eleven, entered and stood by him, saying: — "To you, Socrates, whom I know to be the noblest and gentlest and best of all who ever came to this place, I will not impute the angry feelings of other men, who rage and swear at me, when, in obedience to the authorities, I bid them drink the poison — indeed, I am sure that you will not be angry with me; for others, as you are aware, and not I, are to blame. And so fare you well, and try to bear lightly what must needs be—you know my errand."

Then bursting into tears he turned away and went out. Socrates looked at him and said: "I return your good wishes, and will do as you bid." Then turning to us, he said: "How charming the man is: since I have been in prison he has always been coming to see me, and at times he would talk to me, and was as good to me as could be, and now see how generously he sorrows on my account. We must do as he says, Crito; and therefore let the cup be brought, if the poison is prepared: if not, let the attendant prepare some."

"Yet," said Crito, "the sun is still upon the hill-tops, and I know that many a one has taken the draught late, and after the announcement has been made to him, he has eaten and drunk, and enjoyed the society of his beloved; do not hurry — there is time enough. Socrates said: "Yes, Crito, and they of whom you speak are right in so acting, for they think that they will be gainers by the delay; but I am right in not following their example, for I do not think that I should gain anything by drinking the poison a little later; I should only be ridiculous in my own eyes for sparing and saving a life which is already forfeit. Please then to do as I say, and not to refuse me."

Crito made a sign to the servant, who was standing by; and he went out, and having been absent for some time, returned with the jailer carrying the cup of poison. Socrates said: "You, my good friend, who are experienced in these matters, shall give me directions how I am to proceed." The man answered: "You have only to walk about until your legs are heavy, and then to lie down, and the poison will act." At the same time he handed the cup to Socrates,

who in the easiest and gentlest manner, without the least fear or change of colour or feature, looking at the man with all his eyes, Echecrates, as his manner was, took the cup and said: "What do you say about making a libation out of this cup to any god? May I, or not?" The man answered: "We only prepare, Socrates, just so much as we deem enough." "I understand," he said: "but I may and must ask the gods to prosper my journey from this to the other world — even so — and so be it according to my prayer." Then raising the cup to his lips, quite readily and cheerfully he drank off the poison. And hitherto most of us had been able to control our sorrow; but now when we saw him drinking, and saw too that he had finished the draught, we could no longer forbear, and in spite of myself my own tears were flowing fast; so that I covered my face and wept, not for him, but at the thought of my own calamity in having to part from such a friend. Nor was I the first; for Crito, when he found himself unable to restrain his tears, had got up, and I followed; and at that moment, Apollodorus, who had been weeping all the time, broke out in a loud and passionate cry which made cowards of us all. Socrates alone retained his calmness: "What is this strange outcry?" he said. "I sent away the women mainly in order that they might not misbehave in this way, for I have been told that a man should die in peace. Be quiet then, and have patience." When we heard his words we were ashamed, and refrained our tears; and he walked about until, as he said, his legs began to fail, and then he lay on his back, according to the directions, and the man who gave him the poison now and then looked at his feet and legs; and after a while he pressed his foot hard, and asked him if he could feel; and he said, "No"; and then his leg, and so upwards and upwards, and showed us that he was cold and stiff. And he felt them himself, and said, "When the poison reaches the heart, that will be the end." He was beginning to grow cold about the groin, when he uncovered his face, for he had covered himself up, and said — they were his last words — he said: "Crito, I owe a cock to Asclepius; will you remember to pay the debt?" "The debt shall be paid," said Crito; "is there anything

else?" There was no answer to this question; but in a minute or two a movement was heard, and the attendants uncovered him; his eyes were set, and Crito closed his eyes and mouth.

Such was the end, Echecrates, of our friend; concerning whom I may truly say, that of all men of his time whom I have known, he was the wisest and justest and best.

Phædo, 63-67.

A SUMMER AFTERNOON ON THE ILISSUS

PHAEDRUS. But if I am to read, where would you please to sit?

SOCRATES. Let us turn aside and go by the Ilissus; we will sit down at some quiet spot.

PH. I am fortunate in not having my sandals, and since you never have any, I think that we may go along the brook and cool our feet in the water; this will be the easiest way, and at midday and in the summer is far from being unpleasant.

S. Lead on, and look out for a place in which we can sit down.

PH. Do you see that tallest plane-tree in the distance?

S. Yes.

PH. There are shade and gentle breezes, and grass on which we may either sit or lie down.

S. Move forward.

PH. I should like to know, Socrates, whether the place is not somewhere here at which Boreas is said to have carried off Orithyia from the banks of the Ilissus?

S. Such is the tradition.

PH. And is this the exact spot? The little stream is delightfully clear and bright; I can fancy that there might be maidens playing near.

S. I believe that the spot is not exactly here, but about a quarter of a mile lower down, where you cross to the temple of Artemis, and there is, I think, some sort of an altar of Boreas at the place.

PH. I have never noticed it; but I beseech you to tell me, Socrates, do you believe this tale?

S. The wise are doubtful, and I should not be singular if, like them, I too doubted. I might have a rational explanation

that Orithyia was playing with Pharmacia, when a northern gust carried her over the neighbouring rocks; and this being the manner of her death, she was said to have been carried away by Boreas. There is a discrepancy, however, about the locality; according to another version of the story she was taken from the Areopagus, and not from this place. Now I quite acknowledge that these allegories are very nice, but he is not to be envied who has to invent them; much labour and ingenuity will be required of him; and when he has once begun, he must go on and rehabilitate Hippocentaurs and chimeras dire. Gorgons and winged steeds flow in apace, and numberless other inconceivable and portentous natures. And if he is sceptical about them, and would fain reduce them one after another to the rules of probability, this sort of crude philosophy will take up a great deal of time. Now I have no leisure for such enquiries; shall I tell you why? I must first know myself, as the Delphian inscription says; to be curious about that which is not my concern, while I am still in ignorance of my own self, would be ridiculous. And therefore I bid farewell to all this; the common opinion is enough for me. For, as I was saying, I want to know not about this, but about myself; am I a monster more complicated and swollen with passion than the serpent Typho, or a creature of a gentler and simpler sort, to whom Nature has given a diviner and lowlier destiny? But let me ask you, friend, have we not reached the plane-tree to which you were conducting us?

PH. Yes, this is the tree.

S. By Herè, a fair resting-place, full of summer sounds and scents. Here is this lofty and spreading plane-tree, and the agnus castus high and clustering, in the fullest blossom and the greatest fragrance; and the stream which flows beneath the plane-tree is deliciously cold to the feet. Judging from the ornaments and images, this must be a spot sacred to Achelous and the nymphs. How delightful is the breeze:—so very sweet; and there is a sound in the air shrill and summerlike which makes answer to the chorus of the cicadee. But the greatest charm of all is the grass, like a pillow gently sloping to the head. My dear Phaedrus, you have been an admirable guide.

PH. What an incomprehensible being you are, Socrates: When you are in the country, as you say, you are really like some stranger who is led about by a guide. Do you ever cross the border? I rather think that you never venture even outside the gates.

S. Very true, my good friend; and I hope that you will excuse me when you hear the reason, which is, that I am a lover of knowledge, and the men who dwell in the city are my teachers, and not the trees or the country. Though I do indeed believe that you have found a spell with which to draw me out of the city into the country, like a hungry cow before whom a bough or bunch of fruit is waved. For only hold up before me in like manner a book, and you may lead me all round Attica, and over the wide world. And now having arrived, I intend to lie down, and do you choose any posture in which you can read best. Begin.

. . . . . .

PH. And now as the heat is abated let us depart.

S. Should we not offer up a prayer first of all to the local deities?

PH. By all means.

S. Beloved Pan, and all ye other gods who haunt this place, give me beauty in the inward soul; and may the outward and inward man be at one. May I reckon the wise to be the wealthy, and may I have such a quantity of gold as a temperate man and he only can bear and carry.—Anything more? The prayer, I think, is enough for me.

PH. Ask the same for me, for friends should have all things in common.

S. Let us go.

Phaedrus, 229–231; 279.

STORIES ABOUT SOCRATES

ALCIBIADES. I have told you one tale, and now I must tell you another, which is worth hearing,

"Of the doings and sufferings of the enduring man"

while he was on the expedition to Potidaea. One morning he was thinking about something which he could not resolve; he

would not give it up, but continued thinking from early dawn until noon—there he stood fixed in thought; and at noon attention was drawn to him, and the rumour ran through the wondering crowd that Socrates had been standing and thinking about something ever since the break of day. At last, in the evening after supper, some Ionians, out of curiosity (I should explain that this occurred not in winter but in summer), brought out their mats and slept in the open air that they might watch him and see whether he would stand all night. There he stood until the following morning; and with the return of light he offered up a prayer to the sun, and went his way.

I will also tell, if you please,—and indeed I am bound to tell—of his courage in battle; for who but he saved my life? Now this was the engagement in which I received the prize of valour; for I was wounded and he would not leave me, but he rescued me and my arms; and he ought to have received the prize of valour which the generals wanted to confer on me partly on account of my rank, and I told them so (this, again, Socrates will not impeach or deny), but he was more eager than the generals that I and not he should have the prize. There was another occasion on which his behavior was very remarkable—in the flight of the army after the battle of Delium, where he served among the heavy-armed,—I had a better opportunity of observing him than at Potidaea, for I was myself on horseback, and therefore comparatively out of danger. He and Laches were retreating, for the troops were in flight, and I met them and told them not to be discouraged, and promised to remain with them; and there you might have seen him, Aristophanes, as you describe, just as he is in the streets of Athens, stalking like a pelican, and rolling his eyes, calmly contemplating enemies as well as friends, and making very intelligible to everybody, even from a distance, that whoever attacked him would be likely to meet with a stout resistance; and in this way he and his companion escaped—for this is the sort of man who is never touched in war; those only are pursued who are running away headlong. I particularly observed how superior he was to Laches in presence of mind.

Many are the marvels which I might narrate in praise of Socrates; most of his ways might perhaps be paralleled in

another man, but his absolute unlikeness to any other human being that is or ever has been is perfectly astonishing. You may imagine Brasidas and others to have been like Achilles; or you may imagine Nestor and Antenor to have been like Pericles; and the same may be said of other famous men, but of this strange being you will never be able to find any likeness, however remote, either among men who now are or who ever have been—other than that which I have already suggested of Silenus and the satyrs; and they represent in a figure not only himself, but his words. For, although I forgot to mention this to you before, his words are like the images of Silenus which open; they are ridiculous when you first hear them; he clothes himself in language that is like the skin of the wanton satyr—for his talk is of pack-asses and smiths and cobblers and curriers, and he is always repeating the same things in the same words, so that any ignorant or inexperienced person might feel disposed to laugh at him; but he who opens the bust and sees what is within will find that they are the only words which have a meaning in them, and also the most divine, abounding in fair images of virtue, and of the wisest comprehension, or rather extending to the whole duty of a good and honourable man.—This, friends, is my praise of Socrates.

Symposium, 220–222.

CHAPTER XVI

ARISTOTLE

Aristotle's Place in Greek Literature—His Life—Aristotle and Plato—Aristotle and Alexander—The Lyceum—The Survival of Aristotle's MSS.—His Style—The Plan of his Writings—The *Constitution of Athens—Selection:* An Estimate of Pericles—The *Ethics—Selection:* The Virtue of Liberality—The *Politics—Selection:* Man's Instinct for the Political Life—The *Rhetoric—Selection:* On Equity—The *Poetics—Selection:* Definition of Tragedy—Aristotle in Relation to his Age.

The claims of Aristotle to a place in a survey of Greek literature rest upon an entirely different basis from those of his teacher, Plato. Plato clothed even the most abstruse philosophical speculations in a literary dress, and his writings rank among the greatest things in pure literature through their very perfection of form and charm of style. With Aristotle, however, the substance is everything, the outward dress apparently a matter of indifference. It is safe to say that no one of his extant works deserves a place in a history of literature on the basis of literary merit. But, for all that, Aristotle is the most commanding figure in the history of Greek thought. Dante truly calls him "the master of those who know." He was a creator as truly as was Aeschylus or Plato, though in a different way. It is fitting, therefore, that a brief account should be given of his life and writings.

Aristotle was born in the year 384 in Stageira, a town in southwestern Thrace near the borders of Macedonia. His father was Nicomachus, physician to

Amyntas II of Macedon. This fact is of significance as indicating the atmosphere of culture in which Aristotle was bred, the scientific trend of his early education, and the relations of his family with the royal house of Macedon. On the death of his father Aristotle inherited an independent fortune, and soon after, at the age of seventeen, betook himself to Athens to complete his education. Athens was at this time "the school of Hellas" in a far greater degree than when it was so characterized by Pericles. Isocrates was at the zenith of his fame as a teacher of rhetoric, and the Academy was firmly established. As to Aristotle's relations with Isocrates, we are not informed precisely; it is altogether probable, however, that the eager student made the most of this opportunity of hearing the brilliant rhetorician. At least we may infer, from Aristotle's frequent quotations from the works of Isocrates, that the latter's methods had been the object of his careful study.

On the return of Plato from Syracuse (about 365), Aristotle at once enrolled himself among his disciples and remained a member of the Academy until Plato's death in 347. During these years, in which Plato was entering upon the last phase of his philosophical thinking, the sharp contrast in the intellectual natures of the two men must have become more and more apparent. Aristotle was practical, hard-headed, unimaginative, and scientific in his manner of thinking; Plato, on the other hand, always an enthusiastic idealist, showed a strong tendency in his later years toward mystical speculations, in which Aristotle could have had little interest or sympathy. Writers of a later age speak of conflicts arising between teacher and pupil; but in their extant writings, at any rate, there is no trace of

an estrangement. On the contrary, though Aristotle often departs from the doctrines which Plato inculcated, he always refers to him with respect and even affection, avoiding the tone of polemical controversy. On one occasion he says, when attacking a view of Plato : "Plato and Truth are both beloved, but it is a sacred duty to prefer Truth."

After the death of Plato, Aristotle spent several years abroad, most of the time at the court of his friend and fellow-student, Hermeias, king of Atarneus, in Asia Minor, whose adoptive daughter he married. Returning to Athens for a time, he shortly afterward, in 342, accepted the invitation of Philip of Macedon to take charge of the education of his son, Alexander. He accordingly took up his residence near the Macedonian capital. There he remained until 335, when Alexander, succeeding to the throne, entered upon the campaign against Persia which was the beginning of his career of conquest. It would be interesting to know something more about this remarkable relationship—the youth who was to conquer the world by arms sitting at the feet of the philosopher whose studies had embraced the whole world of thought. We can trace to the influence of Aristotle Alexander's enthusiastic love of Homer, his known admiration for some of the poets of his own day, and his interest in scientific things, and we are told that he afterwards assisted Aristotle in his scientific pursuits by sending him rare specimens of animals collected in his travels and by gifts of money. We should probably be right in believing, further, that Aristotle's influence was a potent factor in developing the splendid genius and in inspiring some of the grand conceptions of the young prince. Alexander's dream of a

world empire under Greek sway seems to have been foreshadowed in a passage in the *Politics:* "The Hellenic race possesses a combination of the best qualities which fall to the lot of the human species, being both high-spirited and intellectual; and if they could all together form a political state, the Greeks might govern the world."

Returning to Athens in 335, Aristotle established his school of learning at the Lyceum, a gymnasium lying near the city to the southwest. From their custom of hearing the lectures in the shaded walks (*peripatoi*) of this precinct, the members of the school received the name of Peripatetics. We are told that there were two courses of lectures: in the morning on the more difficult subjects (esoteric), intended for a small circle of hearers, those who had already been initiated into the methods of the school, and in the afternoon those of a more popular nature (exoteric). The school achieved an immediate success and became the rival of the Academy. There Aristotle worked and taught uninterruptedly for twelve years. When Alexander died in 323, a violent political reaction against the Macedonian party in Athens set in, and Aristotle found himself involved in a legal action for impiety. Unwilling, as he said, that Athens, already guilty of the blood of Socrates, should "commit a second crime against philosophy," he retired to Chalcis in Euboea, where he died the following year. It is an interesting fact that the lives of the two men whom we should select as the most prominent men in Athens during the eventful period from 350 on, Demosthenes and Aristotle, ran parallel throughout; the dates of their birth and death are the same. And yet no trace is to be found of any contact between them

and they seem to have been entirely without influence upon one another.

The productive activity of Aristotle, no less than the many-sidedness of his learning, excite our wonder and admiration. We have an ancient catalogue of his works, prepared toward the end of the third century before Christ, in which we find no less than 146 titles and about 400 books. This catalogue probably represented the works of Aristotle contained in the great library at Alexandria. There are extant to-day, apart from the fragments of about 100 lost works, 47 treatises, most of them not mentioned in the Alexandrian catalogue. Another catalogue from antiquity, prepared about two centuries after the other, gives about 1,000 books, among them those which have come down to us. This striking discrepancy is explained by a remarkable story, believed to rest on good authority, which is of interest as showing by what narrow chances some of the most precious works of antiquity have been preserved. Aristotle, we are told, left his manuscripts to his pupil, Theophrastus, who succeeded him in the direction of the Lyceum. Theophrastus bequeathed them to one Neleus, of Scepsis in the Troad. To secure them from the book-collectors who were scouring the country in the interests of the library at Pergamum, Neleus hid them in a vault. There they lay for a century and a half, exposed to the ravages of time, until the descendants of Neleus sold them to an Athenian bibliophile who carried them to Athens. Thence they were carried to Rome by Sulla, who captured Athens in the year 86. In Rome they were finally arranged, edited, and published. Now in the latter half of the first century the Alexandrian library

was destroyed by fire. The bulk of the extant works of Aristotle, therefore, goes back to the subterranean vault in the Troad. They are the works which the author left unpublished and, as a rule, unfinished.

We have spoken disparagingly of the literary form and style of Aristotle's writings. We now see the explanation. The criticism is just when applied to the extant works as a whole, but allowance should be made for the fact that they had not been prepared for publication by the author. The more learned works, in their present form, suggest rather the lecturer's note-books. The ancients had a favorable opinion of Aristotle's style. Cicero and other competent judges praise 'the golden flood of his eloquence," the lucidity, sweetness, and dignity of his language. They evidently had in mind the earlier works, now lost, published during the author's lifetime, notably the dialogues. It would, indeed, have been strange if the pupil of Isocrates and Plato should have been entirely indifferent to the artistic side of his writings. The one work intended for the general public which we possess reveals a care in composition and a lucidity of style for which one looks in vain in the other treatises.

All of the extant works of Aristotle form parts of an organic whole. Together they constitute a cyclopedia of human knowledge as it then was, and yet something vastly greater than a mere collection and classification of concrete facts, although in collecting such material Aristotle showed extraordinary zeal. It was rather his purpose to discover the principles which correlate and explain phenomena, to formulate, that is, a philosophy of the system of the universe. He seems to have gone at this prodigious undertaking systemat-

ically. We do not know precisely the order in which the several works were written, but we may follow his purpose according to the manner in which his writings group themselves into one organic whole. After the realm of knowledge had been divided into the several branches which we call sciences, the materials were collected for the study of each science. The results of these preliminary observations were published in popular form. In another series of treatises, together constituting the *Organon*,[1] or "Instrument" of reasoning, Aristotle established his scientific method, which was mainly deductive, *i.e.*, reasoning from a general truth down to a specific case. By his analysis of the processes of logic he was able to formulate for the first time the syllogism. In the field of logic perhaps his most important and permanent contributions to human thought were made. Aristotle next undertook the comprehensive and systematic treatises on the several sciences, taking up first the physical and practical sciences, and then metaphysics, which he was wont to term the "first philosophy."

This is not the place for a detailed account of the logical works of Aristotle, in which he laid down for all time the laws of formal reasoning, nor of his writings on natural history, which cover most of the subjects now embraced in the physical and biological sciences. For the same reason we must pass over the *Metaphysics*. We turn, then, to a brief consideration of the five treatises which are of more general interest.

The *Constitution of Athens* is one of a series of 158 essays, undertaken as preliminary studies for the *Poli-*

[1] Lord Bacon entitled his great work the *Novum Organum* with reference to Aristotle's work.

tics, on the constitutions of various states. This essay, however, was not put into its present form until about 330 B.C. Although the most important of the series, both on account of the interest attaching to Athens and because of the accuracy of Aristotle's information, this valuable treatise was totally lost to the world for fifteen centuries or more. It was discovered in 1890 on some rolls of papyrus found in Egypt and acquired by the British Museum. From the fact that it is written on the wrong side of the papyrus, the right side being filled with business accounts, we conclude that it is a copy which some private individual had had made for his own use. The work falls into two parts. The first part is historical, describing the successive changes in the government of Athens from the earliest times, interspersed with interesting character-sketches and brief but illuminating critical estimates and judgments on the part of the author. The second part is an analysis of the political, administrative, and judicial organization of Athens as it was at the time of writing. The style of the first part shows Aristotle as an easy writer, who aims only at a lucid narrative suited to the subject.

Aristotle's account of men and events seems, on the whole, remarkably free from partisan bias. We find it difficult, however, to accept the following estimate of Pericles, of whom it is clear that Aristotle does not altogether approve, clashing as it does with the tradition which we have hitherto followed. But it is fortunate that we at last have the other side presented to us.

After this Pericles assumed the position of popular leader, having first distinguished himself while still a young man by prosecuting Cimon on the audit of his official accounts as general. Under his auspices the constitution became still more

democratic. He took away some of the privileges of the Areopagus, and, above all, he turned the policy of the state in the direction of naval dominion, which caused the masses to acquire confidence in themselves and consequently to take the conduct of affairs more and more into their own hands. Moreover, forty-eight years after the battle of Salamis, in the archonship of Pythodorus, the Peloponnesian war broke out, during which the populace was shut up in the city and became accustomed to gain its livelihood by military service, and so, partly voluntarily and partly involuntarily, determined to assume the administration of the state itself. Pericles was also the first to institute pay for service in the law courts, as a bid for popular favour to counterbalance the wealth of Cimon. The latter, having private possessions of royal splendour, not only performed the regular public services magnificently, but also maintained a large number of his fellow-demesmen. Any member of the deme of Laciadae could go every day to Cimon's house and there receive a reasonable provision; and his estate was guarded by no fences, so that anyone who liked might help himself to the fruit from it. Pericles' private property was quite unequal to this magnificence, and accordingly he took the advice of Damonides of Oia (who was commonly supposed to be the person who prompted Pericles in most of his measures, and was therefore subsequently ostracised), which was that, as he was beaten in the matter of private possessions, he should make presents to the people from their own property; and accordingly he instituted pay for the members of the juries. Some persons accuse him of thereby causing a deterioration in the character of the juries, since it was always the inferior people who were anxious to submit themselves for selection as jurors, rather than the men of better position. Moreover, bribery came into existence after this, the first person to introduce it being Anytus, after his command at Pylus. He was prosecuted by certain individuals on account of his loss of Pylus, but escaped by bribing the jury.

So long, however, as Pericles was leader of the people, things went tolerably well with the state; but when he was

dead there was a great change for the worse. Then for the first time did the people choose a leader who was of no reputation among men of good standing, whereas up to this time such men had always been found as leaders of the democracy. . . . The best statesmen at Athens, after those of early times, seem to have been Nicias, Thucydides (the general), and Theramenes.

Constitution of Athens, 27–28. Kenyon.

Over against the natural sciences, which concern themselves with the phenomena of the physical world, Aristotle set the practical sciences, which have to do with human action. He further distinguishes between those actions which involve the notion of right and wrong and those whose end is artistic creation. The *Ethics* and *Politics* fall under the former category, the *Poetics*, with which we shall consider the *Rhetoric*, under the latter.

The *Nicomachean Ethics* receives its epithet from Aristotle's son, Nicomachus, who may have had something to do with editing it. It is distinguished from the *Eudemian Ethics*, written by a disciple, *Eudemus*, but now incorporated in the larger work. In this treatise Aristotle develops his theory of human life. In his conception ethics is only a branch of politics, for the highest good of the individual must be identical with the highest good of the state, in which the individual finds his most perfect development. But Aristotle does, nevertheless, confine himself in the *Ethics* to the good of the individual, living and acting for himself, and reserves for the *Politics* the inquiry into man's relation to the state. Thus it is that he establishes ethics as a separate science—a marked advance over the position of Socrates and Plato.

The chief end of man's existence is conceded to be happiness. But this happiness does not consist in pleasure, wealth, honor, nor in any of the external blessings, but in the activity of the soul in accordance with reason, which is the same thing as saying in accordance with virtue. Virtue is a habit of the soul, being gained by the practice of good actions. Its characteristic is always to seek out the mean between two extremes, a doctrine peculiarly Greek, crystallized in the ancient proverb, "Nothing in excess." The larger part of the *Ethics* is devoted to a discussion of the various virtues, which fall into two categories, moral and intellectual virtues. The conclusion is reached that the highest happiness consists in the harmonious exercise of man's highest powers, and, since the chief of these are intellectual, the truest happiness is to be found in the life of contemplation, or philosophic thought.

As an illustration of Aristotle's analytic method and of his sound common sense I quote from his discussion of the virtue of liberality:

> Things which admit of use may be used either well or badly. But riches are a useful thing. Again, the person who makes the best use of anything is the person who possesses the virtue appropriate to that thing. Accordingly he will make the best use of riches who possesses the virtue which is appropriate to property, *i.e.*, the liberal man. Further it seems that the use of property consists in spending and giving; the taking and keeping of property should rather be described as acquisition. Hence it is more truly distinctive of the liberal man to give to the right people than to take from the right quarter and not to take from the right quarter. For it is more truly distinctive of virtue to be the author than to be the recipient of benefactions, and to do what is noble than to ab-

stain from doing what is shameful. But it is clear that, while giving implies doing well and acting nobly, taking implies only being well treated or not behaving in a shameful manner. Gratitude too is the due of one who gives, not of one who does not take, and praise is his due in a higher degree. Also, it is easier to abstain from taking than to give, for people are less ready to throw away what is their own than to abstain from taking what belongs to somebody else. Again, people who give are called liberal, people who abstain from taking are not praised so much for liberality as for justice, but people who take are not praised at all. Of all virtuous people none are so much beloved as the liberal; for they are benefactors, and their benefaction consists in their giving.

Virtuous actions are noble and have a noble motive. The liberal man then, being virtuous, will give from a noble motive and in a right spirit; for he will give the right amount, and will give it to the right persons and at the right time, and will satisfy all the other conditions of right giving. He will do all this too with pleasure or without pain; for a virtuous action is pleasant or painless, and it is certainly anything but painful. But he who gives to the wrong people, or who gives not from a noble motive but for some other cause, will not be called liberal, but by some other name; nor will he be so called if giving is painful to him, as in that case he would prefer the wealth to the noble action, and this preference is illiberal. Nor will the liberal man take from wrong sources; for such taking, again, is unlike the character of one who is no admirer of property. Nor, again, will he be inclined to ask favours; for one who is in the habit of conferring benefits will not be ready at any moment to receive them. When he does take, it will be from the right sources, *e.g.*, from his own possessions, and he will take not as if taking were noble, but because it is necessary, if he is to have the means of giving. He will not neglect his own property, since he wishes to employ it in relieving other people. He will refrain from giving indiscriminately that he may have the means of giving to the right people, and at the times and in the places where giving is noble.

If a man is excessively liberal, he will actually go too far in his giving, the result being that he will reserve too little for himself; for disregard of self is a characteristic of liberality. But in estimating liberality we must take account of a person's fortune; for liberality consists, not in the amount of the money given, but in the moral state of the giver, and the moral state proportions the gift to the fortune of the giver. It is quite possible then that one who gives less than another may be more liberal, if his means are smaller. It seems that people who have not made their own fortune, but have inherited it, are more liberal, as they have never known what want is, and people are always fondest of their own productions, *e.g.*, parents of their children, and poets of their poems.

It is difficult for a liberal man to be rich, as he is not fond of getting or of saving money, but rather of spending it, and values wealth not for its own sake, but as affording an opportunity of giving. Hence it is a reproach often levelled against fortune that the people who deserve riches most often have the least. But the fact is easily explained; for it is impossible to have wealth or anything else without taking the trouble to have it. At the same time the liberal man will not give to the wrong people nor on any wrong occasion, and so on; for to do so would be to cease to act in a liberal spirit, and if he were to spend money upon these objects, he would not have the means of spending it upon the right objects. For the liberal man, as has been said, is one who spends in proportion to his substance, and who spends upon the right objects. But one who expends in excess of his fortune is a prodigal. . . . Again, the liberal man is easy to deal with in money matters. He is one who can easily be cheated, as he does not care for money, and is more distressed at not having spent what is right than pained at having spent what is not right.

Ethics, IV, 1–3. Welldon.

The *Politics* is one of the most important works preserved to us from antiquity. It contains a wealth of explicit information invaluable to the historian and

student of Greek society, and its generalizations are based upon information so accurate and covering so wide a range that the treatise constitutes a summary and compendium of Greek political experience. In contrast to Plato, Aristotle recognizes the family as the fundamental basis of the state. In considering the management of the household he touches upon slavery, an institution which he takes for granted and justifies in a curious passage. The citizen must have leisure for the pursuit of the good and the beautiful. His work must be performed by instruments. The slave is an animate instrument. Nature has set certain races apart for servitude—the "barbarian" races as opposed to the Greeks, in Aristotle's rough classification. After a criticism of the ideal states proposed by Plato and other theorists, and of several typical political systems then in operation, Aristotle proceeds to lay down the outlines of an ideal state of his own. The total number of citizens should be about 20,000, each a landholder of moderate wealth and personally known to the rulers. The state is to have entire charge of education, and the citizens are to participate in the government. Mechanics and tradesmen cannot be citizens, and lending money at interest is to be forbidden. Aristotle considers that any form of government is legitimate which secures the end and aim of the state, namely, the public good. He specifies three legitimate forms, monarchy, aristocracy, and the constitutional government. Each tends to degenerate into perverted forms, which are tyranny, oligarchy, and the pure democracy respectively. In practice the mixed constitutional form is the best, though the ideally best would be the monarchy under an eminently wise and just ruler.

The following passage gives the key to Aristotle's conception of man in his relation to the state:

Thus we see that the state is a natural institution, that man is naturally a political animal, and that one who is not a citizen of any state, if the cause of his isolation be natural and not accidental, is either a superhuman being or low in the scale of civilization, as he stands alone like a "blot" on the backgammon board. The "clanless, lawless, hearthless" man so bitterly described by Homer is a case in point; for he is naturally a citizen of no state and a lover of war. Also that man is a political animal in a higher sense than a bee or any other gregarious creature is evident from the fact that nature, as we are fond of asserting, creates nothing without a purpose and man is the only animal endowed with speech. Now mere sounds serve to indicate sensations of pain and pleasure and are therefore assigned to other animals as well as to man; for their nature does not advance beyond the point of perceiving pain and pleasure and signifying these perceptions to one another. The object of speech on the other hand is to indicate advantage and disadvantage and therefore also justice and injustice. For it is a special characteristic which distinguishes man from all other animals that he alone enjoys perception of good and evil, justice and injustice and the like. But these are the principles of that association which constitutes a household or state. . . .

Now the impulse to political association is innate in all men. Yet the author of the first combination, whoever he was, was a great benefactor of human kind. For as man, in his condition of complete development, *i.e.*, in the state, is the noblest of all animals, so apart from law and justice he is the vilest of all. For injustice is always most formidable when it is armed; and nature has endowed man with arms which are intended to subserve the purposes of prudence and virtue but are capable of being wholly turned to contrary ends. Hence if man be devoid of virtue, no animal is so unscrupulous or savage, none so sensual, none so gluttonous. Just action on the other hand is bound up with the existence of a state; for

the administration of justice is an ordinance of the political association and the administration of justice is nothing else than the decision of what is just.

Politics, I, 2. Welldon.

Aristotle looks upon rhetoric not as an art which deals with the principles of perfection in form in prose discourse, as contrasted with the art of poetry, but rather as a branch of logic. It is not a fine art, therefore, but a practical art; or, as he expresses it, "the art of discovering all the possible means of persuasion in any subject." Accordingly we find that the larger part of the *Rhetoric* is devoted to a careful study of the kinds of proofs used by the orator. It is interesting to note that, among the "sources of persuasion" at the command of the speaker, Aristotle places first the personal character of the orator, the second being the mood which he is able to induce in his hearers, the third, the arguments which he can advance. Speaking of the equipment which the forensic orator, or lawyer, should possess, Aristotle has occasion to make the following remarks on equity, or "the justice which supplements the written law":

Equity consists too in making allowance for human infirmities, in regarding the legislator rather than the law, the intention of the legislator rather than his language, the purpose of an act rather than the act itself, and the whole rather than the part, in considering not so much what is a person's character at a particular moment as what it has invariably or usually been, in remembering benefits more than injuries and benefits received more than benefits conferred, in suffering injustice patiently, in consenting to settle disputes by agreement rather than by a trial of strength, in wishing to resort to arbitration rather than to law; for an arbitrator always takes the equitable, whereas a juror takes the legal view of a case, and

indeed the object with which arbitration was devised was to ensure the triumph of equity.

Rhetoric, I, 13. Welldon.

Perhaps the most famous book in the history of literary criticism is the *Poetics*. Aristotle did not work out a complete theory of æsthetics, but this treatise shows that he had the subject well in hand. The germ of all poetry he finds in man's instinct of imitation. To this he traces the other fine arts, among which he includes music, dancing, painting, and presumably sculpture, but not architecture. After a brief analysis of the differences between the various arts he proceeds to poetry, and describes the various kinds. The basis of the distinction between tragedy and comedy, for example, is that tragedy aims to represent men who are above the average, comedy, those who are below the average. The origin and development of tragedy are then considered. After giving his famous definition of tragedy the author enters upon an exhaustive discussion of plots, following which are some practical rules for the guidance of the tragic poet. The last part of the book, in its present form, is devoted to epic poetry, with constant references to tragedy. The second book, in which comedy received a similar treatment, is now lost. I quote the definition of tragedy with a portion of the discussion which follows:

Tragedy, then, is an imitation of an action that is serious, complete, and of a certain magnitude; in language embellished with each kind of artistic ornament, the several kinds being found in separate parts of the play; in the form of action, not of narrative; through pity and fear effecting the proper purgation of these emotions. By 'language embellished' I mean language into which rhythm, 'harmony' and

song enter. By 'the several kinds in separate parts' I mean that some parts are rendered through the medium of verse alone, others again with the aid of song.

Now as tragic imitation implies persons acting, it necessarily follows, in the first place, that scenic equipment will be a part of tragedy. Next, song and diction, for these are the medium of imitation. By 'diction' I mean the mere metrical arrangement of the words: as for 'song,' it is a term whose sense every one understands.

Again, tragedy is the imitation of an action; and an action implies personal agents, who necessarily possess certain distinctive qualities both of character and thought. It is these that determine the qualities of actions themselves; these—thought and character—are the two natural causes from which actions spring; on these causes, again, all success or failure depends. Hence, the plot is the imitation of the action:—for by plot I here mean the arrangement of the incidents. By character I mean that in virtue of which we ascribe certain qualities to the agents. Thought is required wherever a statement is proved, or, it may be, a general truth enunciated. Every tragedy, therefore, must have six parts, which parts determine its quality—namely, plot, character, diction, thought, scenery, song. Two of the parts constitute the medium of imitation, one the manner, and three the objects of imitation. And these complete the list. These elements have been employed, we may say, by the poets to a man; in fact, every play contains scenic accessories as well as character, plot, diction, song, and thought.

But most important of all is the structure of the incidents. For tragedy is an imitation, not of men, but of an action and of life, and life consists of action, and its end is a mode of action, not a quality. Now character determines men's qualities, but it is by their actions that they are happy or the reverse. Dramatic action, therefore, is not with a view to the representation of character; character comes in as a subsidiary to the action. Hence the incidents and the plot are the end of a tragedy; and the end is the chief thing of all. Again, without action there cannot be a tragedy; without

character there may be. The tragedies of most of our modern poets fail in the rendering of character; and of poets in general this is often true. It is the same in painting; and here lies the difference between Zeuxis and Polygnotus. Polygnotus delineates character well; the style of Zeuxis is devoid of ethical quality. Again, if you string together a set of speeches expressive of character, and well finished in point of diction and thought, you will not produce the essential tragic effect nearly so well as with a play which, however deficient in these respects, yet has a plot and artistically constructed incidents. Besides which, the most powerful elements of emotional interest in tragedy,—reversal or recoil of the action, and recognition scenes—are parts of the plot. A further proof is that novices in the art attain to finish of diction and precision of portraiture before they can construct the plot. It is the same with almost all the early poets.

The plot, then, is the first principle, and, as it were, the soul of a tragedy; character holds the second place. A similar fact is seen in painting. The most beautiful colours, laid on confusedly, will not give as much pleasure as the chalk outline of a portrait. Thus tragedy is the imitation of an action, and of the agents mainly with a view to the action.

Poetics, VI, 1–16. Butcher.

This is not the place to trace the influence of Aristotle upon the after world. The mere statement must suffice that, in antiquity, almost all the branches of erudition proceeded from him and the Peripatetic School which he founded; that, further, in the Middle Ages, from the thirteenth century on, he dominated marvellously the world of scholasticism, though too often misunderstood and credited with doctrines not his own; and, lastly, that modern philosophy, science, and criticism are built upon the foundations which he laid.

Aristotle's life fell at the end of the old Hellenic

world of freedom and artistic creativeness and entered into the new, cosmopolitan, Hellenistic world which was ushered in by the conquests of Alexander. He belonged to the one but was no small factor in shaping the other. It was a fortunate circumstance for Greece and for humanity that an Aristotle was at hand precisely when the transformation of Greece was taking place, to bring together and to summarize the results of the creative period and to hand down the essence of its experiences and achievements to the new and complex civilization that was to follow. All the circumstances of his life and training conspired to fit him for this mission. He was born just beyond the borders of Greece proper, but of Greek parentage and in a city colonized by Ionian Greeks. The two civilizations, Greek and barbarian, which lay side by side there, he could observe and judge for himself. He became enough of an Athenian to enable him to comprehend fully and sympathetically the political and literary democracy of Athens, yet without the partisanship and narrow-mindedness, which, for example, insisted upon reckoning the Macedonians as barbarians. The early scientific training which he had received under the direction of his father, a physician, was supplemented, before the impressionable age had passed, by intimate contact with the most spiritual and cultured mind which Athens had produced. While not a man of affairs, he was thrown into close relations with that consummate politician and strategist, Philip of Macedon, and watched over the expanding genius of Alexander. Plato called Aristotle the "reader." This side of the man is remarkable. He knew at first hand all the works of literature that Greece had produced, and

had read even innumerable documents inscribed on stone and bronze which threw light upon institutions, literary history, chronology, and biography. His method was eminently scientific. He wrote upon no subject without first having gathered all available materials and digested the writings of his predecessors in the field. Aristotle would have been a wonderful man in any age; but it would be difficult to find in all literary history a parallel to this remarkable coincidence of the time and the man.

CHAPTER XVII

THE LOST WRITERS OF THE FOURTH CENTURY

The Importance of the Lost Literature of the Fourth Century—Books and their Publication in Antiquity—Attic Tragedy the First Book—Papyrus and Parchment—Causes of the Loss and Preservation of Books—Sources of our Fragments—The Philosophers, Zeno and Epicurus—The Historians, Philistus, Ephorus, and Theopompus—Tragedy after the Fifth Century—The Minor Contemporaries of Euripides—The Tragic Poets of the Fourth Century, Carcinus, Astydamas, Theodectas, and Chaeremon—The *Rhesus* as a Type of the Fourth Century Tragedy—Comedy after the Fifth Century—The Middle Comedy and the New Comedy—The Poets of the Middle Comedy, Anaxandrides, Antiphanes, and Alexis—The Poets of the New Comedy, Philemon and Menander.

In our account of the literature of the Attic period we have traversed two important branches of poetry, tragedy and comedy, and three of prose, history, oratory, and philosophy. All of these were brought to perfection, in the order named, in the one hundred and seventy-five years lying between the first play of Aeschylus and the death of Aristotle. Considered as a whole, this period was certainly one of well-rounded and many-sided completeness; but if we look back at the writers of the fourth century apart from those of the fifth, taking into account only those whose works are extant, we are impressed by the fact that the emphasis in the fourth century has apparently been shifted completely to prose. We have not had occasion to mention a single poet after Aristophanes. Although,

in comparison with the great poets of the age of Pericles, those of the next two generations were of inferior merit, and though the highest literary achievements of the latter period down to the death of Aristotle were unquestionably in the line of prose, yet the impression which we have gained is a distorted one. In the eyes of Aristotle or of any student of the fourth-century literature in antiquity, the poets contemporary with Demosthenes were worthy of serious consideration, and not simply for purposes of literary history. The case is different as regards the fifth-century literature. It chances that all the important branches are represented in that period by their greatest writers. In the fourth, on the other hand, we have only the greatest orators and philosophers, and one historian, Xenophon, who was really a product of the fifth century. It is therefore of the greatest importance, if we would gain a clear idea of the literary activities of the fourth century, that we should turn our attention to the vestiges of the great mass of writings not included in the preceding account.

When we face the almost total loss of the immense body of poetry produced at Athens in the fourth century and the preservation of only a fragment of the prose, and estimate the ratio of the lost to the preserved not only of that period but of Greek literature in general, we begin to realize our good fortune in possessing even a few of the masterpieces. Dramatic poetry furnishes a good illustration. During the Attic period over four thousand different plays were brought out at the two festivals at Athens. Of these only forty-four survive. It is indeed a fortunate circumstance, and not altogether the result of accident, that, with one

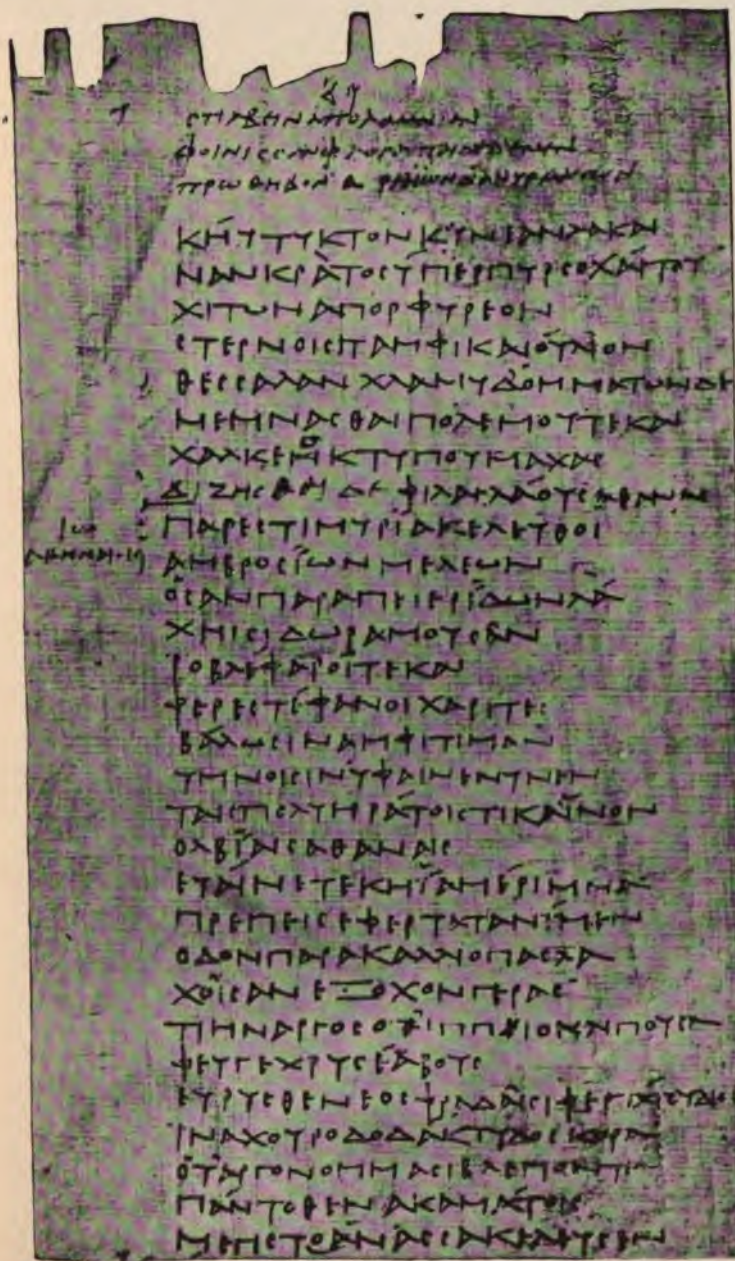
important exception, it is precisely the greatest tragic and comic poets of whose works some specimens have been transmitted to us through the ages. But the loss of the works of their contemporaries and successors makes it difficult properly to estimate the nature and degree of their preëminence, the relative merit of their rivals, and the course of dramatic poetry in the century following. And so it is, in a less degree, with the other branches of literature.

Before proceeding to the consideration of the lost writers, an account of whom is necessary as a supplement to our preceding discussion, let us briefly recall the conditions under which books were made and published in antiquity, and the different elements which contributed to the destruction of some and the preservation of others in the course of the centuries before the invention of printing.

The existence of books presupposes the knowledge and practice of writing, the ability to compose in language a connected series of thoughts forming a logical whole, and a material suitable for the reception of written signs and light enough to be easily moved and handled. As to the last point, it is clear that the Egyptian hieroglyphic monuments and the Greek inscriptions on stone cannot properly be called books. Further, in the ordinary acceptance of the word, there must also be some sort of means of multiplication of copies, or publication, before a manuscript which fulfils all the other conditions becomes a book. An oration of Lysias, for example, was not a book so long as the only copy was that from which the author drilled his client; it became a book as soon as copies were made and given out.

The art of extended composition was developed in Greece as early as the ninth century, as the Homeric poems prove. Writing began to be employed in the eighth century, but only for brief public records, such as lists of priests or state officials. In the seventh century laws were written down and placed where the public could read them. It is safe to assume that the need of written laws was felt before the need of written poems, especially since there was a satisfactory means of oral publication of poetry. In the sixth century writing was freely practised. The materials at first employed were stone, bronze, lead, clay, wood, and leather. The use of leather, which, of all these materials, was alone capable of being so prepared as to be light, durable, and relatively inexpensive, seems not to have been widespread in the early times. With the introduction of papyrus from Egypt the problem of a suitable material was solved. The Greek word for book, "biblos," or "biblion," points to the use of the papyrus plant (*byblos*) for the earliest real books in Greece. Paper made by pasting together strips of the pulp of the papyrus reed had been in use among the Egyptians since at least, 3,000 B. C. The importation of this material into Greece, however, did not begin until the Nile region was opened up to Greek merchants under Psammetichus in the seventh century, and did not reach considerable proportions until long afterward.

By the fifth century two of the principal conditions which made possible the written book had been satisfied. But there was not yet a demand upon the part of the public for books as a means of gaining an acquaintance with the products of literature. The high



COLUMN OF PAPYRUS MANUSCRIPT.
Bacchylides, First Century B.C., British Museum.

price of a book written on papyrus probably was somewhat responsible for this condition, but mainly the habit of receiving the words of an author directly from his lips, or through his representative, the rhapsodist, the public reciter, the lyric chorus, or the actor. Attention has repeatedly been called to the fact that the Greek literature down to the time of Pericles was intended almost exclusively for oral publication. This is of course obviously true in the case of dramatic poetry. But the very conditions under which tragedy and comedy were brought before the public—a single performance in Athens, the reproduction of old plays an honor reserved for exceptionally popular pieces, and the supreme interest felt by the cultivated public in tragedy in particular—all these led inevitably to the production of copies of the author's manuscript of at least the more successful plays. Thus the first published book in Greece, in the strict sense of the term, was an Attic tragedy. In all probability the larger number of the plays of the earlier period were never published, and the authors' copies perished. Certainly many even of the successful plays did not survive to the Alexandrian age. But a reading public was rapidly developed and the copying and selling of books became a business. Euripides had a good library, Aristotle an extensive one. Individuals often borrowed a copy of a work and made their own books: Demosthenes, we are told, thus obtained Thucydides for his library.

In the third century great libraries, of which those at Alexandria and Pergamum were the most important, were established at the principal capitals. After the foundation of the library at Pergamum, the Egyptian kings, we are told, jealous of the new rival, placed an

embargo on the exportation of papyrus and forced the Pergamene authorities to improve the process of preparing skins so that both sides could be used for writing. Thus parchment (*pergamenè*, *i.e.*, leather from Pergamum) was invented—a material far superior to papyrus in point of durability and the legibility of the writing. But papyrus continued to be generally used until about the fourth century after Christ. From the fourth to the sixth century the makers of books were busied with transferring to parchment works of literature preserved till then on papyrus. Of course only the books which still held the attention of the reading public were thus transferred. This process of selection naturally left to perish by decay many papyrus rolls containing things which we should regard as most precious. When the first printed editions of the classics were made during the Renaissance, only parchment books had survived. Since then a few works of literature, and a good deal of rubbish, have been recovered on papyrus sheets found mainly at Herculaneum and in Egypt.

The above sketch has suggested how a large part of the works of classical literature perished: many because never published in book form during the life of their authors, or not preserved by oral tradition, as was Homer, down to the period of book-making; others because of a lack of interest on the part of the contemporary public in preserving them; still others, often of the greatest value, because the degenerate taste of a later age suffered them to perish by neglect. The perishable nature of papyrus was responsible for the result in the two last cases. Other factors may be mentioned: the destruction of the great libraries, the

hostility of the Christian Church toward some of the pagan literature (Sappho, for example), the burnings of Byzantium, the pillage of Constantinople by the Crusaders, the carrying of rare and often unique manuscripts back and forth from the east to the west, the almost total neglect of the classical Greek literature in Western Europe during the Middle Ages, and the thousand and one chances to which the relics of classical antiquity were subjected. The wonder is that so much survived.

The most effective cause of the preservation of any given work has been of course its popularity in antiquity, which led to the making of a large number of copies. There was never any serious danger of the loss of the Homeric poems, for example. But the changing tastes and needs of each successive age brought in some new favorite authors and discarded many of the old. The first systematic selection of the "classics" was made by the Alexandrian scholars, who established canons of the best writers in each branch. To their good judgment, above all other causes, is due the preservation of the works of the greatest authors of the classical period; for the standard they set up dominated all antiquity. The Romans in turn made their selections from the canonical writers, the grammarians and school teachers from the favorites of the Romans, often choosing the easiest things, rather than the best, and so on through the Byzantine period and the Middle Ages.

Our knowledge of the lost writers is derived from allusions to them and quotations from them in ancient literature, with the addition of a few papyrus fragments and translations into Latin. Most of our quotations

from the lost poets come from Athenaeus and Stobaeus. Athenaeus wrote in the third century after Christ a voluminous work entitled "*The Philosophers of the Dinner-table*," a copious epitome of which has come down to us. His main interests, however, were not literary; he gossips about foods, sauces, dishes, drinking, intrigues, and such trifles, citing appropriate passages, especially from the comic poets, to illustrate each point. Naturally we do not gain from him precisely the materials needed for estimating the literary qualities of the poets. Stobaeus, the collector of an *Anthology* of extracts from over 500 writers of prose and poetry, lived in the sixth century of our era. To him we owe a large proportion of the quotations from the tragic poets. Still other quotations are found in the grammarians, who cite passages to illustrate points in grammar, obsolete words, or matters of antiquarian interest. A rather small proportion of the collections which modern scholars have laboriously gathered together from all these and other sources have a literary value, and the best quotations are a poor substitute for the original work.

The account of oratory which we have given takes into consideration all of the orators of the canon and needs no supplement. But something should be said of the lost philosophers and historians and especially of the representative tragic and comic poets. Lyric poetry also flourished in the fourth century, but we have very little direct information about it except that there was no poet of especial prominence and that the musical accompaniment tended to overshadow the words. We may therefore leave it out of consideration

and turn our attention to the branches in which the creative impulse was still effective or which are of importance for the study of literary movements.

Plato and Aristotle during their lives overshadowed all the other philosophers, but two new schools were founded in the second half of the fourth century which soon came into prominence and exercised an important influence on literature and life. Zeno (345–265) was the founder of the Stoic school, so called from the *stoa* or porch, decorated with the paintings of the great artist Polygnotus, in which the lectures were held. The Stoic philosophy, which we might better call a religion, owed its prominence in Greek and Roman life to its strict system of morals. In the conception of Zeno god was the supreme Reason which regulates the universe. The laws of nature are the laws of god. To live in harmony with nature was therefore the life for which all men should strive, and they can attain this life by controlling the passions in accordance with the dictates of reason. Among the adherents of Stoicism we find, especially among the Romans, upon whom this philosophy took strong hold, some of the noblest characters produced by paganism.

Epicurus (341–270), the founder of the Epicurean philosophy, taught a doctrine in many respects quite the opposite of that of Zeno. As the latter emphasized virtue and the control of the passions, Epicurus taught that pleasure was the chief aim of existence. Discarding an explanation of the universe in which god was the lawgiver and director, he attributed all things to chance. The existence of gods was not denied, but it was held that they did not trouble themselves about human affairs. Although the doctrine of pleasure, if

pleasure is properly defined, was not necessarily destructive of good morals, yet its tendency was vicious. Epicureanism came to be regarded by the Christian church as the very antithesis of Christianity and the embodiment of paganism. The doctrine of Epicurus is best known to us through the great Roman poet Lucretius, who, in his poem on the *Nature of the Universe*, closely adhered to the teachings of the founder of the school.

Taking up the historians, we come first to a contemporary of Xenophon, also a man of affairs—Philistus of Syracuse, a partisan and general of the two Sicilian tyrants Dionysius. Like Thucydides he had leisure during a period of banishment to devote himself to the writing of a history, mainly of events which had fallen under his own observation. His *History of Sicily*, in thirteen books, began with the earliest times and was brought down to the year 362. In style and composition he seems to have resembled Thucydides in many respects, though as an historian he fell far short of his great model.

Xenophon was the last of the Attic historians whose training for historical composition was derived from the field of action. Under the influence of Isocrates the rhetoricians now occupied this province. Instead of statesmen and generals, whose personal contact with affairs had developed in them the power of accurate observation and critical judgment, and whose chief aim was to present a faithful record of facts and impressions, we now meet with a school of historians with whom fine writing was of greater importance than the substance of history. And yet the two principal representatives of this tendency, Ephorus and Theopompus,

each made notable contributions to Greek literature, and their works were long regarded as standard histories.

Ephorus came to Athens from Cyme in Asia Minor and studied under Isocrates, who suggested the theme of his greatest work. His history in thirty books was the first universal history of Greece. Discarding as untrustworthy the mythological accounts of early Greece and taking the return of the Heracleidae to the Peloponnesus (dated by ancient chronologists eighty years after the fall of Troy) as the first authentic event in Greek history, he brought his narrative down to the siege of Perinthus in 340. For the larger portion of his history he depended upon the earlier historians rather than upon his own research, taking large sections almost verbatim out of Herodotus, for example. He was decidedly weak in descriptions of military operations, and not especially critical in his method, but his work was extensively read and favorably regarded.

Theopompus of Chios was also a pupil of Isocrates and in his earlier years gained a considerable reputation as an accomplished orator for special occasions. His greatest rhetorical triumph was his panegyric on King Mausolus of Caria, whose splendid tomb, the Mausoleum, was one of the wonders of ancient architecture. His two great historical works were the *Hellenica*, in twelve books, a continuation of Thucydides' history down to the battle of Cnidos in 394, and the *Philippica* in fifty-eight books. The latter had for its central theme the reign of Philip I. of Macedon, but by indulging in frequent and extended digressions it covered practically the whole history of the time, so

far as the Greek world was concerned. The narrative of Theopompus abounded in anecdotes, too often of a scandalous nature, which made him a favorite source of information for the trivial writers of a later age. The ancients were of varying opinions as to his merits as an historian, but, to judge by his influence on later historians and men of letters for many centuries, he is entitled to be regarded as one of the most important of Greek historians.

From the time of the first tragic contest in the reign of Peisistratus, down to the second or third century after Christ, new tragedies continued to be written and put upon the stage. But the period of growth and development practically ended with the death of Sophocles and Euripides. Old tragedies were regularly produced along with the new after the first part of the fourth century, and thus Sophocles and especially Euripides held their place in popular favor. The influence of the three great tragic poets had fixed, seemingly inalterably, the laws of the tragic composition. Attempts at innovation were few and unsuccessful. By giving up the chorus the Greeks might have taken the first step toward the development of the modern conception of tragedy; but the tradition was too strong. Tragedy had developed out of the chorus. The most serious duty of the poet or manager had always been the training of the chorus. The whole organization of the dramatic performances at Athens centred around the chorus, which the State had assumed the obligation of furnishing to the poets who were admitted to the tragic contests. And so the chorus was retained even after it had come to be a convention rather than an integral

part of tragedy. It is characteristic of the period of the decline that the lines by which the chorus was attached to the plot were loosened, although it still furnished an important part of the spectacle. As regards the subject matter, the same stories taken from mythology continued to be worked over again and again, with only such changes as the cleverness of the poet could devise or the taste of the times demanded. Medea could be made to conceal her children from her husband, instead of killing them; or, on the other hand, the horrors of the original conception could be heightened by detailed descriptions of the bloody deed. The most important development in tragedy was in the manner of its presentation. The scenic arrangements were perfected. More attention was given to preserving the illusion by the invention of better stage machinery and more skilful scene-painting, and, above all, the amateurish performers of the earlier times were replaced by professional actors. The fourth century was the age of great actors. Again, dramatic performances were no longer confined to Athens nor to Attica. Almost every village, after the fourth century, had its own permanent theatre and its annual festival. Troupes of professional performers, including poets, were sent out to the local festivals by the powerful guilds of "Dionysiac Artists" which had their headquarters in the principal cities.

Before taking up the tragic poets of the fourth century we may mention three poets of the latter half of the fifth century who are entitled to a place next to Sophocles and Euripides. Two of them, Ion of Chios and Achaeus of Eretria, were admitted into the Alexandrian canon beside the three masters. Achaeus was

especially esteemed for his satyr-dramas, in which he was regarded as second only to Aeschylus. Ion was a versatile man of letters, turning his attention with distinction to both prose and poetry. On one occasion he won the first prize in both tragedy and in the dithyramb. He and Achaeus began their careers as tragic poets about the same time as Euripides. The third is Agathon, who won his first victory in 416 B. C. The scene of Plato's *Symposium* is the banquet given in Agathon's house in celebration of this victory. Agathon took up his residence at the Macedonian court some time before 405, greatly to the loss of the Athenian stage. In spite of the jeers of the comic poets at his foppishness and effeminacy, he was a poet of unusual ability, somewhat inclined to innovations. He ventured once to abandon the subjects taken from mythology in favor of a purely fictitious subject in the *Flower*, which Aristotle found worthy of commendation, though he elsewhere criticises him for his loose handling of the chorus and for faulty plot-construction.

In the *Frogs* Aristophanes puts into the mouth of Dionysus some rather gloomy sentiments about the outlook for tragedy after the death of Euripides and Sophocles. Explaining to Heracles why he has determined to go down to Hades after Euripides, Dionysus says: "I want a clever poet, for the good are all dead and gone—only the worthless are left behind." "What," replies Heracles, "isn't Iophon (the son of Sophocles) still alive?" "Well, that's the only good thing left then, if you can call it good; I'm not quite sure about it myself. I must first find out what he can do without Sophocles to help him." "Then there's Xenocles," suggests Heracles. "Confound Xenocles." "And

Pythangelus."—We can fancy what Dionysus would have said about Pythangelus if he had not been interrupted. There is a good deal of comic exaggeration in this conversation, for the poet was obliged to provide a sufficient motive for the extraordinary adventure of his hero; yet we can well believe that the opinions put into the mouth of Dionysus found a response in the hearts of many an Athenian in the audience. But, though the golden age of tragedy had in truth passed away, yet the next two generations produced several poets who found favor with the Athenians, won the approbation of Aristotle, and were read and quoted for many centuries afterward. The most important were Carcinus, Astydamas, Theodectas, and Chaeremon.

Carcinus was the grandson of the tragic poet Carcinus, ridiculed unmercifully by Aristophanes, and son of Xenocles, who, though so summarily dismissed by the comic poet in the passage just quoted, yet succeeded in defeating Euripides in 415. The younger Carcinus was a pupil of Isocrates and a fair representative of the rhetorical tendency which prevailed in tragic composition in the fourth century. Trammelled by the conventionalities which tradition had established, these products of the school of Isocrates wasted in the cultivation of a florid forensic style talents that would better have been devoted to the truly dramatic side of tragedy. The success of Carcinus in winning eleven victories at the City Dionysia attests his popularity at Athens, which also brought him an invitation to visit the court of Dionysus at Syracuse, where he spent some years.

Astydamas, like Carcinus, was the scion of a family famous in the annals of tragedy. His father was Astydamas, who won his first victory in 398, the son of

Morsimus, of whom the comic poets have much, but nothing good, to say, and Morsimus was in turn the son of Philocles, who defeated Sophocles when the latter brought out the *Oedipus Rex*. This Philocles was the son of Aeschylus' sister, who married the tragic poet Philopeithes. Several other members of the family of Aeschylus were tragic poets, including his two sons, one of whom, Euphorion, had the distinction of defeating both Sophocles and Euripides when the latter produced his *Medea*. Tragic poetry was a profession, and not merely a branch of literature. Father initiated son in the difficult technical arts of musical composition, the training of choruses in dancing and singing, stage-management, and the like. The families of Sophocles and Euripides also illustrate this tendency. Two sons of the former, Iophon and Ariston, and a grandson, Sophocles, who brought out the *Oedipus at Colonus*, gained a name in tragedy, and a son or nephew of Euripides, the younger Euripides, who produced the *Bacchanals* and the *Iphigeneia among the Taurians*, seems to have won several victories. To return to Astydamas the younger, his most notable success was with the *Parthenopaeus*, a subject which seems never to have received tragic treatment before. When it was exhibited in 340 the people were so enthusiastic in their approval of it that they voted the author the honor of a statue in the newly built theatre, an honor hitherto reserved for Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides. Astydamas won fifteen victories in all, eight at the City Dionysia.

Theodectas was one of the most accomplished men of the age. A native of Phaselis in Lycia, he came to Athens, studied under Isocrates and Plato, and became the intimate friend of Aristotle, who was nearly

of the same age. His profession was at first oratory, but he later turned his attention to tragedy, in which he achieved a conspicuous success. The epitaph on his tombstone records the fact that in thirteen contests he won eight victories. Seven of these were at the greater festival. The reputation which he gained as a poet was scarcely greater than his fame as an orator. He was one of the speakers at the panegyric competition in honor of Mausolus at which the historian Theopompus won the prize. He also wrote a much-quoted book on rhetoric.

Chaeremon is the first known representative of a class of tragic poets which soon became numerous—those whose plays were not intended for the stage. He may have exhibited also, but Aristotle expressly mentions him as one of those "who write to be read, whose plays are in everybody's hands." From the very beginning of tragic competitions, many plays were of course written which were not exhibited in the theatre, but they were not published, as were Chaeremon's, nor was the public interested in them. The tendency of which we have spoken, to make tragedy the vehicle of brilliant rhetoric, necessarily led to the production of works which were not adapted to scenic representation. There was now a demand for such plays in cultivated circles, and their authors escaped from the burden of training the chorus and directing the performance. Besides, it had now become the fashion for men who aspired to a literary reputation to undertake the writing of tragedies as an elegant accomplishment.

Nothing remains of these four writers, nor of the lesser tragic poets, which assists us materially in forming an estimate of the style and manner of the tragedy

of the period. But there is extant in the manuscripts of Euripides a play by an unknown author, the *Rhesus*, which is now generally believed to have been written in the first half of the fourth century. It may serve to give us a clearer idea of one kind of tragedy produced after the passing of the golden age. Euripides wrote a *Rhesus*, but not this *Rhesus*, which has only been preserved from destruction by the protection of the great poet's name.

The *Rhesus* is a dramatization of the tenth book of the *Iliad*. The scene is the Trojan camp on the plain of Troy. In the background we see the tent of Hector. The time, between midnight and dawn. Enter the sentinels of the camp, who form the chorus, and summon Hector from his tent. They have come to tell him of strange disturbances in the camp of the Greeks —a multitude of lights, the gathering of the men about Agamemnon's tent, and shouting—and warn him to be on his guard against a hostile attempt. Hector, always too confident, believes that the enemy is planning an escape under cover of darkness. He is about to arouse his army for an attack, but Aeneas, more cautious, advises sending a spy. Dolon volunteers and soon sets out upon his dangerous mission. A shepherd now arrives with the welcome tidings that Rhesus, the long-expected Thracian ally of the Trojans, is approaching with his army. Rhesus himself soon appears and is welcomed by Hector. They plan the coming battle, both confident of an easy victory. Rhesus then retires to rest with his men, at a place designated by Hector just without the camp. The Thracians, as it turns out, wearied by their long march and thinking the neighborhood of Hector's army a sufficient guarantee against

harm, fail to set a watch. After the departure of Rhesus the camp is again hushed in silence except for the chanting of the sentinels as they march back to their posts at the outskirts of the army. For a moment the scene is vacant. At this juncture Odysseus and Diomedes enter the camp. They have caught and slain Dolon, after first getting from him the Trojan watchword for the night. They look into Hector's tent, for they have come to slay him in his sleep, but find the tent empty. As they are about to go back to their camp, Athene appears and urges them to slay Rhesus and lead away his marvellous snow-white horses. Paris, disturbed by noises in the camp, enters just as the two Greeks are about to set out on this new errand, but Athene, by pretending that she is Aphrodite, gets him easily out of the way. Suddenly an alarm is raised. Odysseus enters running, followed by the sentinels, who have just been relieved and are returning to their beds. Odysseus is caught and challenged, but gives the password and is set free. As he slips away in the darkness, the charioteer of Rhesus, all covered with blood, rushes in and announces the murder of his master and the theft of the horses. He accuses Hector of foul play. Hector, evidently moved by the charge but having no defence, sends the charioteer away. Then Terpsichore, mother of Rhesus, comes down from on high to take away the body of his son, reveals the authors of the deed, and curses Odysseus. As the day dawns Hector bids all depart and prepare for battle.

This brief outline will serve to show the main characteristics of the play—realism and movement. There is no pause in the action. The scene is constantly

filled with "alarums and excursions." We catch the air of restlessness which pervades the Trojan camp. The characters are lifelike, though not drawn with delicacy. The most interesting feature is the chorus. It is admirably managed throughout and by no means on conventional lines. Its sympathy with the actors is complete and its part in the action of the first importance for the development of the plot. The choral odes are not long nor ambitious in the lyric sense, but always appropriate. The poet has shown unusual skill in motiving its presence on the scene and especially in removing it at the critical moment when Odysseus and Diomedes are about to enter the camp. The sentinels' station is at the outposts of the camp; their first entrance is for the purpose of informing the chieftain of the doings of the enemy; their reëntry, when they catch Odysseus, is after they have been relieved and are returning to rest. The rôle of Athene reminds us of the opening scene of Sophocles' Ajax, and the *deus ex machina* is in the Euripidean manner. The author was not a great poet, though he was a clever playwright. Evidently a close student of the earlier poets, he was neither a servile imitator nor under the vicious influence of the rhetorical school. We should be glad to believe that the qualities which distinguish this piece—animation, realism, a fair degree of the spectacular without sacrifice of the character-drawing, and clever plot-construction—were not below the level of the average fourth-century tragedy.

The resources of comedy were not exhausted in the fifth century, brilliant as were the achievements of Cratinus, Eupolis, Aristophanes, and the other repre-

sentatives of the Old Comedy. Under these poets it had reached a stage of development comparable to that of tragedy in the early part of the fifth century under Phrynichus and Aeschylus. The age of artistic perfection, represented in tragedy by Sophocles, was still to come. We have seen that the plays of Aristophanes were characterized by extravagant fantasy, youthful exuberance, buffoonery, obscenity, and merciless satire on individuals and the state, all expressed in a form in which plot and the harmonious welding of the parts into an artistic whole counted for little. The chorus had been accepted from tragedy as the necessary central ingredient of the dramatic form, and was employed to assist in the unfolding of an elementary plot. Advantage was taken of its presence to enchance the spectacle through grotesque impersonations, and its numbers added materially to the animation of the action. But, from the artistic point of view, it was constantly used in violation of the dramatic proprieties, especially in the parabasis, where illusion was thrown to the winds and the chorus spoke out on irrelevant topics as the mouthpiece of the poet.

A people penetrated by the artistic instinct of the Athenians was certain to create a more perfect, harmonious, universal form of comedy than this. Within three quarters of a century after the death of Aristophanes the task was accomplished. The interval was a period of transition, designated by general consent as the Middle Comedy. Its limits may be set roughly as 388, the year of Aristophanes' last play, and 321, the date of the first play of Menander. The New Comedy may be said to begin with the latter date and to extend to about 250. All dates, however, which are set to mark

periods in a branch of literature whose growth and development were constant and gradual, must be accepted as in some degree arbitrary.

The changes which comedy underwent before it reached a universal form were normal and inevitable, but they were accelerated at two critical epochs by changes in the political, social, and intellectual conditions at Athens. The first, at the end of the fifth century, were the results of the Peloponnesian War, which shattered the imperialistic aspirations of Athens, broke the spirit of the extreme democracy, directed the attention of the people more to internal affairs, tempered the violence of party strife, and paved the way for an improved social and intellectual life. The second epoch was the overthrow of Greek freedom by Alexander, which made possible the thoughtful and refined cosmopolitan society of the third century. But it is important to remember that these events did not interrupt the normal growth of comedy, but only hastened a process that had already made noticeable headway.

Aristotle, writing during his last residence in Athens (335–323), remarks that the poet Crates, who was about a decade earlier than Aristophanes, had initiated important changes in the spirit of the Old Comedy. Putting aside the lampooning of individuals, he "generalized" his plots. The kind of mirth which the other poets excited, he explains elsewhere, was essentially malicious, for it involved the discomfiture of another. A higher form of humor is that which derives pleasure from the frailties and foibles of human nature in general, in such a way as not to inflict pain. He might have gone further and included "the incongruities, absurdities, and cross-purposes of life, its blunders and

its discords, its imperfect correspondences and adjustments, and that in matters intellectual as well as moral" (Butcher). In another passage Aristotle calls attention to a difference between the Old Comedy and that of his time in the matter of refinement and good taste; the coarse obscenity habitual to the former had given way to the innuendo; the language is now such as it is honorable for a gentleman to enjoy. We learn from these observations two important tendencies of the Middle Comedy, which became characteristics of the New. With Crates, who began those changes, we may associate one of the best-known of the comic poets of the time, Plato, not to be confounded with his namesake, the philosopher. Plato's life extended into the period of the Middle Comedy, and he is often spoken of as a representative of that period. Aristophanes himself, in his later plays, modified both his abusiveness and his obscenity, and thus participated, though not markedly, in the new movement.

The poets of the Middle and New Comedy were more fortunate than the contemporary tragic poets in that they were not fettered by conventionalities fixed by the practice of their predecessors, either as to subject-matter or as to form. There was no recognized normal pattern after which Aristophanes modelled his plays, as we have seen. There was the general attempt to approximate the structure of tragedy, but in a very loose manner. The later plays of Aristophanes omit the parabasis altogether, and in general make a more limited use of the chorus. The parabasis, which was probably a characteristic feature of the early nuptial comus, taken over into comedy in spite of its violations of the principles of dramatic art, always was of the

nature of an alien growth and very naturally disappeared altogether in the fourth century. The chorus, which was by no means essential to the dramatic form and was in fact imported into comedy from tragedy, diminished gradually in importance and at some time during the period of the New Comedy was omitted entirely, or at least was employed in an entirely different function—to fill in the pauses of the action. When this point was reached, comedy had arrived at its full growth, structurally, and had become, like a modern play, a succession of acts, each conducing to the development and solution of a plot.

No less important was the freedom from limitations as to subject-matter. The range of subjects was limited only by the inventiveness of the poets, as in the earlier period. But the early poets had left almost untouched the most fertile field of all—human nature and society—while they had exhausted the field of politics. At least we may believe that the public, after the fall of Athens, the revolution, and the restoration of the democracy, no longer cared to grant to the comic poets the old license, and would no longer allow them to assume the old rôle of censors of statesmen, public men, and matters of state policy and administration. The taste of the age, besides, was different. The tumultuous and extravagant fantasy of the preceding age could not satisfy a people who had learned to find pleasure in the elegant discussions of the schools of rhetoric and philosophy, in fine observations and analysis. There was need of a nearer approach to real life. But the transition was not made without attempts in other directions. During the Middle Comedy parodies of mythological subjects were especially in vogue.

The stories of the births, marriages, banquets, and gallant adventures of the gods were turned to ridicule. It was an age of rationalism and the people doubtless sympathized with such attacks upon the absurd features of the old religion. There were also parodies of tragedies and the stories of the epic, and the current schools of philosophy did not escape. But the most significant tendency was the increasing attention given to subjects from daily life, as such titles as these indicate: the *Fuller*, the *Fisherwoman*, the *Master of Arms*. Stock characters appear oftener, such as the parasite, the cook, and the blustering soldier. In the plays of this class we see the beginnings of the New Comedy.

The number of comedies produced in the fourth century was enormous. Athenaeus asserts that he had read 800 comedies of this period. We know that the number of comedies produced at each festival was increased from three to five, so that the number of comedies performed at Athens yearly was ten, to say nothing of the outside exhibitions. Of the numerous poets whose names we know three stand out from the rest—Anaxandrides, Antiphanes, and Alexis.

Anaxandrides was a native of Rhodes, born near the turn of the fourth century. He won ten victories in all, of which seven were at the City Dionysia. He is said to have given prominence in his plays to intrigue and runaway marriages. These two fragments give an idea of his manner:

HEALTH, BEAUTY, WEALTH

Whoe'er it was that made the drinking song,
Who put health first, as though it were the best,
So far was right;—but second he set beauty,

And riches third! There he, you see, was daft;
For after health is wealth the chiefest thing,—
A handsome starveling is a wretched beast!
Lawton.

MARRIAGE

A man who doubts if he should marry,
Or thinks he has good cause to tarry,
Is foolish if he takes a wife,
The source of half the plagues in life!
A poor man to a rich wife sold
Exchanges liberty for gold.
If she has nothing, then, 'tis true,
There is a different ill to rue;
For now he has, with all his need,
Two mouths instead of one to feed.
Perhaps she's ugly; married life
Thenceforth is never-ending strife!
Perhaps she's pretty; then *your* boast
Is made by all your friends their toast.
Does ugly, handsome, poor, or rich,
Bring most ill luck?—I know not which.
Paley.

Antiphanes was also a non-Athenian by birth, as was an increasing number of the poets of Athens from the fourth century on. Born about 385, he died about 310, after having exhibited almost fifty years. We are told that he was the author of from 280 to 365 plays, but these figures can hardly be trustworthy. He was, however, an exceptionally productive poet, which perhaps accounts for the fact that he won so few victories, relatively—thirteen in all, five only at the City Dionysia. The following fragment is the best possible illustration of the fact to which allusion has already been made—

the restriction of tragedy to a narrow cycle of mythological subjects, worked over *ad nauseam* by earlier poets, and the freedom of the comic poet in this respect —an advantage of which Antiphanes here pretends to complain!

THE COMIC POET'S GRIEVANCES

Happy in every way the lot
Of tragic poets! First, because the tale
Is perfectly to the spectators known,
Ere aught is said. The poet only need
Remind them: for if I say "*Oedipus*,"
Why, all the rest they know. . . .
Besides, when they have nothing more to say,
Then like a finger their machine they raise,
And that suffices for their audience.
Nothing of this have we, but everything
We must invent: new names, new circumstance,
Present conditions, the catastrophe,
The episodes. If one be overlooked,
Chremes and Pheidon hiss us from the stage.

Lawton.

Undoubtedly the greatest poet of the Middle Comedy was Alexis, a native of Thurii in Southern Italy. In his remarkably long life of over 100 years (376 to 271) he witnessed the complete evolution of the New Comedy from the Middle and actively participated in both, for his literary activity extended from about 357 to his death. The fragments reveal a poet of unusual gifts of humor and invention. The philosophical strain, the half-serious, half-humorous reflections on the problems of life and death, illustrated in the first selection, is entirely in the manner of the New Comedy.

VANITY FAIR

This is a mere excursion we enjoy,
We who are living, who are but released—
As for some festival—from death and gloom.
For our diversion we to light are sent,—
This light of life; and whoso laughs and drinks
And loves the most, in the brief time we here
May tarry, and at the banquet wins him so
The prize,—he best contented hies him home!

Lawton.

FISH

Living and dead the monsters of the deep
As foes to man their evil influence keep.
A boat's capsized: a shark is close, and swallows
The wretch who helpless in the breakers wallows.
He's caught by fish; but when they're caught by us,
Dead though they be, they put us in a fuss;
So dear are they to buy, we've lost our all
If once we stop to haggle at a stall.

Paley.

WINE AND MAN

In wine and man this difference appears:
The old man bores you, but the old wine cheers.
Men do not, like your wine, improve by age;
The more their years, the less their ways engage.

Paley.

The New Comedy differed from the Middle Comedy in form in two respects—the chorus was either omitted or used only to fill the pauses between acts, and a new kind of prologue was introduced. Instead of employing the opening scene to explain the subject and the

plot, one of the characters of the piece, or sometimes a fanciful creation like "Air" or "Fear," came forward and gave the necessary preliminary indications as to the theme, scene of action, and the like. This device enabled the poet to put himself *en rapport* with the audience at the start, for he made the most of this opportunity for humorous turns or even for personal allusions, and to begin the action immediately in the first act. The all-important distinction, however, was the complete realization of the ideal toward which the poets of the fourth century had been groping—to give comedy as its exclusive subject the faithful representation of contemporary life, and therefore, to a large degree, of all life. Philemon and Menander promptly grasped this ideal and thereby created a new type of literature—the comedy of manners. In making comedy the mirror of human life and experience they were but following the example set by Euripides in tragedy a century before. From now on the names of Euripides and Menander were joined together as the typical and unexcelled representatives of tragedy and comedy in the portrayal of the pathos and the humor of man's doings and destiny.

We possess a large number of fragments of the poets of the New Comedy, many of them of high literary merit and of more than usual general interest, for these poets excelled in crystallizing into a few pithy words the maxims of life and coined proverbs which have passed in large numbers into the world's common stock of aphoristic wisdom. But the best idea of the nature of the New Comedy is to be gained from the Roman comic poets, Plautus and Terence, who frankly took their plays from the Greek with little alteration,

though they often impaired the simplicity of the plots of the originals by introducing complicating episodes. We also learn from the *Characters* of Theophrastus, who succeeded Aristotle in the direction of the Lyceum, something of the fine analysis of character which underlay the truthful portrayals of the New Comedy; for these interesting sketches of common human types were admittedly drawn, not from life as Theophrastus observed it, but from representations of the comic stage. Every phase of life, every human passion and failing, were depicted with profound insight, with an unerring instinct for the humorous side, but at the same time with a universal sympathy which contrasts strongly with the merciless satire of the Old Comedy. Great characters of marked individuality, such as Shakspeare's Falstaff, were not created, but rather types of common characters, such as the indulgent father, the intriguing slave, the parasite, the blustering soldier, the prostitute, the spoiled and extravagant son, the too-trustful girl, and the like. The passion of love is of course prominent in this literature, in fact is the essential element in almost every play, as it is in the modern novel. Indeed the romantic novel has many points of similarity with the New Comedy.

The greatest poets of the New Comedy were, in chronological order, Philemon, Menander, Diphilus, Poseidippus, and Apollodorus. The literary activity of all five falls between 330 and 250. We shall present in greater detail only the two who were regarded by antiquity as distinctly superior to all the rest, Philemon and Menander.

Philemon was by birth a Syracusan, but was admitted into Athenian citizenship. His first victory in a comic

contest was won in 327. He died about 262. In his long life of ninety-nine years he produced nearly ninety plays. By all accounts he was more popular at Athens during his lifetime than his contemporary and rival, Menander, but the verdict of posterity has unanimously given the palm to the latter. The following selections illustrate particularly the serious side of the poet:

HONESTY

Not honest he who weakly does no wrong,
But he who will not do it when he's strong;
Nor he who timidly resists small gains,
But who from great, though safely held, abstains;
Nor who from rules of casuists derives
Pedantic virtue, but who ever strives,
With disposition guileless and sincere,
Honest to be, not merely to appear.

Paley.

MANY MEN MANY MINDS

Why, pray, did he who made us, as 'tis told,
And all the beasts besides,—Prometheus,—give
To other animals one nature each?
For full of courage are the lions all,
And every hare, again, is timorous.
One fox is not of crafty spirit, one
Straightforward; but if you shall bring together
Three times ten thousand foxes, you will find
One character is common to them all.
But we,—so many as our bodies are,
No less diverse our natures you will find.

Lawton.

PEACE IS HAPPINESS

It is a question of philosophers,
So have I heard, whereon much time is spent,—
What is the real Good. None find it. One
Says Virtue; and another Prudence. I,
Who in the country dwell, and dig the earth,
Have found it: it is Peace! O dearest Zeus,
How loving is the goddess, and how kind!
Marriages, festivals, kin, children, friends,
Food, wine, health, riches, happiness, she gives.
And if of all these things we are deprived,
Dead is the life of men while yet they live!

Lawton.

THE SNAIL

A happy creature is your snail indeed!
Just where he pleases he can live and feed.
And if a neighbor gives him any bother,
With house on back he moves off to another!

Paley.

THE FEAR OF GOD

Have faith in God and fear; seek not to know him;
For thou wilt gain naught else beyond thy search:
Whether he is or is not, shun to ask:
As one who is, and sees thee, always fear him.

Symonds.

Menander, the "star of the New Comedy," as the ancients called him, was born in 342 and died about 292. In his birth, temperament, education, and environment he was unusually blessed by fortune. His parents were Athenians of the beautiful village of Cephisia, near Athens. Alexis, the great poet of the

Middle Comedy, was his uncle. In his early manhood he came under the influence of Theophrastus and Epicurus, one the thoughtful student of philosophy, natural history, and rhetoric, the other the genial preacher of the doctrine of pleasure. Endowed with an ample fortune, he was happy in the love of Glycera, with whom he spent what the ancients considered an ideal life at his villa in Peiraeus. The mutual affection of Menander and Glycera became in later times the theme of romantic writers. His amiable personal qualities and his beauty endeared him to all; even his one defect was turned to his credit in this description: "With a squint of the eyes but clear-visioned of mind." His favorite author was Euripides, the poet of human life, whose influence upon him was marked. But in the exquisite delicacy of his art and in his instinct for harmony of form and grace of expression he is rather to be compared with Sophocles. With reference to the fidelity with which he mirrored life an ancient admirer exclaimed: "Menander and Life, which of you is the imitator of the other?" In the thirty years from the time of his first appearance as a poet (321) to his death, he composed over one hundred plays. His popularity with the Athenian audiences seems to have been less than that of Philemon; he won only eight victories. His conscientiousness as an artist may account for this in part. But after his death he was the favorite comic poet with both the Greek and Roman world, and hundreds of proverbs which he first coined were current in all conditions of society long after the Christian era. It was mainly Menander's influence that determined Roman comedy, and, through this medium, established the type of comedy for modern Europe.

Only fragments of Menander are preserved, except in the Latin translations. There is ground for hope, however, that a complete play will yet be recovered. His popularity in antiquity must have caused a great many copies of his works to be made. How it happened that no manuscript survived till the age of printing is a mystery. There is, indeed, a notice of the eighteenth century concerning a manuscript of his plays still existing in Constantinople, and there have been reports of another in the Vatican ; but persistent search in the libraries of Europe has brought none to light. Within the last quarter century, however, and especially in the past five years, several of the longest fragments which we possess have been discovered on papyri from Egypt, so that it is possible that one day a complete roll will be found. If we except Sappho, the loss of no Greek author has been so keenly felt by the modern world. A few selections from the fragments follow :

MAN'S TROUBLES

All brutes created—count them if you can—
More happy are and have more sense than man.
See ! here's a donkey first ; all say, " Poor thing !"
And yet no troubles from himself do spring.
He only bears the hard lot nature gave ;
But we besides self-centred evils have.
Should some one sneeze, we're vexed ; if words are said
That sting, we're angry ; a bad dream we dread ;
A hooting owl will fill us with affright !
Such follies make not nature's burdens light,
For thus we are weighted with imported ill ;
Laws, strifes, and party views our cup of misery fill.

Paley.

WHOM THE GODS LOVE DIE YOUNG

Whom the gods love die young; that man is blest
  Who having viewed at ease this solemn show
  Of sun, stars, ocean, fire, doth quickly go
  Back to his home with calm uninjured breast.
Be life or short or long, 'tis manifest
  Thou ne'er wilt see things goodlier, Parmeno,
  Than these; then take thy sojourn here as though
  Thou wert some playgoer or wedding-guest.
The sooner sped, the saflier to thy rest,
  Well-furnished, foe to none, with strength at need
  Shalt thou return; while he who tarries late,
Faints on the road out-worn, with age oppressed,
  Harassed by foes whom life's dull tumults breed;
  Thus ill dies he for whom death long doth wait.

A paraphrase by Symonds.

THE CLAIMS OF LONG DESCENT

Our family! 'Twill be the death of me!
Pray, if you love me, mother, harp no more
Upon our family! 'Tis they to whom
Nature accords no other excellence
Who trust to monuments, or high descent,
And count how many ancestors were theirs!
Nor have they more than all men:
  Who doth live
That had not grandsires? Else how came he here?
And if he cannot name them, 'tis some change
Of home, or lack of friends, accounts for this;
And wherein is he worse than those who boast?
He who is fitted for heroic deeds,
Mother, although he be an African,
Or savage Scythian,—he is noble born.
Was Anacharsis not a Scythian?

Lawton.

KNOW THYSELF

When thou wouldst know thyself, what man thou art,
Look at the tombstones as thou passest by :
Within those monuments lie bones and dust
Of monarchs, tyrants, sages, men whose pride
Rose high because of wealth, or noble blood,
Or haughty soul, or loveliness of limb ;
Yet none of these things strove for them 'gainst time :
One common death hath ta'en all mortal men.
See thou to this, and know thee who thou art.

Symonds.

KNOW THY NEIGHBOR

For many reasons 'tis unwisely said
To know thyself ; more profitable it is
To know thy neighbors !

Lawton.

THE HUNGRY GUEST

The gods confound the man who first invented
This measuring time by hours ! Confound him, too,
Who first set up a sun-dial—chopping up
My day into these miserable slices !
When I was young I had no dial but appetite,
The very best and truest of all timepieces ;
When that said ' Eat,' I ate—if I could get it.
But now, even when I've the chance to eat, I must not,
Unless the sun be willing ! for the town
Is grown so full of those same cursed dials,
That more than half the population starve !

Collins, from a translation by Plautus.

APHORISMS

The heavy stone that from the hand is hurled
We cannot check, nor word that leaves the tongue.

Grievous indeed has been our error, when
We are ashamed to tell the deed we do.

Thrice wretched, who by his economies
Hath hoarded hatred doubling all his wealth.

'Tis not the quantity we drink that marks
The drunkard, but our own capacity!

Who would command, and is not soldier-bred,
Leads forth but sacrifices to the foe.

Lawton.

A joke without a point, inane and bald,
Itself a joke on joking may be called.

A handsome person, with perverted will,
Is a fine craft that's handled without skill.

Let not your friend your cherished secrets hear;
Then, if you quarrel, you've no cause for fear.

More love a mother than a father shows:
He thinks this is his son; she only knows.

Marriage, if truth be told (of this be sure),
An evil is—but one we must endure.

Paley.

A good wife is the rudder of a house.

A virtuous woman is man's salvation.

He is well-cleansed that hath his conscience clean.

The workman still is greater than his work.

Common are the things of friends.

Poor soil makes brave men.

Evil communications corrupt good manners.
(Quoted by St. Paul.)

CHAPTER XVIII

THEOCRITUS AND HIS AGE

Literary Athens in the Fourth Century—The Effect of the Loss of Political Freedom upon Greek Literature—The Spread of Greek Civilization with Alexander's Conquests—Characteristics of the Alexandrine Literature—Bucolic Poetry—Theocritus—Bion and Moschus—*Selections.*

During the fourth century before Christ Athens maintained unchallenged her position as the fountain-head and home of Greek letters. After the Peloponnesian war the political leadership had passed first to Lacedæmon and then to Thebes; and Athens had not fully regained her old prestige when the power of Macedon began to dominate Greek politics. But none the less the greatest poets, historians, and philosophers continued as before to make their home in the Attic capital. To have a recognized standing there in the schools of rhetoric and philosophy, before the courts and popular assembly, in the theatre, or in the more purely literary circles, was the natural ambition of every aspiring writer of the Greek world. Syracuse had not ceased to produce writers of merit, but even the efforts and example of the elder Dionysius could not make her a rival of Athens. The literary aspirations of Dionysius himself were not satisfied until his tragedies had been crowned by a victory in the Athenian theatre; and Plato, in spite of his dissatisfaction with the Athenian democracy, found the atmosphere of the

Sicilian capital uncongenial. The attitude of Athens toward the stranger of Greek birth was hospitable and generous. Merit was frankly recognized, and even Athenian citizenship was freely conferred upon those who brought honor to their adopted city. The society of literary people there consequently became more and more cosmopolitan.

The political supremacy of Macedon after the battle of Chæronea (338) was responsible for momentous changes both in the character of Greek literature and in the relation of Athens to it. With the death of political liberty in Greece, the creative spirit, and the genius which goes with it, slowly but surely passed away. There were still writers innumerable. The art of elegant composition in prose and verse survived, but the spirit was fettered. The conditions which had produced Homer, Sappho, Sophocles, Aristophanes, Thucydides, Plato, and Demosthenes had departed forever. Greece was yet to produce great writers, but the distinctively Hellenic flavor which had made the earlier literature preëminent for all time was gradually weakened, and then lost altogether. The quick and wholesome reaction of an intelligent populace upon the poets, orators, and historians, who addressed the public directly and depended upon the popular verdict—a relationship which was possible only in a free citizen-state—now gave place to the unsafe and often capricious judgment of a literary oligarchy. The result was affectation in place of simplicity. One exception, however, must be noted. For at least two generations after Alexander's death the conditions of dramatic performances at Athens favored the cultivation of the comedy of manners. The New Comedy of

Philemon, Menander, and their successors was essentially a new type of literature, a fresh and natural adaptation of an old form to new conditions. It was the last flower of literature that sprang spontaneously from the soil of Attica.

The loss of the old creative spirit, however, was in part compensated by the wider diffusion of Greek culture which followed the conquests of Alexander. Greek civilization was spread throughout Asia and Egypt, and over portions of Europe which had once been counted barbarian. The cultivated world came to speak and to write Greek. In the kingdoms which arose from Alexander's empire new centres of culture sprang up and became centres of learning and literature. Alexandria in Egypt, and later, Pergamum in the Troad, now shared with Athens, Syracuse, and the lesser capitals the distinction which had once belonged almost exclusively to Athens. Athens continued to be the greatest university town, on account of her ancient prestige and her flourishing schools of philosophy; but Alexandria soon attracted the writers of best ability. The period extending from about the beginning of the third century down to the Roman conquest is known as the Alexandrine period of Greek literature. The literature of the post-classical period—in fact, the whole civilization—is often called "Hellenistic," from the fact that, while Hellenic in its general character, the people who participated in it were not exclusively pure Hellenes. But the term is somewhat vague and often misused.

The literature of the Alexandrine age, with the exception of the New Comedy, was essentially a book-literature—that is, the authors addressed a reading

public and no longer the people at large through oral recitation or performance. This was true even of tragedy to a considerable extent, Chæremon, a poet of the fourth century, having first set the example of writing tragedies not intended for the stage. In the second place, it was mainly an imitative or derivative, and not an original, literature. The canons of the great classical writers in each branch were established, their unapproachable excellence acknowledged, and the new poets, instead of drawing their inspiration directly from life, labored, by careful study of the old models, to reproduce their literary qualities. The most extensive as well as the best work of this kind was the *Argonautica* of Apollonius of Rhodes (194 B. C.), an epic narrative of Jason's quest of the golden fleece—a good example of the "literary" as opposed to the "natural" epic. Mention should also be made of the Hymns to the Gods by Callimachus (260 B. C.), and the famous *Hymn to Zeus* by Cleanthes.

As a direct result of the conditions above outlined, Alexandrine poetry tended to be highly artificial and affected. Lyric poetry flourished mainly in the form of the elegy and the epigram. As the artistic taste of the time showed a predilection for cut gems, so the elegant epigram of from four to eight verses found especial favor. A very large number of the poems of the Anthology go back to this period. The epigram was diverted from its original use for commemorative or dedicatory inscriptions, and was largely employed as a vehicle for conceits on any topic of interest to the literary circles. The elegy was closely related to the epigram, but permitted of the more extended, ballad-like narrative of love-adventures, tales from

mythology, and complimentary descriptions of court favorites. The *Lock of Berenice*, by Callimachus, preserved in the translation of Catullus, illustrates the character of much of the poetry of the period. The poet relates how some tresses of hair which Berenice, queen of Ptolemy III, had laid upon an altar, had been taken by the gods and placed among the constellations of the heavens. The Alexandrine elegiac poets exercised a strong influence upon the Roman poets of the Augustan age.

It was an age also of science and erudition. The first Ptolemy had founded at Alexandria the Museum, where men of learning came together for study and instruction and were maintained at the expense of the king. A great library was founded in connection with this 'Temple of the Muses,' and another elsewhere in the city, the two containing over five hundred thousand rolls. The great library at Pergamum contained over two hundred thousand rolls when its treasures were presented to Cleopatra by Antony and incorporated with the libraries at Alexandria. Famous scholars were placed at the head of these libraries. They took up the lines of work which Aristotle had inaugurated at Athens, and gathered about themselves men of encyclopædic learning. Great attention was given to literary history and criticism, biography, mythology, chronology, philology, astronomy, mathematics, and the other sciences. From these hothouses of learning sprang up a multitude of books on every conceivable subject, works which laid the foundations of modern knowledge in many branches—as, for example, the famous *Elements* of Euclid. It was at Alexandria, under the patronage of the Ptolemies, that the

Septuagint translation of the Old Testament was made.

It was during the first half-century of the Alexandrine period, a time so unfavorable to original creations in pure literature, that the last flower of true Greek poesy came to bloom. The bucolic or pastoral poetry of Theocritus represented a natural reaction from the conventionalities of the over-refined life of the Egyptian court, with its luxuries, flatteries, and artificial standards of taste. It was a revolt from art to nature. Sicily was the birthplace of this branch of poetry, which was, in the main, the natural outgrowth of the conditions of peasant life in Sicily. We have already had occasion to note, in connection with the comedies of Epicharmus, the innate gift of mimicry and dramatic impersonation possessed by the Sicilians, in common with the southern Italians. Sophron (about 440 B. C.) developed one species of mimic poetry, the mime or farce, in which detached situations were represented, but without a real plot. Again, there was current among the Sicilian peasantry a romantic legend of the shepherd Daphnis, who pined away and died for love. Stesichorus seems to have been the first to introduce Daphnis into literature. And finally the shepherds had the custom of contending in song for a prize, singing alternate strains to the accompaniment of the shepherd's pipe. These three elements all entered into the type of bucolic poetry brought to perfection by Theocritus.

The bucolic poets employed the hexameter verse. But the shepherd's song approaches lyric poetry somewhat in form, in that, as a rule, several verses are bound together into groups or stanzas, either by the

thought or by recurring verses, which constitute a refrain. The term "bucolic," which strictly implies only the neatherd, is freely used to include the shepherd, goatherd, swineherd, or representatives of other rural occupations. The single poem is called an "idyll," or "little picture," which is really a broader term than bucolic, for it includes also the poems of a dramatic or descriptive nature which are not pastoral.

Theocritus (about 270 B. C.), the greatest of the pastoral poets, was born either in Syracuse or on the island of Cos. He probably spent a large part of his life at Syracuse, where he enjoyed the patronage of Hiero II. He also was connected with the court of Ptolemy Philadelphus at Alexandria. His poems addressed to these monarchs show that he was not unskilled in the servile flattery with which the satellites of the court addressed their royal patrons. He was a member of the literary group which centred in Cos, to which the poet Aratus, whom St. Paul quotes (Acts xvii, 28), also belonged. He wrote mainly in the Dorian dialect of Sicily. Thirty-one poems and some epigrams are handed down under his name, some of which, however, are later imitations. About half of these poems, most of which may properly be called idylls, are bucolic in their character. Others are mimes, scenes from mythology, and occasional poems.

Theocritus does not escape entirely from the artificiality of his age. Under the mask of shepherds' names he often introduces himself and his literary friends. Nor do his shepherds always employ language perfectly in keeping with their character. The erotic strain that is present in most of the idylls is also a mark of the Alexandrine age. But in spite of these

limitations, which are equally true of all pastoral poetry, from Vergil's *Eclogues* to Milton's *Lycidas* and Shelley's *Adonais*, Theocritus reveals everywhere a true feeling for nature and a genuine sympathy for the experiences of rural life.

Of the two other pastoral poets of Greece, Bion and Moschus, we know little more than that the former was a younger contemporary of Theocritus and that Moschus was a pupil of Bion. Bion's *Lament for Adonis*, a rather extravagant and turgid poem, has been imitated by Shelley. The *Lament for Bion*, by Moschus, has been much admired, and contains some exquisite passages. The works of these poets, and of Theocritus, as well as some imitations of unknown authorship, are preserved in a collection made in the time of Augustus. At the head of the collection was placed the following bucolic idyll of Theocritus, evidently because it was considered by antiquity, as it still is to-day, the most perfect and charming poem of its kind. I quote it entire:

THE DEATH OF DAPHNIS

THYRSIS AND A GOATHERD

TH. Sweet are the whispers of yon pine that makes
Low music o'er the spring, and, Goatherd, sweet
Thy piping; second thou to Pan alone.
Is his the hornèd ram? then thine the goat.
Is his the goat? to thee shall fall the kid;
And toothsome is the flesh of unmilked kids.

GO. Shepherd, thy lay is as the noise of streams
Falling and falling aye from yon tall crag.
If for their meed the Muses claim the ewe,
Be thine the stall-fed lamb; or if they choose
The lamb, take thou the scarce less-valued ewe.

TH. Pray, by the nymphs, pray, Goatherd, seat thee here
Against this hill-slope in the tamarisk shade,
And pipe me somewhat, while I guard thy goats.

GO. I durst not, Shepherd, O I durst not pipe
At noontide; fearing Pan, who at that hour
Rests from the toil of hunting. Harsh is he;
Wrath at his nostrils aye sits sentinel.
But, Thrysis, thou canst sing of Daphnis' woes;
High is thy name for woodland minstrelsy:
Then rest we in the shadow of the elm
Fronting Priapus and the Fountain-nymphs.
There, where the oaks are and the Shepherd's seat,
Sing as thou sang'st erewhile, when matched with him
Of Libya, Chromis; and I 'll give thee, first,
To milk, ay thrice, a goat—she suckles twins,
Yet ne'ertheless can fill two milk-pails full;—
Next, a deep drinking-cup, with sweet wax scoured,
Two-handled, newly carven, smacking yet
O' the chisel. Ivy reaches up and climbs
About its lip, gilt here and there with sprays
Of woodbine, that enwreathed about it flaunts
Her saffron fruitage. Framed therein appears
A damsel ('tis a miracle of art)
In robe and snood: and suitors at her side,
With locks fair-flowing, on her right and left,
Battle with words, that fail to reach her heart.
She, laughing, glances now on this, flings now
Her chance regards on that: they, all for love
Wearied and eye-swoln, find their labour lost.
Carven elsewhere an ancient fisher stands
On the rough rocks; thereto the old man with pains
Drags his great casting-net, as one that toils
Full stoutly: every fibre of his frame
Seems fishing; so about the gray-beard's neck
(In might a youngster yet) the sinews swell.
Hard by that wave-beat sire a vineyard bends
Beneath its graceful load of burnished grapes;
A boy sits on the rude fence watching them.
Near him two foxes: down the rows of grapes

One ranging steals the ripest; one assails
With wiles the poor lad's scrip, to leave him soon
Stranded and supperless. He plaits meanwhile
With ears of corn a right fine cricket-trap,
And fits it on a rush : for vines, for scrip,
Little he cares, enamoured of his toy.
The cup is hung all round with lissom briar,
Triumph of Æolian art, a wondrous sight
It was a ferryman's of Calydon :
A goat it cost me, and a great white cheese.
Ne'er yet my lips came near it, virgin still
It stands. And welcome to such boon art thou,
If for my sake thou'lt sing that lay of lays.
I jest not : up, lad, sing : no songs thou'lt own
In the dim land where all things are forgot.

THE SONG OF THYRSIS

Begin, sweet maids, begin the woodland song.
The voice of Thrysis. Ætna's Thrysis I.
Where were ye, Nymphs, oh where, while Daphnis pined?
In fair Peneüs, or in Pindus' glens?
For great Anapus' stream was not your haunt,
Nor Ætna's cliff, nor Acis' sacred rill.
Begin, sweet maids, begin the woodland song.
O'er him the wolves, the jackals howled o'er him;
The lion in the oak-copse mourned his death.
Begin, sweet maids, begin the woodland song.
The kine and oxen stood around his feet,
The heifers and the calves wailed all for him.
Begin, sweet maids, begin the woodland song.
First from the mountain Hermes came, and said,
"Daphnis, who frets thee? Lad, whom lov'st thou so?"
Begin, sweet maids, begin the woodland song.
Came herdsmen, shepherds came, and goatherds came;
All asked what ailed the lad. Priapus came
And said, "Why pine, poor Daphnis, while the maid
Foots it round every pool and every grove."
Begin, sweet maids, begin the woodland song.
"O lack-love and perverse, in quest of thee;

Herdsman in name, but goatherd rightlier called.
With eyes that yearn the goatherd marks his kids
Run riot, for he fain would frisk as they:"
Begin, sweet maids, begin the woodland song.
"With eyes that yearn dost thou too mark the laugh
Of maidens, for thou may'st not share their glee."
Still naught the herdsman said: he drained alone
His bitter portion, till the fatal end.
Begin, sweet maids, begin the woodland song.
Came Aphroditè, smiles on her sweet face,
False smiles, for heavy was her heart, and spake:
"So, Daphnis, thou must try a fall with Love!
But stalwart Love hath won the fall of thee."
Begin, sweet maids, begin the woodland song.
Then "Ruthless Aphroditè," Daphnis said,
"Accursèd Aphroditè, foe to man!
Say'st thou mine hour has come, my sun hath set?
Dead or alive, shall Daphnis work Love woe."
Begin, sweet maids, begin the woodland song.
"Fly to Mount Ida, where the swain (men say)
And Aphroditè—to Anchises fly;
There are oak forests, here but galingale,
And bees that make a music round the hives."
Begin, sweet maids, begin the woodland song.
"Adonis owed his bloom to tending flocks
And smiting hares, and bringing wild beasts down."
Begin, sweet maids, begin the woodland song.
"Face once more Diomed: tell him, 'I have slain
The herdsman Daphnis; now I challenge thee.'"
Begin, sweet maids, begin the woodland song.
"Farewell, wolf, jackal, mountain-prisoned bear!
Ye 'll see no more by grove or glad or glen
Your herdsman Daphnis! Arethuse, farewell,
And the bright streams that flow down Thymbris' side
Begin, sweet maids, begin the woodland song.
"I am that Daphnis who lead here my kine,
Bring here to drink my oxen and my calves."
Begin, sweet maids, begin the woodland song.
"Pan, Pan, oh, whether great Lyceum's crags

Thou haunt'st to-day, or mightier Mænalus,
Come to the Sicel isle! Abandon now
Rhium and Helicè, and the mountain-cairn
(That e'en gods cherish) of Lycaon's son!"
Forget, sweet maids, forget your woodland song.
"Come, king of song, o'er this my pipe, compact
With wax and honey-breathing, arch thy lip:
For surely I am torn from life by Love."
Forget, sweet maids, forget your woodland song.
"From thicket now and thorn let violets spring,
Now let white lilies drape the juniper,
And pines grow figs, and nature all go wrong;
For Daphnis dies. Let deer pursue the hounds,
And mountain-owls out-sing the nightingale."
Forget, sweet maids, forget your woodland song.
So spake he, and he never spake again.
Fain Aphroditè would have raised his head;
But all his thread was spun. So down the stream
Went Daphnis: closed the waters o'er a head
Dear to the Nine, of Nymphs not unbeloved.
Forget, sweet maids, forget your woodland song.

Now give me goat and cup; that I may milk
The one and pour the other to the Muse.
Fare ye well, Muses, o'er and o'er farewell!
I'll sing strains lovelier yet in days to be.
Go. Thyrsis, let honey and the honey-comb
Fill thy sweet mouth, and figs of Ægilus:
For ne'er cicala trilled so sweet a song.
Here is the cup: mark, friend, how sweet it smells;
The Hours, thou'lt say, have washed it in their well.
Hither, Cissætha! Thou, go milk her! Kids,
Be steady, or your pranks will rouse the ram.

Calverley.

The poem of Theocritus which best represents the purely dramatic idyll, or mime, is the famous dialogue between two women, Gorgo and Praxinoë, Syracusans of the middle class residing in Alexandria. It is the

day of the festival of Adonis, the fair youth whom Aphrodite loved. The goddess so grieved for him, slain in early manhood by a wild boar during a chase, that the gods of the lower world permitted him to spend one half of every year with her upon the earth. The festival of his resurrection was widely celebrated by the women with oriental extravagance and passion. But in Theocritus our interest is not in the festival, but in the natural and unaffected talk of the two women. The poem has been called "a leaf torn from the book of life," and Andrew Lang says of it: "Nothing could be more gay and natural than the chatter of the women, which has changed no more in two thousand years than the song of birds." The whole of the dialogue portion follows in Lang's translation:

GORGO. Is Praxinoë at home?

PRAXINOE. Dear Gorgo, how long it is since you have been here! She *is* at home. The wonder is that you have got here at last! Eunoë, see that she has a chair. Throw a cushion on it too.

G. It does most charmingly as it is.

P. Do sit down.

G. Oh, what a thing spirit is! I have scarcely got to you alive, Praxinoë! What a huge crowd, what hosts of four-in-hands! Everywhere cavalry boots, everywhere men in uniform! And the road is endless: yes, you really live *too* far away!

P. It is all the fault of that madman of mine. Here he came to the end of the earth and took—a hole, not a house, and all that we might not be neighbours. The jealous wretch, always the same, ever for spite!

G. Don't talk of your husband, Dinon, like that, my dear girl, before the little boy,—look how he is staring at you! Never mind, Zopyrion, sweet child, she is not speaking about papa.

P. Our Lady! the child takes notice.

G. Nice papa!

P. That papa of his the other day—we call every day 'the other day'—went to get soap and rouge at the shop, and back he came to me with salt—the great big endless fellow!

G. Mine has the same trick too, a perfect spendthrift—Diocleides! Yesterday he got what he meant for five fleeces, and paid seven shillings apiece for—what do you suppose?—dogskins, shreds of old leather wallets, mere trash—trouble on trouble. But come, take your cloak and shawl. Let us be off to the palace of rich Ptolemy, the King, to see the Adonis; I hear the Queen has provided something splendid.

P. Fine folks do everything finely.

G. What a tale you will have to tell about the things you have seen, to any one who has not seen them! It seems nearly time to go.

P. Idlers always have holidays. Eunoë, bring the water and put it down in the middle of the room, lazy creature that you are. Cats like always to sleep soft! Come, bustle, bring the water; quicker. I want water first, and how she carries it! give it me all the same; don't pour out so much, you extravagant thing. Stupid girl! Why are you wetting my dress? There, stop, I have washed my hands, as heaven would have it. Where is the key of the big chest? Bring it here.

G. Praxinoë, that full body becomes you wonderfully. Tell me how much did the stuff cost you just off the loom?

P. Don't speak of it, Gorgo! More than eight pounds in good silver money,—and the work on it! I nearly slaved my soul out over it!

G. Well, it is *most* successful; all you could wish.

P. Thanks for the pretty speech! Bring my shawl, and set my hat on my head, the fashionable way. No, child, I don't mean to take you. Boo! Bogies! There's a horse that bites! Cry as much as you please, but I cannot have you lamed. Let us be moving. Phrygia, take the child, and keep him amused, call in the dog, and shut the street door.

[*They go into the street.*

Ye gods, what a crowd! How on earth are we ever to get through this coil? They are like ants that no one can meas-

ure or number. Many a good deed have you done, Ptolemy; since your father joined the immortals, there's never a malefactor to spoil the passer-by, creeping on him in Egyptian fashion—oh! the tricks those perfect rascals used to play. Birds of a feather, ill jesters, scoundrels all! Dear Gorgo, what will become of us! Here come the King's war-horses! My dear man, don't trample on me. Look, the bay's rearing, see, what temper! Eunoë, you foolhardy girl, will you never keep out of the way? The beast will kill the man that's leading him. What a good thing for me that my brat stays safe at home.

G. Courage, Praxinoë. We are safe behind them, now, and they have gone to their station.

P. There! I begin to be myself again. Ever since I was a child I have feared nothing so much as horses and the chilly snake. Come along, the huge mob is overflowing us.

G. (*To an old woman.*) Are you from the Court, mother?

OLD WOMAN. I am, my child.

P. Is it easy to get there?

O. W. The Achaeans got into Troy by trying, my prettiest of ladies. Trying will do everything in the long run.

G. The old wife has spoken her oracles and off she goes.

P. Women know everything, yes, and how Zeus married Hera!

G. See, Praxinoë, what a crowd there is about the doors.

P. Monstrous, Gorgo! Give me your hand, and you, Eunoë, catch hold of Eutychis; never lose hold of her, for fear lest you get lost. Let us all go in together; Eunoë, clutch tight to me. Oh, how tiresome, Gorgo, my muslin veil is torn in two already! For heaven's sake, sir, if you ever wish to be fortunate, take care of my shawl!

A STRANGER. I can hardly help myself, but for all that I will be as careful as I can.

P. How close-packed the mob is, they hustle like a herd of swine.

S. Courage, lady, all is well with us now.

P. Both this year and for ever may all be well with you, my dear sir, for your care of us. A good kind man! We're letting Eunoë get squeezed—come, wretched girl, push your

way through. That is the way. We are all on the right side of the door, quoth the bridegroom, when he had shut himself in with his bride.

G. Do come here, Praxinoë. Look first at these embroideries. How light and how lovely! You will call them the garments of the gods.

P. Lady Athene, what spinning women wrought them, what painters designed these drawings, so true they are? How naturally they stand and move, like living creatures, not patterns woven. What a clever thing is man! Ah, and himself—Adonis—how beautiful to behold he lies on his silver couch, with the first down on his cheeks, the thrice-beloved Adonis,—Adonis, beloved even among the dead.

A STRANGER. You weariful women, do cease your endless cooing talk! They bore one to death with their eternal broad vowels!

G. Indeed! And where may this person come from? What is it to you if we *are* chatterboxes? Give orders to your own servants, sir. Do you pretend to command ladies of Syracuse? If you must know, we are Corinthians by descent, like Bellerophon himself, and we speak Peloponnesian. Dorian women may lawfully speak Doric, I presume?

P. Lady Persephone, never may we have more than one master. I am not afraid of *your* putting me on short commons.

G. Hush, hush, Praxinoë—the Argive woman's daughter, the great singer, is beginning the *Adonis;* she that won the prize last year for dirge-singing. I am sure she will give us something lovely; see, she is preluding with her airs and graces.

[*The Psalm of Adonis.*]

G. Praxinoë, the woman is cleverer than we fancied! Happy woman to know so much, thrice happy to have so sweet a voice. Well, all the same, it is time to be making for home. Diocleides has not had his dinner, and the man is all vinegar,—don't venture near him when he is kept waiting for dinner. Farewell, beloved Adonis, may you find us glad at your next coming!

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL APPENDIX.

In compiling this brief Bibliography, the aim has been to include only such essays and books on each author and period and such translations as, besides being worthy of recommendation, are easily accessible. A few exceptions have been made in favor of old translations which are still standard works; they are generally to be found in the larger libraries.

References to the histories of Greek literature have not been repeated under each chapter. These should be consulted first of all. The special essays cited will be found useful for quick reference and for supplementary reading.

CHAPTER I.—INTRODUCTORY.

Histories of Greek Literature:—Jevons (1 vol., Scribner). Mahaffy (2 vols., Macmillan). Jebb, *Primer* (Am. Book Co.). For the poets alone: Symonds, *The Greek Poets* (2 vols., Harper). Jebb, *Growth and Influence of Classical Greek Poetry* (Houghton). Under each author will be cited the articles in *Warner's Library of the World's Best Literature* and the monographs in the *Ancient Classics for English Readers* (Lippincott). For those who read French and German: Alfred and Maurice Croiset, *Histoire de la Littérature Grecque* (5 vols., Paris. Fontemoing; the best work on the subject in any language). Bergk, *Griechische Literaturgeschichte* (4 vols., Berlin. Weidmann), and Christ, *Griechische Literaturgeschichte* (1 vol., Munich. Beck).

Greek History:—Holm (4 vols., Macmillan). Grote (10 vols., Murray). Abbott (3 vols., as yet. Putnam). Curtius (5 vols., Scribner). One volume histories:—Bury (Macmillan). Botsford (Macmillan). Oman (Longmans). For the Alexandrian period:—Mahaffy, *Alexander's Empire* (Putnam), and *Empire of the Ptolemies* (Macmillan).

Greek Life:—Blümner, *Home Life of the Ancient Greeks* (Cassell). Mahaffy, *Social Life in Greece* (Macmillan), *Survey of Greek Civilization* (Macmillan), and *Primer* (Am. Book Co.).

Greek Art:—Tarbell, *History of Greek Art* (Macmillan). Gardner, *Handbook of Greek Sculpture* (Macmillan).

Greek Mythology :—Murray, *Manual of Mythology* (2d ed., Scribner). The same, revised by Klapp (Altemus). Gayley, *Classical Myths in English Literature* (Ginn). Steuding, *Temple Primers* (Macmillan). Grote's *History*, Vol. I., contains a valuable treatise on mythology.

CHAPTERS II. AND III.—EPIC POETRY. THE ILIAD.

Seymour, *Warner's Library*, "Homer." Symonds, *Greek Poets*, Chapters III. and IV. Jebb, *Greek Poetry*, Chapters I. and II., and *Introduction to the Study of Homer* (Ginn). Matthew Arnold, "On Translating Homer," with "On the Study of Celtic Literature" (Macmillan). Andrew Lang, *Homer and the Epic* (Longmans). Walter Leaf, *Companion to the Iliad* (Macmillan). W. C. Lawton, *Art and Humanity in Homer* (Macmillan). Church, *Story of the Iliad* (Macmillan). W. L. Collins, *Iliad* (*Ancient Classics*).

Translations :—Lang, Leaf and Myers (Macmillan; the best prose version). Bryant (Blank verse. Houghton; the best metrical version). Edward, Earl of Derby (Blank verse. 2 vols. Coates; often better than Bryant in the more spirited passages). Way (Verse—rhyming anapaestic hexameters. Sampson Low).

The most famous verse translations, now regarded as English classics, are those of Pope (1715–1720) and Chapman (1598–1611), the former in heroic (ten-syllable, rhymed) couplets, the latter in the fourteen-syllable ballad verse. Chapman's translation is memorable as having inspired Keats's famous Sonnet. Both renderings, though finished and spirited, depart freely from the original and often offend against modern taste as regards style. Pope's is still widely read and admired. On the subject of translations of Homer in general see Matthew Arnold's Essay cited above. Convenient reprints are: of Chapman, *Iliad*, *Morley's Universal Library* (Routledge). *Temple Classics* (2 vols., Macmillan). *Iliad* and *Odyssey* in one volume, Scribner. Of Pope's *Iliad*, Routledge.

CHAPTER IV.—THE ODYSSEY.

The works cited under preceding chapter, and Church, *Story of the Iliad* (Macmillan). W. L. Collins, *Odyssey* (*Ancient Classics*).

Translations :—Butcher and Lang (Prose. Macmillan). Palmer (Rhythmic prose. Houghton.) Bryant (Blank verse. Houghton). Worsley (Verse—Spenserian stanza. Blackwoods). Way (Verse—rhyming anapaestic hexameters. Sampson Low). Chapman (Four-

teen-syllable ballad verse. *Temple Classics.* 2 vols., Macmillan; in one vol. with *Iliad*, Scribner). Pope (Heroic couplets. *Bohn's Library.* Macmillan).

Butcher and Lang's and Palmer's prose versions are both admirable for literary finish and for fidelity to the original. Bryant is rather better in the *Odyssey* than in the *Iliad.* Worsley's is of exquisite workmanship, though the Spenserian stanza introduces several un-Homeric elements. Way's *Odyssey*, like his *Iliad*, has found some enthusiastic admirers.

Homer and Troy:—Schuchhardt, *Schliemann's Excavations*, translated by Eugenie Sellers (Macmillan). Tsountas and Manatt, *Mycenæan Age* (Houghton); a consideration of the civilization revealed by the excavations at Mycenae, Tiryns, Troy, and other sites, with reference to the data furnished by the Homeric poems.

The Homeric Question:—Jebb's *Introduction* contains the best statement. See also Leaf's *Companion*, Lang's *Homer and the Epic*, and, for the arguments of a generation ago against the Homeric authorship, Bonitz, *Origin of the Homeric Poems*, translated by Packard (Harper).

CHAPTER V.—The Homeric Hymns and Hesiod.

Lawton, *Warner's Library*, "Homeric Hymns" and "Hesiod." Symonds, *Greek Poets*, Chap. V. Jebb, *Greek Poetry*, pp. 79 ff. (Hesiod; does not treat the Hymns). Lawton, *Successors of Homer* (Macmillan). Davies, *Hesiod and Theognis* (*Ancient Classics*). Pater, *Greek Studies* (Macmillan), essay on "The Myth of Demeter and Persephone."

Translations:—Homeric Hymns: Lang (Prose. Longmans). Chapman (Verse. Scribner). Shelley (Verse; often a paraphrase rather than a translation. *Hymn to Hermes* and six shorter hymns). Hesiod: Banks (Prose. *Bohn's Library*, with Callimachus and Theognis (Macmillan). Elton (Verse. *Bohn*, volume just mentioned). Lawton's *Successors* contains some good hexameter translations of both the Hymns and Hesiod. In Pater's *Studies* is an exquisite paraphrase of the *Hymn to Demeter.*

CHAPTER VI.—The Elegiac, Iambic, and Melic Poets.

Symonds, *Greek Poets*, Chapters VII., X., XI. and XXII. Jebb, *Greek Poetry*, Chapter IV. Lawton, *Warner's Library*, "Solon." Williams, *ibid.*, "Anthology." Davidson, *ibid.*, "Sappho." Davies, *Hesiod and Theognis* (*Ancient Classics*). Lord Neaves, *Anthology* (*Ancient Classics*). Wharton, *Sappho* (McClurg)

Translations:—Tyrtaeus: (*Bohn's Library*, with Theocritus, etc., Macmillan). Theognis: Frere (Verse. *Bohn's Library*, with Hesiod, etc.; see above). Sappho: Wharton (Prose version by author, the best poetical versions by various hands, and a memoir. See above). Anacreon: Thomas Moore (Verse. Seventy-nine poems, mostly from the Anacreontics). Anthology: Mackail, *Select Epigrams from the Anthology* (Prose. Longmans; a very large collection). There are a number of collections of renderings of poems from the Anthology. The latest are those by Lilla Cabot Perry, *From the Garden of Hellas* (United States Book Company; the author's poetical versions), and G. R. Tomson (Verse, by various hands). Most of the essays cited above contain verse translations of the poets treated. All of the poets treated in this chapter are well represented in Appleton, *Greek Poets in English Verse* (Houghton).

CHAPTER VII.—Choral Lyric. Pindar.

Symonds, *Greek Poets*, Chapters X. and XI. Miller, *Warner's Library*, "Simonides." Gildersleeve, *ibid.* "Pindar." Jebb, *Greek Poetry*, Chapter V. Morice, *Pindar* (*Ancient Classics*).

Translations:—Bacchylides: Poste (Prose. Macmillan). Pindar: Morice (Verse. Kegan Paul). Myers (Prose. Macmillan). Gilbert West (Verse. London, 1769). Newcomer's splendid rendering of the *First Pythian*, from which we have quoted, is found in full in *Warner's Library*. See, also, in general, Appleton, *Greek Poets*. (See above.)

CHAPTER VIII.—Tragic Poetry. Aeschylus.

Symonds, *Greek Poets*, Chapters XII., XVII., XV. Jebb, *Greek Poetry*, Chapter VI. White, *Warner's Library*, "Æschylus." Copleston, *Æschylus* (*Ancient Classics*). Haigh, *Tragic Drama of the Greeks* (Oxford University Press). Moulton, *Ancient Classical Drama* (Oxford University Press). Monk and Verrall, *Student's Manual of Greek Tragedy* (Macmillan). Barnett, *Greek Drama* (*Temple Primers*. Macmillan; the only work in English that presents the latest views on the origin and early history of the drama and on the theatre of the fifth century). Haigh, *Attic Theatre* (Oxford University Press). Church, *Stories from the Greek Tragedians* (Dodd, Mead & Co.).

Translations:—Æschylus entire: Swanwick (Verse. *Bohn's Library*. Macmillan). Plumptre (Verse. Heath). Campbell (Verse. Kegan Paul). *Suppliants:* Morshead (Verse. Kegan Paul). *Prometheus:* Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Augusta Webster (Verse. London, 1866). More (Prose. Houghton). *Oresteian Trilogy:* Morshead, *House of Atreus* (Verse. Simpkin & Marshall). *Agamemnon:* Dean Milman (Verse. In volume with *Bacchanals* of

Euripides. Murray). Robert Browning. Selections: Pollard, *Odes from the Greek Dramatists* (Stott. London, 1890. Out of print). Goldwin Smith, *Specimens of Greek Tragedy* (2 vols., Macmillan. Vol. I., Æschylus and Sophocles). Appleton, *Greek Poets.*

CHAPTER IX.—SOPHOCLES.

Symonds, *Greek Poets*, Chapters XIII. and XV.; Jebb, *Greek Poetry*, Chapter VI. Mahaffy, *Warner's Library*, "Sophocles." C. W. Collins, *Sophocles* (*Ancient Classics*); Campbell, *Sophocles* (*Classical Writers*. Macmillan).

Translations:—Sophocles entire: Whitelaw (Rivington; best verse translation). Jebb (with text edition; soon to appear in separate volume; best prose translation. Macmillan). Plumptre (Verse. Heath). Campbell (Verse. Murray). *Antigone:* Palmer (Prose. Houghton). *Oedipus the King:* Morshead (Verse. Macmillan). Selections: Pollard, Smith (Vol. I.), and Appleton.

CHAPTER X.—EURIPIDES.

Jebb, *Greek Poetry*, Chapter VI., and article "Euripides" in *Encyclopedia Britannica*. Symonds, *Greek Poets*, Chapters XIV. and XV. Lawton, *Warner's Library*, "Euripides." Donne, *Euripides* (*Ancient Classics*); Mahaffy, *Euripides* (*Classical Writers*).

Translations:—Euripides entire: Way, *Tragedies of Euripides in English Verse* (3 vols., Macmillan). Wodhull, Potter, and Milman (Verse. 3 vols. *Morley's Universal Library; Bacchanals* only by Milman, *Alcestis*, *Electra*, *Orestes*, the two *Iphigeneias*, and *Troades* by Potter, the rest by Wodhull). Lawton, *Three Dramas of Euripides* (*Alcestis*, *Medea*, *Hippolytus*. Verse, with running commentary. Houghton). Robert Browning, *Balaustion's Adventure* (Transcription of the *Alcestis*), and *Aristophanes' Apology* (*Heracles*). *Medea:* Augusta Webster (Verse. Macmillan, London, 1868). *Hippolytus:* Fitzgerald, *The Crowned Hippolytus* (Verse. London, 1867). *Hecabe:* Symonds (Verse. Harpers). Beesley, *The Trojan Queen's Revenge* (Verse. Longmans). *Bacchanals:* Milman (see above). Rogers (Verse. Oxford, 1872). *Cyclops:* P. B. Shelley. Selections: Pollard, Smith (Vol. II.), and Appleton.

CHAPTER XI.—COMIC POETRY. ARISTOPHANES.

Symonds, *Greek Poets*, Chapters XVIII. and XIX. Shorey, *Warner's Library*, "Aristophanes." W. L. Collins, *Aristophanes* (*Ancient Classics*). Church, *Stories from the Greek Comedians* (Macmillan). Barnett, *Greek Drama.*

Translations:—J. H. Frere (*Acharnians, Knights, Birds, Frogs*, and a portion of the *Peace*. Verse. In Vol. III. of the *Works of John Hookham Frere*, London, 1874, 2d edition. The first three plays are to be had in *Morley's Universal Library*. Routledge). T. Mitchell (*Acharnians, Knights, Clouds, Wasps*. Verse. London, 1820). J. B. Rogers (Verse. London. *Peace*, 1867; *Wasps*, 1875; *Lysistrata*, 1878. Rare). C. H. Rudd (eight comedies. Verse. London, 1867). *Birds*: Kennedy (Verse. Macmillan).

CHAPTER XII.—The Historians. Herodotus.

Wheeler, *Warner's Library*, "Herodotus." James Bryce, *Herodotus* (*Classical Writers*). Swayne, *Herodotus* (*Ancient Classics*). Church, *Stories from Herodotus* (Dodd, Mead & Co.).

Translation:—George Rawlinson (4 vols., with extensive notes. Appleton; or in 2 vols., with abridged notes, Scribner).

CHAPTER XIII.—Thucydides and Xenophon.

Smyth, *Warner's Library*, "Thucydides." Lawton, *ibid.* "Xenophon." W. L. Collins, *Thucydides* (*Ancient Classics*). Sir Alexander Grant, *Xenophon* (*Ancient Classics*). Dakyns "Xenophon" (In *Hellenica*, edited by Abbott. Longmans), and *Introduction* to his translation.

Translations:—Thucydides: Jowett (2 vols., Oxford University Press, 2d ed.). Xenophon: Dakyns (4 vols., Macmillan; Vol. IV. not yet published). *On Horsemanship*: Morgan (Little, Brown & Co.).

CHAPTER XIV.—The Orators. Demosthenes.

Brodribb, *Demosthenes* (*Ancient Classics*). Article "Æschines," *Warner's Library*. Sharp, *ibid.*, "Demosthenes." Jebb, *Attic Orators from Antiphon to Isaeus* (2 vols., Macmillan). Brédif, *Political Eloquence in Greece. Demosthenes* (translated by MacMahon. Scott, Foresman & Co.). Butcher, *Demosthenes* (*Classical Writers*).

Translations:—Isocrates: Freese (Vol. I., *Bohn's Library*. Macmillan). Demosthenes: Kennedy (5 vols., *Bohn's Library*. Macmillan). Sir Robert Collier, *Oration of Demosthenes on the Crown* (Longmans).

CHAPTER XV.—Philosophical Prose. Plato.

Lawton, *Successors*, Chap. VII. (Xenophanes, Parmenides, Empedocles). Symonds, *Greek Poets*, Chapters VI. and VII. (Parmenides and Empedocles). Smyth, *Warner's Library*, "Socrates." Shorey, *ibid.*, "Plato." C. W. Collins, *Plato* (*Ancient Classics*). Grote, *History*, Chap. LXVII., "The Sophists." Mayor, *Sketch of Greek Philosophy* (Macmillan). Marshall, *Short History of Greek Philosophy* (Macmillan). Grote, *Plato and the Other Companions of Socrates* (4 vols., Murray).

Translations:—Hexameter Philosophers: Lawton, *Successors*, and Symonds, *Greek Poets*. Plato: Jowett (5 vols., Oxford University Press, 3d ed. An earlier edition, in 4 vols., Scribner). *Republic:* Davies and Vaughan (*Golden Treasury*. Macmillan). Selections from Jowett's translation are grouped in several volumes published by Scribner: *Plato's Best Thoughts. Talks with Athenian Youths. A Day in Athens with Socrates. Talks with Socrates About Life.*

CHAPTER XVI.—Aristotle.

Sir Alexander Grant, *Aristotle* (*Ancient Classics*). Davidson, *Warner's Library*, "Aristotle," and *Aristotle and the Ancient Educational Ideals* (Scribner). Grote, *Aristotle* (2 vols., Murray). Lang, *Introductory Essays on Aristotle* (Longmans). Butcher, *Aristotle's Theory of Poetry and Fine Art* (text, translation, and essays. Macmillan, 2d ed.).

Translations:—*Constitution of Athens:* Kenyon (2d ed., Bell). *Ethics:* Welldon (2d ed., Macmillan). *Politics:* Jowett (Oxford University Press, Vol. I.) and Welldon (2d ed., Macmillan). *Rhetoric:* Welldon (Macmillan). *Poetics:* Butcher (*Aristotle's Theory*, etc.; see above). Prickard (Macmillan). Translations of some of the other works are to be found in *Bohn's Library* (*Metaphysics, History of Animals, Organon*).

CHAPTER XVII.—The Lost Writers of the Fourth Century.

Symonds, *Greek Poets*, Chapters XVI. and XIX. Lawton, *Warner's Library*, "Philemon, Menander, and the Lost Attic Comedy." W. L. Collins, *Plautus and Terence*, Chap. II. (*Ancient Classics*). On books and their publication in antiquity, Johnston, *Latin Manuscripts* (Scott, Foresman & Co.).

Translations:—The essayists mentioned above all give translations in verse. For the comedy, Paley, *Fragments of the Greek Comic Poets* (text with verse translations, 2d ed., Macmillan).

CHAPTER XVIII.—THEOCRITUS AND HIS AGE.

Symonds, *Greek Poets*, Chap. XXI. Mackail, *Warner's Library*, "Theocritus." Lang, "*Theocritus and his Age*"; introduction to translation.

Translations:—Bucolic Poets: Lang (*Golden Treasury*. Macmillan; best prose version). Theocritus: Calverley (Verse. Macmillan; best verse rendering). Selections: Fitzgerald, in *Crowned Hippolytus*. (See under Chap. X.). Mifflin, *Echoes of Greek Idyls* (from Bion and Moschus, in sonnet form. Houghton). Sedgwick, *Sicilian Idyls*. (Verse renderings from Theocritus, Bion, and Moschus. Copeland & Day. Matthew Arnold translates the famous Fifteenth Idyll of Theocritus in "Pagan and Mediæval Religious Sentiment," *Essays in Criticism*. Mention should be made of Leigh Hunt's version of Moschus' *Lament for Bion*, and of Mrs. Browning's Bion's *Lament for Adonis*.

INDEX OF SUBJECTS AND NAMES

Besides the names which are of especial significance in the history of Greek literature, the Index aims to include all proper names, mentioned in the text and in the quotations, wherever the context leaves the identity of a person or place obscure or where there might be doubt as to the place of the accent in pronunciation. After the names of Greek authors are given in parentheses the dates of their birth and death, when known; otherwise their flourishing period (*flor.*), approximately. B.C. is to be understood with all dates not designated A.D.

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